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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

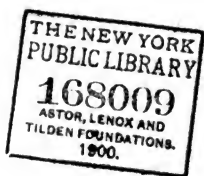


"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME TWENTY-FIFTH.

NEW HAVEN :
PUBLISHED AT COLLEGE BOOKSTORE, 155 DIVINITY COLLEGE.
PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

1860.



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VOL. XXV.

No. I.

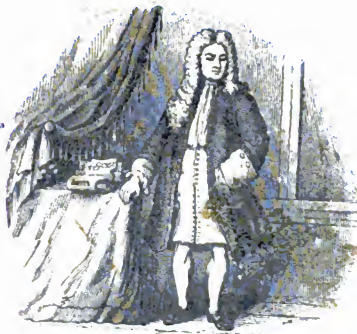
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City Agent, T. H. Pease.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

OCTOBER, 1859.

No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

Our Tendencies to Aristocracy.

Καὶ τῷ μηδὲν ἰδιώτου λαμπρότερον ἡμφέσθαι καὶ ὠπλίσθαι σεμννόμενος ἀξιοθέατος ἦν.

Our College has been accused of aristocracy. The charge most general and most ancient, as well as most vague, came from that class of the community called at Oxford, "Cads," and with us rather too indefinitely, "townies." The language in which this accusation is couched, though hardly elegant or refined, is yet remarkable for simplicity and vigor, and the rapid utterance of concise Saxon expressions.

Unmistakable as it would appear to be of itself, when enforced as it usually is by grosser substances than logic, and missiles more abusive than invective, it cannot fail to convey an impression.

As a more polite expression of this feeling in their constituents, we may quote more than one debate among our State Legislators, and doubtless the closing of our old play ground—the green—is ultimately traceable to the same spirit. It would seem scarcely conceivable that the rulers of one of our oldest States, and one above others famed for the liberality of its educational system, should so utterly mistake the tendency and established ends of education, as to regard with apprehension its effects upon social equality; yet, while bountiful sup-

plies have been furnished from the educational fund to schools of no repute and a low standard—to the oldest, most honored, and, at the same time, most needy of American learned institutions, our State government has repeatedly denied relief; the ephemeral dignitaries answering in effect, that to endow any class of citizens with superior advantages is to build up an aristocracy, and that for the enlightenment of the common people alone was the fund intended. Thus has Yale been compelled not only to do battle with the prejudices and sectarianisms of two centuries, but at last to suffer neglect from those who should be her friends and supporters, who are, from year to year, ex-officio members of the Corporation. Thus far Yale does not suffer alone, for, unfortunately for Bishop Whateley's theory, if an existing institution happens to be a college the prejudices are inevitably against it. There probably has never been even a village school (although it may have received the benefit of the fund) where there has not been some rivalry, more or less openly expressed, corresponding to the maturer dissension of Oxford "town and gown" frays. But it has been brought to our charge that we are above other seminaries haughty in possession of the "dangerous thing," and, in one of our late exchanges, even the Lit. has been accused of "arrogance."

We propose to investigate briefly the grounds on which are based these charges—not that we expect to secure thereby an appropriation from the next Legislature, or by any means silence the epithets so fully scattered at street corners—but merely to discover wherein we may be at fault.

In simple justice to ourselves, we must premise, that envy, the meanest of all passions, is the primary instigator of much of this universal prejudice. It is knowledge, or the pursuit of it, that forms the grand distinction between us and other classes of the commonwealth, and it cannot be that this inclines us to dissensions. It has hardly been the history of the world, that enlightened races have been the more fierce or overbearing for their enlightenment, or men of science more assuming than Red Jacket and Canonicus. We cannot charge upon "clannish feeling" or proud bearing, all the insult; these, if they exist, are met and more than met by envious hatred. As Merlin says to Vivien,

"And then did envy call me Devil's son,"

but if Tennyson had heard Fleet street slang, he never would have contented himself with so feeble an epithet. Who can say that the firebrand of these jealousies is not sometimes another Helen? Yet



the existence of envy does not disprove our pride. But where do you find it? How is it manifested among us?

Does the stranger see aught of aristocracy, who looks upon the old rusty red-brick structures of woolen-mill architecture, hiding themselves as carefully as possible behind the more respectable elms, and boasting no ornament more costly than a shingled steeple and lath and plaster towers, nothing more elaborate than a yellow-washed museum? Is there vanity of dress? Can you see any foppery in an old hat slouched to windward in the rain? True, on rare occasions we get ourselves up miraculously, and perhaps some one unduly impressed with so unusual an event, is too conscious of his magnificence.

But it is the occasion which is responsible; there is no more pretense foppery in it than is displayed by the gorgeous equipments of scarlet and tinsel that gleam with grotesque magnificence in our night processions, flashing in the ruddy light only to fade as the torch fire dies, and in the sunrise forgotten, save for the commemorative streaks on faces still grimy with vermillion and lampblack, though more ludicrously haggard for the spots where in the hasty ablutions of the morning, soap and water happened to hit. One is far more liable to impeachment before our tribunals of costumery for neglecting suitable personal decorations in some ceremonial orgies, than for daily disrespect of fashionable tailoring. There is no broadcloth worship among us, and though there may be, even here, rare individual instances of overdress, it is in almost every case the interference of friends or our social position that makes us anything more than respectable, while public sentiment here is as far as possible from upholding that most snobbish of aristocracies whose blazonry is moneyed vanity, whose decorations are conferred by fashion. Wealth wins no respect, no admiration here, save as it may have bought more careful culture and more finished taste. Family, rank, travelled acquirements, as some have learned by a perhaps too rude experience, meet with the same levelling, which makes them nothing, and worse than nothing, if they do not show themselves in a deportment especially gentlemanly, and information more than ordinarily varied. Even our class distinctions, natural and accurately drawn as they in reality are, exist more as way-marks of our individual progress than as aristocratic barriers, and class superiority is claimed with a mock haughtiness which by its own overdrawn absurdity marks its irony, observing, as if in preparation for outer life, some degrees of rank in our mimic world.

Certainly, so far from our being special sinners in aristocracy of wealth or foppishness, we present a favorable contrast to some of our

neighbors—particularly to those from whom the fall of their societies has extorted the confession, "Nowhere else is the class so much a caste."

One of the world's keenest statesmen has declared "Boys are the only true democrats," and we may safely challenge any institution or people to show more thoroughly practical and fraternal equality than is to be found in this little commonwealth of ours; any more sensible grounds of distinction or nearer approach to harmony and concord, than among this "lawless set." Nowhere is the scholar so fairly measured, nowhere does ability command so well-judged respect, and so long as these division lines are just, what can prove our democracy more perfect, our lawlessness more orderly in its self control? If we be in fault, it is more frequently the fault of too radical liberalists, too rash levellers. Extravagant pretensions, like extravagant decoration, and sometimes mock humility or excess of negligence, may excite our derision, but never real modesty, never the economy of a poor man.

How then shall there grow up as the fruit of our social equality, so nearly perfect among ourselves, that arrogance and aristocratic pride toward others of which we are accused? Does the excess of freedom breed aristocracy? Do republics train up autocrats? Least of all should we expect such fruit from literary culture.

The more men learn, the more they value every source as tributary to information, even the most ignorant men as bringing some small quota to the common stock; thus do they more despise the petty distinctions of pomp and ceremony—the more are fitted to enjoy and uphold the freedom and equality of social rights, the wider are their views, the more liberal and unbiassed their feelings—hence, the more refined and gentlemanly their bearing, the more delicate their perceptions of the feelings of others.

If we are chargeable with arrogance, it is because our education has failed in accomplishing one of its chiefest ends, or the first few years been too brief to bring it to its fruit bearing. It is in the first verdancy of *early* training that we feel too suddenly, not the elevation we have reached, but that to which we look forward, and impressed with all the greatness we mean to obtain, wear our honors with anything but accustomed grace, and, in such an uneasy transition state, look down on all outsiders as barbarians, with a truly Grecian contempt, before we are fitted to smooth it with the polish of Grecian refinement or make good our pretensions with an approximation to Grecian skill; for to be assuming loses half its insolence if assumption but be verified.

We seldom hear such complaint of scholars in their maturity, and it is probably in the earlier portion of even our college career, that we are all most foolish in our pride, and we are not prepared to admit that

this fault is either of very long continuance or entirely general in its distribution, while the measures here provided for the cure of specially prominent cases of unwarranted self esteem, though sometimes questionable in manner, are apt to be quite effective of their object.

There is cultivated by the trial and training of College life, a self reliance and consciousness of strength, which constitutes its most valuable endowment, and which can no where else be so fully attained, but which so often merges into contempt and vanity as to render it difficult to trace its real character or know how far its value is retained.

Without self respect no one can be respected—without a consciousness of his own abilities no one can achieve a bold success—above all, no one will trust him who trusts not himself, and thus not only self-confidence but a confidence in self-superiority must be an eminent trait in him who would attain the highest power of influence, the widest usefulness.

To one trained to regard knowledge as the ruling element, taught to feel his superiority and to make learning and culture the standard by which to estimate greatness, the rank stupidity and conceited ignorance of many men are a vexation nearly unendurable—tempting him to forget his dignity and temper together.

And to us, just beginning, in our newly acquired confidence, to measure men by these standards, there is such an indignant astonishment at finding so much of rascality as well as ignorance, that we are almost ready at times to adopt the motto of the profane Phenix, "The — fools are not all dead yet," and become believers in total depravity. After the actual dissipation of our rich social intercourse here, who has ever met the usual throng of young men at a fashionable watering place, without at least strong inclinations, at times, to despise the whole of them, and, when tired of the usual gaieties, to make his dog or his horse an intimate companion, rather than subject himself to a flood of ignorant conceit? For of all conceit none is so disgusting as that of stupidity—and no one ever feels himself so much a fool as when he has absorbed the foolishness of another, while cultivating his own. But while there are those peculiar temptations to exercise an aristocratic contempt and assumption of superiority, we have still greater reasons for controlling these. Against these we are taught to guard ourselves, as destructive to the very power we would attain, the good we would accomplish, while our culture condemns the injustice to our fellow citizens, our fellow creatures. But we need not muster doctrines and precepts to quell this contempt; an honorable pride should of itself recall our dignity and remind us that it is an unphilo-

sopical verdancy to expect most men to know much, or show surprise, and blame them for the stupidity which we should expect.

But all aristocracies are not founded in overbearing insolence, are not of those abusive corruptions that "Buckler falsehood with a pedigree." There is a pride too proud for vanity. Agis was proud of being armed no more richly than a common soldier, and for it Plutarch calls him "admirable." So after all, since the Legislators say so, there may be pride lurking under our bad hats or within these crumbling walls, for they are "all honorable men."

We were insensible to the true nobility of our inheritance if we were not proud—proud of the halls that echoed to the tread of great men gone, proud of the elms that sheltered them, proud of the world-known fame they made, and the memories, the strange traditions they handed down to us, and all the prouder of the old walls that they are not grand, save in their venerableness, but, in the very rudeness of their poverty, give unimpeachable testimony of the trials and harsh dangers of the times when our fathers laid their foundations. In the rapid coming and going of college generations, associations cluster rapidly, and years are centuries in the pedigree of our aristocracy. In that honest pride, that made even the master of Woodstock more faithful in his loyalty, we are prouder than those who look upon a less noble past. The driver who points out to strangers the names cut in the bricks, and the door stones worn hollow by time, tells how proud we are of the days long ago, and these their remembrances.

If there is a pride among us of nobility and manliness, a pride that shall make us regard meanness with a bitterer scorn, that shall make us more incapable of anything low or contemptuous, that shall give us a nicer sense of individual honor in our care of the honor of our associates, and the institution that fosters us, let us cherish such a pride, which was the best legacy to the hero of Rugby; and if our aristocracy be founded in it, if the escutcheons of our nobility bear such impress of reality and worth, and be unstained by pretension or want of chivalric courtesy, we may well admit its existence, nor attempt to deny that we are, beyond other colleges, aristocratic.

But if it be confused with any tendency or even desire to overthrow social equality and common rights, we must confess our feeble appreciation, and only bow before the legislative powers that be, and reverently murmur "Great Shad!"

C. H. O.

For fear of any possibility of creating a misunderstanding in the mind of some ancient possessor of lucre, who may be contemplating a legacy to us, we would state that our pride is by no means unreasonable, and we should doubtless be very easily persuaded into the acceptance of granite or freestone edifices, to any amount which would please the donor.

Something New.

It is proposed to introduce a new system into our boating matters. A reformer must show the defects of the old, the superiority of the new, and the feasibility of the change.

Here, then, for the *old*.

As our navy exists at present, it is composed of twelve boat-clubs, averaging twenty members. But a few of these clubs own two boats, the majority own one. Each club has its half-dozen officers, with sesquipedalian titles, whose principal duty is to foot the bills and grumble. Each club has its uniform, which if it shows anything to a stranger, shows, first, Yale; secondly, the number of the class; thirdly, the name of the boat in full;—a mere gaudy handbill, anything but ornamental. Each club collects its members in the early part of Freshman year, when they are totally unacquainted, and most of them green in aquatics, and afterwards, if any member drops out of college, his place must be filled by one who is elected and pays the value of the share to him, and the taxes due upon it, to the club. Each club has its *crew* which rules over the club, taking out the boat constantly, deciding all the questions of the club, pecuniary or otherwise, and if it happens to have beaten in one race, ever after looking down with a peculiar muscular snobism upon the rest of the vulgar crowd with which it is associated. Each club has the same trouble in getting together a quorum at its meetings, the same trouble in collecting the taxes, which vary from one to five dollars, and are laid, (as all taxes are,) just at the wrong time of the year. Each club makes a mountain of going into a race; in Freshman year, because it has had no practice; in Sophomore year, "there is a lion in the way;" in Senior year,—impossible. So that Junior year brings the only opportunity, and there are ten chances to one that even then, laziness, an old boat, want of a crew, or practice, will prove too formidable. Finally, each club graduates, spends twenty-five dollars in painting up the boat which has been under hard usage for four years, sells it to the entering Freshmen, settles up its affairs, each member pockets a few ragged dollar bills, and the club is a matter of memory.

This is a general view of the case; take a particular one.

A man enters college who comes from some town on the sea-shore, or near a river, and is as well able to row a boat as three-fourths of the men in the Senior boat-clubs. Such a case is by no means an uncommon one. He thinks he would like to be in a boat-club, so he col-

lects a half-dozen men of his division with whom he has become slightly acquainted. They find a half-dozen more who like the idea, and these twelve elect in eight or ten more, they care not whom, provided they will pay. They meet, borrow a constitution from some Junior club, copy it, changing the name only, lay a tax of twenty dollars apiece, and order a boat in New York. While the boat is being built, they borrow a uniform from each club in college, select a collar from this, the cuffs from that, the shield from another, and mixing the colors of all, they get up a coat of many colors,—a sort of flannel chowder which they call “our uniform.” Their boat is finished, has come up on the steamboat, and is now lying on Bell dock, covered with cinders, and an old sail. All day long squads of two and three “cut recitation,” and trudge down to see it, coming back with the most elaborate reports of its model, and praises of its beauty, all agreeing in this, that it will *rag* everything in college. Towards sun-down the tide is high, and a long procession of Freshmen, in high glee, trails through Chapel street on its way to see the wonderful boat launched.

There they are; every one who can crowd in has got hold of the gunwale, of the seats, of the outriggers, anywhere in fact, where it will rack the boat worst, and they are moving towards the edge of the wharf, part in enthusiasm rushing on, and the others holding back and scolding (a very mild term) with all their might. Now they are putting it in; down go the bows six feet under water, whereat those who are nearest the bows shout savagely, and it is jerked up till the stern comes with a crash against the wharf, whereat those at that end howl with anger.

At length it is dropped with a great splash into the water, and the captain, seizing a boat-hook, climbs down into the tottling thing. It instantly tips, and to save himself he steps off from the bottom boards. Immediately a threatening yell rises from the shore, which is lined with excited spectators. Aware that he is doing something very wrong, but not exactly knowing what, he staggers along on the seats, knocking off the edges with his rough boot heels, grinding off the new paint wherever he steps, and sticking the boat-hook in the sides of the boat every few seconds. Bye and bye the boat is secured, manned and rowed around to the boat-house, where it is placed till the next day, and the happy *first crew*, which has been chosen six weeks ago, dreams about it all night. The next day is Wednesday, and in the afternoon the boat is taken out for its first trip. All the boatmen in college are there, watching them. The captain proud, but *not* happy, holds the tiller ropes. Some of the crew are looking with amazement at the

size of the oars, others are wondering what those curious little semi-circular things that turn round and round out on the out-riggers are made for, others are talking facetiously to their friends on shore. "*Peak !*" Up go two oars. One man is balanced by the weight of his oar, now getting it almost up and then letting it fall back on the head of the unoffending bowsman. A third is staring vacantly at the captain, without the vestige of an idea of what he is required to do. A fourth, not hearing the order, is getting off a load for the benefit of his landlubber friends. "*Here Jones whatyerbout ! Peakconfounju !*" Poor Jones, all eyes turned upon him, more dead than alive with fright, grabs his oar and tries to get it into the water, knocking right and left, and causing intense satisfaction to the Sophomores on shore. By dint of good advice, freely bestowed from shore, the oars are all peaked, and then comes the order "*Let fall !*" It is a relief to hear two words that everybody understands. Any Freshman knows what "let fall" means. So thinks each one of the crew, and proceeds to put it in practice. Consequently five oars fall on one side, and three men are fiercely trying to get their oars into the same swivel. This remedied, comes the serious matter of rowing. One catches a crab, another persists in backing water, a third loses his oar overboard, a fourth is most suddenly and unaccountably knocked in the pit of his stomach by the handle of his oar. In this way the boat squirms along to the bridge, where a still more interesting series of gymnastics takes place at the word "*Trail !*" and the bridge rings with roars of laughter from the crowds collected to see it go through. It makes its appearance on the other side with several men rubbing their heads, one or two stretched out in the bottom of the boat, and the mortified captain grumbling and growling, which he keeps up till the boat gets out of sight.

It is with such a crew, that our friend who knows how to row, must go out for five or six weeks, such a scene being enacted two or three times a week. And after it, when they have learned to keep stroke, and obey orders, the boat is so racked as to be hardly worth pulling in. Then come taxes. A tax for repairing the boat. A tax for broken oars. A tax for painting. A tax for a lantern. A tax for flags. A tax for black lead and sandpaper. And so on till weary with the very name of the boat, he refuses to pay the thirtieth dollar, and has it deducted from his paltry share when the boat is sold.

But we must be brief. Let us cry enough of the defects of the old, although we have not been in the habit of considering them as defects, but rather as necessary accompaniments of all boating.

Now for the *new*. A general view first.

The Navy is composed of four clubs. Its officers are a Commodore, the four Captains, and a Treasurer. It has its Yale boat under the care of a Yale crew, picked from the race crews of the four clubs. Each club is composed of sixty men, fifteen from each class in college. Its officers are, a Captain, a Lieutenant from each class, and a Treasurer. It has its regular annual meeting, where officers are elected, Treasurer's report read, &c. It owns three or four boats, including one crack race-boat, under the care of a crew picked from the whole club of sixty. It has its own simple uniform,—its own *color*, it may be. It has a regular annual income of three hundred dollars, besides which, there is a revenue from the sale of old boats. From the treasury a regular annual payment is made for fifteen new uniforms, and a new boat is bought whenever needed. It has its race crew, which, being picked from all classes, is uninfluenced by Biennials, and always in condition and practice, is ready at any time to go into a race. The Yale crew is once a year picked from these four race crews, without any of the old-fashioned "pulling round" to go through with for three weeks. It has its printed orders and explanations for the benefit of the new members, its receiving boat for them to practice in, its officer (salaried if necessary, or his annual tax remitted) to drill them, and select from them men for the race-crew, subject to the approval of the officers of the club. Its boats being of all kinds, those who wish to take out ladies, can do so; those who wish to take an easy row down to the light, can do so; those who wish to practice for a race, can do so, and all at the same time. Moreover, if one boat needs painting or repairs, the club need not stand idle, as formerly, but can take any of the others. On gala days the harbor is covered with boats, and the uniforms being to a great degree *uniform*, the general effect is much better.

And now for a particular view.—Here comes our friend who knows how to row. He has just entered college. He brings with him no Easthampton glory. No Andover halo encircles his head. He is a plain, simple Freshman, a country boy from the backwoods. But he shows a pair of broad shoulders, and a hard hand, and is instantly surrounded by an admiring group, anxious to secure him for their boat-clubs. He joins the one that holds the champion flag, and paying five dollars, receives a uniform, and is put into a crew of his equals in rowing, perhaps upon the race-crew itself. He is not required to pay twenty dollars down, and subject himself to any number and amount of future taxes; but having paid his five dollars a year, is free from all dunning. At length he graduates, having spent during his whole college course, but twenty dollars for this glorious exercise, and even *that* was distrib-

uted in annual payments of five dollars which almost any one can afford. In after years, when he reads accounts of races at Yale, and learns that *his* club has beaten, he feels an enthusiasm which no graduate of old times could get up over names of clubs he never heard of; and when he comes back to a Commencement, he will collect a grey-headed crew to go down and show the boys how to pull.

* Observe, that the *shackles of class feeling will be to a great extent broken*. Sophomores will pull alongside of Freshmen. The lion will lie down with the lamb. There will be a *fairer estimate put upon new men*. Those lively, hearty, good-natured fellows, who are yet not particularly literary, will have their just position, and infuse a little of their life and energy into those who now shrug their shaky shoulders and look down upon them as clowns or buffoons. Observe, also, that unless a new boat is bought (and even if it is, as an old one must be sold to give it room,) there will be each year, a *considerable surplus of funds*, which can be applied to buying the Yale boats, to prizes for our annual regatta, to pay the expenses of a race-crew going out of town, to enlarging and improving the boat-house; all of which must now be done, if done at all, through the medium of that humbug of humbugs, a college subscription paper.

And now for the *feasibility of the change*.

It can be readily and easily done in two ways.

First, Let the boat-clubs which are now organizing in the Freshman class, put the following article in their constitutions.

"This club shall hereafter be open to fifteen members of every Freshman class, each of whom shall be elected by the club, and shall, while connected with college, pay a regular annual tax of five dollars, on the —th day of —th month."

After this article has been inserted, let them go on as usual for the present, (afterwards, of course, making provision for the election of officers from each class, &c.,) each man paying twenty dollars, or whatever the assessment may be, and buying their boat. Next year they elect their first fifteen, who, paying five dollars each, give the following status:—a club of thirty members, one boat, and seventy-five dollars. As this is the Biennial summer for the original club, one boat will be amply sufficient for the whole number. If not, seventy-five dollars would probably buy, or certainly hire, a very good pleasure boat. The third year, another fifteen is elected. It then stands,—a club of forty-five, one boat, and two hundred and twenty-five dollars, which will purchase another first-class boat. In the fourth year it stands,—a club of

sixty members, two boats, and two hundred and twenty-five dollars ; after that, a club of sixty, an income of three hundred dollars per year, and boats *ad libitum*.

To put it in figures :

Class of 1863	15 men	\$20 each	\$300, one boat.
" " 1864	15 "	5 5 5	225. one boat.
" " 1865	15 "	5 5	150. "
" " 1866	15 "	5	75.

In 1867 the club will have 60 men, owning

\$225 and two boats.

After that sixty men, at \$5 each "

300 and x boats.

In this, there is no account made of uniforms. While the club is being thus formed, some arrangement could be made by which each man bought his own uniform, the money being refunded to him by the club before he graduated. After the club is once started, it can easily afford to pay out seventy-five dollars or so, per year, for the uniforms of the entering fifteen.

A *second* method is this : Let a club in the class of '62 elect from the present Freshman class, fifteen men who shall pay them five dollars per year, and so on. It should be started by one of the two lower classes, the others are too near graduation to make such a change in their affairs.

Reader, we have not indulged in wild theorizing. It is, if you will not laugh, a Statement of Facts ; it is all plain sailing, and our object in writing this article is simply to secure to our Navy the immense advantages of this system. As it is now, it is but a mass of logs tied together in a rude raft ; as it would be, a staunch and graceful hulk, able to carry any amount of sail and beat, if necessary, its victorious 19' 14".

And now, if you are a Freshman, and are getting up a boat-club, do consider these facts candidly, and *act* accordingly ; or, if a Sophomore, and belong to one, by all means have the change made immediately, before the Freshman clubs are organized. There is room for four such clubs, and great will be the glory to him who starts the first. Let all Yalensians work for this change, and Harvard will not long flaunt the champion flag in the face of Alma Mater.

E. F. B.

An Epistle to Di Sophroniscus, Esq., of Yale College.

You will judge me harshly, my dear Di, I doubt not, for requiring your recent hospitality, with an epistle so homely with hints and admonitions. But do not lose your temper, Di, for quickness to wrath is the exaltation of folly, and the grievousness of my charges would only the better prove the seriousness of your defects.

And how simple and innocent is my unskillful quill, measured with those heavier weapons oftentimes wielded by so much sturdier hands. For instance, the broom has come to be the symbol of conjugal discipline, the birch of parental solicitude, the cane and the bowie knife of senatorial jurisprudence. Nor are these the absolute, exclusive symbols of that corrective tendency which the progressive nature of the human mind creates. Tutors tell us that Zantippe was wont to pour out upon her erring spouse, vials of wrath and dirty water; that Mrs. Addison, like the faithless Thomas, could only prove the identity of her master by seeing in his hands the print of nails, and thrusting her fist into his side. Mrs. Caudle, you know, selected for a weapon her own explosive tongue, and won immortal fame, not more for the wisdom of her choice than the efficiency of her execution. And so in the correction of children. Pardon an illustration from my own painful experience. I am not a Baptist, nor the son of a Baptist, and yet I used to be punished by immersion. Having reached the basement below, my position was longitudinally inverted, my trembling ankles grasped by paternal hands, and after a few remarks upon the sinfulness of sin, to which I listened with divers emotions, was let down into the cistern below, at a depth, proportionate, of course, to the height of the water, somewhat after the old-fashioned way of dipping candles. A protracted drought was in my youthful mind a priceless blessing, though my oft repeated peccadilloes rendered me a perfectly reliable hydrometer.

I need not draw illustrations of this corrective tendency from our senatorial sessions. They are patent to us all. Hadn't Shakspeare allusion to this fact in saying that we might

"Learn books from the running *Brooks*."

Enough on this point, enough at least to show that warmth of friendship and nearness of relation are no security against expostulation, nay rather, that they promote the spirit thereof and necessitate its very existence.

You will be prepared then, I hope, my dear Di Sophroniscus, to receive a few gentle hints—metaphorical kicks if you choose to call them so—in the spirit of kindness, as they are given, harboring not the false idea, that I have at last become unmindful of your long-trying friendship. The fragrance of your Oronoak, and the ripeness of your generous cheer—pledges of your esteem, as you said—are still among the choicest reminiscences of my college visit. I well remember that after we had filled our third pipe, by way of change, with the glossy Notches Totches, and quaffed the second cup of your luscious old Fa-lernian, that at my request, you further entertained me with a cursory review of your collegiate career. (Oh! Di, I hardly dare to tell you how I suffered the morning after, during what the doctors call the reactionary period. I think it must have been owing to the previous excitement. A nauseated stomach, a feverish brain, and a paralytic nervousness, subjected me to a compound ache of the very worst extremity. In New Haven, Di, the tables are turned, as there a single Rood will make a hundred acres.)

I shall not revert to your remarks, my dear friend, in the especial order in which you gave them, but comment on those, which from their prominence are first suggested to my mind. Yes, Di Sophroniscus, you are a sneak. You have fallen an easy victim to a quality unworthy of your nature, and disastrous to your manhood. Free from it in your earlier days, it has grown upon you like your moustache, since you entered college. I will not stop to define the nature of sneakery, but show light upon it as I pass along, by familiar illustrations.

It had an early beginning. Can you call to mind the first recorded sneak? It was the Devil. Did you ever soar with Milton in the early flight of his great argument, where admiration of the infernal power seizes the mind with resistless force? his dauntless valor before an appalling foe—high hope experienced amid the agonies of his pernicious fall—wise counsel gathered from grim despair? It is only when he throws off the robes of an imperial majesty, for the cold and slimy pelt of a creeping serpent, when, sneaking into Paradise, he “stoops to conquer,” that we begin to loathe, and hate, and curse him. Here, snake and sneak coming close together, identify. Is there not presumptive evidence that in the rude state of grammar schools and printing-presses, an orthographical error might have inadvertently stolen into the pages of primitive history. Or failing in this, we can certainly trace these words to the same original root. With such a progenitor, or rather such a prototype, how inexpressibly deepened is the meanness of a sneak.

And Adam failed to remain intact, introducing sneakery from the Devil, as Socrates called down wisdom from the gods. We cannot blame him for his firmness, paralysed before the fascinating entreaties of his amiable wife, but how he sinks in public estimation, stealing off to hide, and charging the grief-stricken woman with the guilt of all their folly. I despise a man so bereft of manliness, and do him justice in calling him A. Sneak—nay, rather, let us write his name in full, knowing him hereafter as Adam Sneak.

But time would fail to trace, in individual cases, the sneakery of History. Insiduously it has moved along, like a contagious disease, affecting the whole sphere of human emotion. It has tarnished our religion, corrupted our politics, emasculated our literature, and jeopardized our institutions.

How sad it is, my dear Di, that so many live about us, decent enough to desire, but not bold enough to realize a genuine manhood. My embarrassed quill lingers still in ambiguity, proof of my inefficiency to tell you what I mean. Though I refused at first to define the subject before me, an oblique glance thereat may be of service to us each. You may call it, then, a craven fear, poisoned by ungenerous ambition. Men there are, among us, who dare not trust their own God given strength and prowess, moving manly onward in the honest beaten track, but steal up to wealth and station, along the by-ways and hedges. Honest minds who love retirement, laugh in silence at the men who grasp at factitious renown, with all the ardor with which the ancient Ixion essayed to ravish a fleeting cloud.

Have you not the good sense, my dear Di, to mock at, to scout and condemn such sham fights in the earnest warfare of human life. Sophroniscus, as you hold my friendship dear, do not put me to an open shame. Before you go forward another step in your chosen path, sit down and count the cost, giving the whole matter a wiser conclusion, or better, let us walk out in peripatetic style, noting down our observations. There stands a Christian—so he calls himself—his tongue finished in the dialect of Heaven, his heart corroded with the sordidness of earth, his eyes turned away from the straight and narrow gate, up the walls of Zion, over which he strives to clamber, thief and robber like. You can hear the tinkling symbol and sounding brass, which he is palming off for the clear-toned ring of a sterling Christianity. There are lawyers, whose duty is to humanize, as it were, the laws of God's eternal justice, striving to "make out a case," rather than point out the truth, and who, by their workings, have made a lawyer's office as deeply dreaded as a den of thieves. There are divines who have made

their pulpits the thermometers of their churches, instead of enlivening them with the radiance of that light which ought, at least, to sparkle within themselves, who wind about deep-rooted errors with subtle sophism or niggard fear, instead of battering them down with sturdy logic. Look into the caucus, with its wires, and men to pull them—into the cabinet, with its temporizing policies—into the Senate, with its compromises and unjust enactments, and take care, Dear Di, lest a misdirected blow cleave in your guiltless skull.

See how unworthy of our trust, how fraught with general ruin are the chosen stanchions of the social fabric. What stays to day, with such a potent force the progress of our reforms? Not the men, whose bloated faces the children point at in the streets, not the profane, the obscene, and the licentious, not the enslaver or enslaved; such are not the lets that check the course of social progress, these lie down amid the slime and filth below. It is the sneaking hypocrites, coated like a pill, with superficial fairness, who, professing, believe not, and teaching, will not practice the precepts of the cause. It is the stupid indifference, or what is worse, the timorous acquiescence of a class of men who, having the power, have not the courage to stem the current of public iniquities; it is unhallowed ambition, and greedy lust, making adherence to moral reform, incongruous and troublesome; the conventionalities of polite society, and nice regard for social status, making it unrefined and compromising. It is enough to ruffle the smoothest temper, to discourage the loftiest hope, to look around about us and see the gross disloyalty to the nobler purpose of our being, the tardy recognition of what our Reformer has termed, the "calling," the "mission" of our lives.

Pardon, my dear Di, the painful pleasure which I have taken in this discouraging review, and measure your private derelictions by the light of that "eventful future" into which the college life expands. A serious thought it is, that the commonness of this detestable evil forbids attention to special examples, and must needs be hurried over in lugubrious generalities. Who knows, my dear Di, where I would end, if commencing a diagnosis of your own sneakish peculiarities, a mere social atom as you are, I should pass on throughout the almost boundless realm of soul inspired matter. No, my quill shall be shot at you, lest a higher flight might tax your patience with undue severity, and my humble epistle with undue postage.

Well, then, Sophroniscus, I can but think that you are a sneak; that your mind is goaded with ungenerous ambition, and belittled by craven fear. Sneaking, in college, is fraught with especial damage, ma-

king its consuming inroads upon the mind and heart, robbing the one of its firmness and the other of its purity.

Every Freshman who enters college, makes a bold push for scholarship and popularity, while in the many there is too much weakness for the one, and too much meanness for the other, combined with abundant ambition for the realization of both. Men persist to strive for intellectual greatness, without the sturdy exercise of those homely virtues, by which alone success can be secured; to thirst for public favor, without those gracious amenities that adorn the noble soul, as the sun, in his rising, gilds the gray light of the morning. Sneaks, who weather their first three years, now just within the outer threshold of college life, stand blinking at the mixed hereafter, that stretches out at length before them. Here, the four years course is nearly run, ambition loses its old asperities, and the sneaking aspirant, acquiring new impressibility, turns for a season from the shrines of Minerva, creeping up to those of Venus. Affections are won, only to disappoint them, and confidence secured, only to betray it.

So College Sneaks may be resolved into pedants, hypocrites, and flirts.

A serious evil, it is, in our American culture, at least in early life, this insane regard we are all paying to haste, measuring brilliancy of parts, and ripeness of scholarship, not more by the splendor of one's trophies, than the quickness of their acquisition. Our favorites among the young, are those pale-faced precocities, who spend in nervous, solitary toil, the time which the "common boys" appropriate in running off their superfluous vitality. And so they hurry on, petted votaries of an ephemeral intelligence, beautiful, and good for nothing, soon in readiness for the asylum, grave, or college, it matters little which. Hurry marks the spirit of the nation, and the question has come to be, not "how much," but how long. A serious blow it was, to our Yankee Christianity, and its preconceived idea of Divine Omnipotence, that the world, instead of being hurried up in six days, was the slow growth of an almost boundless cycle of years.

It was not my point, in this digression, to question the propriety of this insane haste, so let me hurry back to one of its legitimate points, tasking my quill with the college problem of the times. Given a rigorous lesson, with a modicum of talent, how shall it be accomplished in the shortest apparent time? You will recognize, I doubt not, the complexity of our data, as is oftentimes the case, the apparent is, in presence, the real time, and the lesson given remains an unknown quantity. By way of illustrating the sneakish solution, which some see fit to

give, I will just recur to a single incident, of which, as it happened, I was alone an unknown observer. I am the more persuaded to introduce this unnamed student, possessing, as he did, your own peculiarities, if we may except the ease and elegance of his daily recitations, in fine, the perfect finish of all his intellectual handiwork. He was, it seemed, a student, without the "bore" of study, never preparing, and never "unprepared." I was, at the time, a transient guest at his room—the favored recipient of his excessive hospitality. The evening was passed, with others, in jollity and fun, and though the morning's dust still lingered on the lesson for the morrow, it was only alluded to with a careless disregard. With this preparation, we betook ourselves to rest. Sleeping like a weasel, as I do, I awoke as the clock was striking three, and found him perched upon his haunches, like a timid squirrel, aiming to assure himself that I was fast asleep. Stealthily drawing a match, the shaded lamp was lighted, and the "jolly fellow" of the day, had become the lesson-snatcher of the night. At five the light went quickly out, and all was still again. With face awry at the approximating "flunk," as he was pleased to call it, he afterwards hurried off to the morning recitation, and won another laurel. Is there not, my dear Sophroniscus, a positive meanness in such a habit—it was a habit, and not a chance occasion—perverting the hours required for honest sleep, in setting up factitious renown—courting literature as thieves do hen-roosts. Now, if this is not your actual practice, it is, at least, your ideal tendency. Little merit rewards the man whose rapid progress may be traced to unremitting toil; perseverance conflicts with caste, and serious labor blots out the stamp of genius.

It is hard to be persuaded, in view of one's own personality, that Pallas could spare no time in presiding over the natal hour—that the magic touch of her symbolic lance has failed to kindle up a single ray of genius, and so the cunning Mercury is slyly summoned in to perform the work the frugal goddess has left undone, to secure the semblance of a quickened intellect, though the substance thereof be wholly denied. It is here we have a clue, in tracing out the cause of intellectual sneaking. The ungifted scholar betakes himself to toil, as the Christian is enjoined to devote his hour to prayer, having entered his closet and shut the door, to study in secret, that he may not be seen of men.

Having placed our ideal sneak in his unapproachable solitude, I cannot, for the present, pursue him any further. If you are not displeased with the remarks already made, I will resume them in my next epistle, carrying the subject into matters of literary composition.

&c., where the evil assumes a more malignant type. I shall then take occasion to introduce the other two divisions, the hypocrites and flirts, closing, as the ministers say, with a few practical observations.

Make my regards to all your fellow worms at Yale, to the book-worms in general, and the little haughtycratic *grub*-worm in particular,

Adieu,

L. T. W.

I Dream.

The moon was sailing overhead,
The clock was striking three,
And I was sailing up the Green,
As gay as I could be.

The stairs came tumbling up my feet,
And, quite to my surprise,
My room came tumbling down the stairs,
Right in my face and eyes.

I broke my knee across a chair,
My head against the wall;
A brighter light shone round about,
Than e'er saluted Paul.

My boots, I could not leave my boots,
On such a dirty floor,
I tucked them in between the sheets,
And soon my cares were o'er.

I slept. A thousand Bengal lights
Danced round my red hot table,
On which, ten thousand little imps,
Were raising perfect Babel.

And soon they spied my beaver hat,
I gave it up for lost;
At every kick it withered like
A squash-vine after frost.

I halloed for the Riot Act,
Whereat a giant sprite,

Came burning through the wall, and dragged
Me out into the night.

Away now on plumbago wings,
With platinum for hinges,
The Goblin quietly remarked,
"Cast-iron always sings."

Two million leagues from Mercury,
We met, and passed as soon,
A car load of philosophers,
With tickets for the moon.

A billion Kilometres on,
I'll stake my word upon it,
A crowd of little Mercurites,
Were kicking round a Comet.

Now just before us glared the Sun,
Its mountains smoking hot,
With herds of roasted cattle,
In every steaming lot.

The Goblin took one eyeball out,
With fire-clay filled the socket,
And twitching off an arm and leg,
He stuffed them in his pocket.

And then he swore a fiery oath,
It only *cooled* his tongue,
The spittle in "spheroidal state,"
That round his palate swung,

Burst in a cloud of scalding steam,
His iron form was riven,
Down, down thro' retrograding stars,
Through all the host of Heaven,

Thro' all the sea of molecules,
With horrid speed we dropped,
Through forty miles of atmosphere.
And as we nearly stopped,

I laughed for joy. Of course it was
An end of gravitation,
And straightway in centrifugal,
Centripetal saltation,

We whirled about the globe, until
The fragments of his bones
Were scattered in Kentucky,
In a shower of iron stones.

And when I took another turn
Around this earthly ball,
I fell with a tremendous thwack
Against the College wall.

I rubbed my eyes, and shouted out,
"Chum, didn't something fall?"
He just looked over from the bed,
And grinned—and that was all.

B.

Socrates Smith, Esq. ; or half an hour too late.

Probably among the many extensive and critical readers of general literature, there are a very few indeed, who have not met with that sentiment which declares, that "procrastination is the thief of time." Whether the amount stolen since this was uttered has grown sufficiently large to call procrastination by the euphemism—"defaulter," rather than by that harsh word thief, we will leave our readers to determine. Without doubt, no one ever suffered more from this larceny than he, whose whole body as well as "arms," we now propose to sing.

Socrates Smith was a character in his way ; his enemies said, he was a character in everybody else's way too. We think, however, that we shall, in the course of this narrative, prove the falsity of this, for Socrates was always *behind hand*, which, of course, prevented him from getting in the way of anybody.

He was *born* half an hour too late ; for Dame Fortune, like a good book-keeper, in order to preserve a balance in the day-book of the population, had ordained that the birth of our hero should succeed the death of his uncle, by the space of only fifteen minutes. If Socrates Smith could only have anticipated the latter event, he would have been a very rich man, or rather baby ; for the aforesaid uncle had just will-
ed away a large portion of his property to a distant relative, which he would have given to his nephew, had he known of the entrance of that important personage upon the stage of life.

The *début* of Socrates was therefore less fortunate than the *exit* of

his illustrious Athenian namesake ; for the latter philosophically regarded his departure in the light of a pleasure, whereas the former commenced his eventful life by crying—over the loss of his property, we suppose, of course. Why the euphonious and classical cognomen of Socrates was applied to the harsh and plebian name of Smith has not yet been clearly demonstrated to his biographer. He certainly did not resemble the celebrated Greek in one respect, at least, for, as we have before remarked, S. Smith, Esq., was always “*behind hand* :” whereas it is generally acknowledged by scholars of the present day, that the philosopher was *ahead* of his time by two or three centuries. But we will submit with equal cheerfulness to the appellation of either Socrates or John, believing that it is not for our unhallowed pen to call in question the judgement or good sense of the progenitors of so great a man as Socrates Smith, Esq.

Unfortunately, the past has veiled in some obscurity the minute history of that portion of his life, which is fraught with so many dangers to infant existence, arising from its multifarious diseases, or from that ignorance of the law of gravitation which has broken the skull of many a child, warped their noses, or raised bumps large and curious enough to set Phrenology at defiance.

Endeavoring then, to steer his somewhat frail bark between the Scylla of measles and the Charybdis of whooping-cough, without escaping either ; passing that point where a child will either be spoiled or be of some use in the world ; changing from the chrysalis state of petticoats into that of pantaloons, and again into that of skirted coats ; he at length arrived at manhood. Here we pause to state, and refute a calumny which has been attached to his character. As an example of his tardiness, it is asserted that he was behind hand in coming of age ; that his habit of delaying was so strong that he did not arrive at the age of twenty-one years, till some time after the proper period. This assertion bears its own denial on its face, and we shall set it down on the score of envy.

Candor compels us to confess that his personal appearance was not prepossessing. He was very short, and very thin ; presenting as fine a specimen of anatomical locomotion as you have ever seen. In fact, physiologically speaking, there wasn't much to Socrates ; so that, in case at any time it had so happened that you had been obliged to indicate to him that his presence was no longer necessary, it would have been almost the height of absurdity to have requested him “to make himself scarce,” because it would have been next to an impossibility for him to have made himself much more so than he was already.

Socrates, we are obliged to acknowledge, possessed, in addition to his other attractions, a nose which unfortunately did not add anything to his personal pulchritude. It was an ambitious, an aspiring nose; and if he had been so foolish as to have tried to comply with the directions given by impudent small boys to bewildered travelers, viz: "to follow your nose," he would have been long before this, a formidable rival of Miller and the rest of the ascensionists.

But notwithstanding all these obstacles, Socrates discovered that he loved, and was beloved, by the "fairest of her sex," that is according to his standard of female beauty, doubtless derived from self-contemplation.

Yes, Socrates, like a large majority of the Smith family, and the rest of the world, fell in love, and being no acrobat or gymnast, he did not know how to get out again; he was contented to remain there however.

The circumstances that led to this affair were as follows.—Owing to the dilatory first appearance of our hero, he, as we have said, was unprovided for as respects, at least, any great amount of wealth. He was not portionless, but being no infidel he possessed a perfect belief in the aeronautic qualities attributed to riches by Holy Writ, and his wealth happening to be in *eagles* he soon proved that he could make them fly; so that at the time of which we write he was without a cent. He was sitting one evening in his chamber smoking his last cigar; the box was empty, and his pockets presented a similar vacuity. His tailor had politely hinted that he owned the clothes then upon his back; his washerwoman insinuated that the purification of his linen by her, demanded some pecuniary compensation, while his expulsion from the room and table of his landlady was only prevented by a series of diplomatic demonstrations of undying affection towards that lady's favorite daughter. But he had discovered that day, from unmistakable signs, that although attentions towards young ladies were an established currency among those who had no debts, still the mother of this damsel could not consider them as equivalents for the labor and expense attending the preservation of his corporeal system at her table. As he was ruminating upon these unpleasant subjects, there seemed left him only three courses of action; either to murder some man for his money, commit suicide, or marry an heiress. The results of these three alternatives would be the same in his opinion; it was merely a choice as to which noose he had better put his head into. He finally decided upon the last as the least disagreeable, though the most impracticable.

We shall not pause here to state in what manner he obtained the means to put himself in such a condition or position as would justify him in being introduced to the young lady whom he had decided to make his victim. Miss Tittles was her name. We cannot describe her. Our ink turns pale as we attempt it; and we can only recommend each of our readers to get a receipt from Sylvanus Cobb, which will answer every purpose. Her attractions were sufficient, however, to awaken, in the mind of Socrates, emotions which he had never possessed before. The parents of this young lady were English, wealthy but respectable. Her father commenced his career in life as an hostler in an English Inn, and upon this foundation he built up quite a stable fortune; had emigrated to America, and here amassed money from year to year. At the time of which we write, he was absent on a journey to England, either to revisit the scenes of childhood or collect some debts.

It was then, during the absence of the paternal bird, that the serpent advanced to charm the fledgeling. The time at length came when the important question was to be decided. Socrates was nervous. But it must be done; how, we will not explain, except to say that during the interview he became excited.

"Will you be" he exclaimed, "will you be the guide of my life, my Mentor, my Mephistopheles, will you?"—while repeating the above, Socrates was gradually dropping on his knees, and completed his genuflexions on some tacks which were sticking, points up, in the carpet. Like our forefathers, upon the imposition of their tax, Socrates "rose up in arms," which we are obliged to add were quite ready to receive him. Now Miss Tittles did not know what he meant by Mentor, or who Mephistopheles was; and never having experienced any such scene as this before, was at a loss to decide whether he was proposing to her, or was afflicted by the St. Vitus Dance. He soon made himself understood, however, and paradoxical as it may seem, yet it is true that he asked a miss, and didn't ask amiss.

There were several obstacles which prevented the course of true love from running smoothly, the chief of which was, that it was dammed up by the mother of the young lady, which feat was accomplished by her forbidding Socrates the house. But money is the nerves of love as well as war, and by throwing each time a sop in the shape of a quarter to a Cerberus of a footman, he was admitted to stolen interviews, of which, like that of all purloined good things, sweetness was the principle concomitant. By degrees, however, the old lady was

finally induced to consent to the proposed *match*, which was waiting to be ignited by Hymen's torch; so the day was appointed.

But Socrates' usual luck attended him, and you will not be surprised if I tell you that just half an hour after the time agreed upon, he might have been seen standing upon the steps of his dulcinea's mansion, with much perspiration and very little breath. He rang the bell and the door was opened. He saw standing in the hall an immense pile of traveling trunks. Cerberus grinned malignantly and jingled the quarters in his pocket. But not stopping to consider what all this meant, he walked with as much coolness as he could command into the parlor, expecting to find bride and priest awaiting him. Instead of this, and much to his astonishment, there was only an old man sitting quietly upon the sofa as if it had belonged to him. The state of affairs immediately presented itself in no very pleasing complexion to the mind of Socrates. The father had returned from Europe, and would, without doubt, delay, if not wholly prevent his marriage.

Now whatever beauty and refinement, or whatever educational advantages were possessed by the lady of Socrates' choice, we are free to confess that they were not hereditary. Being a native of h'old h'England, as we have said, he was not at all particular in his use of the letter h, so that, especially when he became indignant, all words commencing with that letter were apt from sympathy to become ex-aspirated. Besides, although he was no rhetorician, he unconsciously was guided in his conversation by that rule which enjoins a sacrifice of Elegance to Energy. Another dialectic idiosyncrasy was to employ highly colored metaphorical allusions to his juvenile profession, which diversified and gave a certain kind of refreshing originality to his conversation. So that between the three, Socrates' entrance into the parlor was greeted by a sort of verbal tornado on the part of the old gentleman.

"And so you thought that you wou'd drive four-in-'and, while I was h'off the box, did ye? You wanted to 'ave a *bridal* and lead my daughter to the *halter*? Get h'out h'of my 'ouse you 'orrid young man or I will kick you h'out." To say that Socrates was dumb would not express it. You would have supposed he was also deaf, for he stood perfectly still, notwithstanding the kind intimation of the benevolent old man as to his future intentions; and it was not till he found himself lying parallel to the pavement at the foot of the steps that he realized fully the difference between being "behind hand" and before a foot. Socrates gathered himself up, which wasn't much of a feat considering his size. Up one street and down another he rushed, his

mind intent upon one object alone, and this was to put an end to his miserable existence. Drowning himself seemed to him the most feasible plan. The only place to accomplish this purpose was in the harbor, which being but a little better than the one of this city, possessed consequently but one place deep enough to drown any one, and that only when the tide was full. Across the fields, over fences and through bushes, ripping his new wedding suit by his tearing speed, and reducing himself almost to *puris naturalibus*, and, in fact, considering his suicidal intention, he might be said to be going on a dead run. He at length arrived at the locality designated, and jumped in. But, alas! he was again a half an hour too late, for the tide had gone out sufficiently to allow him only to wet himself up to the middle, and also succeeded in cooling him off to such a degree, that he concluded to give up for the present all hopes of depriving the world of his presence and influence. In the words of another, he returned to his home "a wiser and a *wetter* man," his whole attempt reminding one of the brave king of France, who gallantly led his enthusiastic army to the top of a hill, and then quietly and gloriously marched back again. But, as "it is never too late to mend," he repaired his clothes and married his country cousin. Here, according to the rule laid down for all lover-biographers, we must leave; we shall draw no moral from this story of his gentle life. We only intend it as a letter of introduction, for whenever you see a man arrive at any place where he ought to have been several minutes before, go boldly up to him, shake his hand and familiarly call him Socrates Smith, Esq., and our word for it, he will acknowledge the appellation.

E. G. H.

On my Cigar.

When the quiet day is ending,
And the halos in the west
With the twilight shadows blending—
Speak the hour, a time of rest;
And the earnest stillness dreaming,
All laborious thought to bar—
Leaning o'er my fire and dreaming,
Musing by my fire and dreaming,
Sit I, smoking my cigar.

Long I linger, yet not lonely ;
Visions floating o'er me seem :—
One fair form, so sweet and comely,
Is the angel of my dream ;
Lingering floats she o'er me lonely—
Lingering I, and thinking only
Of my fair one and my dream.

And my fire-side, rude and blustering,
To a full-home-hearth transforms ;
Angel forms, so sweet and clustering,
All the little home adorn :—
And beside me, fair and trusting—
Sitting at my side and trusting—
Clasp I round, that dainty form.

Precious hours—those quiet vespers—
Precious to my cheerless soul,
Angel-sounds, yet human-whispers,
All my wilder moods control ;
And when day with flashing-tresses,
Merges into twilight lonely,
Clasped in mine her soft hand only,
All I could desire, confesses.

Little pressures, tiny fingers,
O'er my aching forehead glance—
And the weird, wild strains that linger,
All my wondering soul entrance ;
And my ear attends the singing,
Dying on the golden bars ;
Till the evening chimes are singing
And my reverie wandering far,
Gone the singer, and the singing,
And I cast down my cigar !

Stay, sweet dreams of future blisses,
Parted from my longing heart !
Tender accents,—sweeter kisses—
Still in memory's waking, start,
Leave me then to my distresses—
Dream I not of maiden's-tresses,
Know I not their soft caresses ;
Folded in yon cloud afar—
Vanish all my fancied blisses,
With the fumes of my cigar !

Who and Where?

It may not possess the slightest interest, indulgent reader, for you to learn that I am a senior and have moved into College. Yet I announce the fact as the briefest way of acquainting you with my position, both intellectually and bodily.

It serves to set forth one's surroundings and associates to be thus particular at the outset. The paltry A. B. will proclaim your dignity after graduation. The august alphabet of scholastic graduation will announce you doctor of divinity, laws or physic, in short anything you please; but what abbreviation, what perfection of symbology can shadow even faintly the position and attainments of a senior? A graduate seems old, and his cares are on the increase. He may put on a white cravat, and with looks of mild expectation wait for a call till his coat is rusty; he may seek to pocket the fee of some scapegrace whom his legal acumen has delivered from jail or the halter; or he may take to bolus and purgatives. At all events he must do something, and it is serious business in any shape. But to have reached the last year of a College course, is to have outgrown the verdancy and follies of juvenility, without encountering the responsibilities of mature age and busy life. I may be deceived, but this seems just my position now. In College too—North College of course. It matters not what entry. I hate sectionalism. To room out of College is to be about half "towney." The real genuine student life is found in an entry well packed with jolly fellows with no landlady on the lower floor and no squad of female Celts or Teutons who march in a small caravan, night and morning, from cellar to attic. The change is quite an era in my life. It is a new thing to be a house-holder, buying carpets, towels and brooms. My room is right pleasant with its snug easy chairs, bracket lamp, and *those* curtains, not turkey red after the fashion of the vulgar—but heavy woolen, with green, red and yellow stripes.

O, its a gay room, and its jolly to think it is *my* room. Chum of course thinks the same thing. Some little conveniences are wanting, to be sure: I miss the matutinal visit of a certain Celtic maiden, whose skill imparted rare smoothness to my sheets. It is rather hard, after struggling with evil spirits through the day, to sleep in a bed bedeviled by a college sweep. There are some little annoyances too—it is easy enough to bear all the yelling and rowing of nights. In fact I can join right lustily in making a noise myself; but since room-

ing in college, music has grown to be my special abhorrence. The man above me has a melodeon, the man under me a fiddle.

The orphean notes of a flute warn me that my neighbor across the hall is just beginning to learn the capabilities of that instrument; while lastly, the chap through the partition rejoices in a piano of most extraordinary properties, the most prominent of which is a strong magnetic sympathy with the performer, whereby, strangely enough, bad playing makes bad music. The melodeon buzzes, the fiddle shrieks, the flute gasps and the piano agonizes, not to mention frequent serenades under my window by fellows who will persist in the mistake of affirming with musical emphasis oft repeated, that I'm "a jolly good fellow."

The man above me has a propensity to study with the united powers of head and feet, registering each newly acquired idea by a stout thump of his foot; I suppose his head is like a patent omnibus, and nothing can go into it without an entrance signal, for one day when he was still, I noticed that he flunked in division. Besides all this, my chum, who can't sing more than a hen, has joined that class of amateur vocalists who practice in the chapel on Monday nights.

It is quite pathetic to hear his intonations of the scale, or his trembling efforts at the unvarying base of some exercise. He says he doesn't expect ever to reach any professional excellence, but it is so pleasant for one's friends and in society to be able to sing *well*, (how he emphasizes that word) and then he starts off into an uncertain rendering of "Belle Brandon," which he unconsciously runs into "Bob Ridley O." He has voice enough, but his ear is at fault. Our entry is of course dedicated to the Muses. I've a serious notion of setting up a bust of Apollo in our room, both as an ornament, and in hopes that the god of music may take pity on my chum and change him into a nightingale, or enable him to appreciate the difference between singing base, and a promiscuous meandering through the whole gamut of grum gathered tones. But music is only one of the amusements adopted here. There are others well chosen to beguile both the passing hour and the passing student. There has been a rage here for getting minerals, stocking Aquaria, keeping dogs and other such pursuits; but senior year has inaugurated a new state of things. Numbers have conceived warlike tastes, and task themselves with experiments in gunnery and observations on the laws of projectiles. Some exhibit marks of decided genius in the dexterity with which they manage small putty guns and pea blowers. I have noticed that their aims seemed to be low. One feels quite brave to stand fire before windows

bristling with pop guns, squirt guns and water pitchers. At first it seemed rather funny to me than otherwise, but after getting bestuck with putty, pelted sorely with beans, and twice drenched with water, I have set my face "like a flint" against such procedure.

It destroys confidence in mankind and makes a man the slave of fear. Who that has heard the warning cry of "Heads out" but has shrunk from the possibility of ducking or bombardment. I am reminded strongly of the dangers and mishaps of Juvenal's time, and when I walk under the walls of North College the force of his words is complete :

"Adeo tot fata, quot illa
Nocte patent vigiles, te prætereunte fenestræ,"

and when water splashes about me and compels me to an unsought ablution, I devoutly add

"Ergo optes, votumque feras miserabile tecum
Ut sint contentæ patulas defundere pelves,"

These are some of my vexations, but they may not compare with the pleasures enjoyed daily. I've been hunting once and a gay time it was. But the Capt. who made it so much of an adventure, would have scanty justice done him were I to tell the story of the hunt here, so another paper will acquaint the public with the particulars of the expedition.

"To be Continued."

WITH this well known combination of letters we ended the beginning of a should have been interesting narrative. Genius often fails. The history of the world is but a history of human frailty and failures. Misdirected talent can be written upon the tombstones of many who might have been illustrious, and of those who were.

Because "To be continued" is written at the end of an intellectual production, is no reason that the article should be continued. The object of every mental effort should be either instruction or amusement, and he who fails to combine both of these qualities, should never write after his first attempt, "to be continued."

"A poor oath is better broken than kept," so a poor story is better

concluded than continued. Post this last remark up in *your* sanctum, Mr. Bonner.

"To be continued,"—how often is this phrase uttered and written where it should not be. Look at that young man, the pride of parents and perhaps the hope of a family! He has been in college but a year. You remember when he first came among us. A quiet youth, he neither smoked nor chewed; he dressed plainly and walked a steady gait. He was punctual in all his college duties. He imitated the "Father of his country," and wouldn't tell a lie. He went to bed early and rose with the morning light. But now, how changed. With boisterous voice he loungeth on the college fence, and he, who but a few months ago could not bear the midnight smoke, now puffs forth large volumes of the murky vapor, and with protruding cheek he lubricates the college grounds. The morning is far advanced before he riseth. The night before he spent in foolish revelry and thought himself a man. Now he skulketh forth with bleared eyes and ill-adjusted dress, to eat a cold and hapless breakfast. His self-respect is gone; he has been drunk; this he knows and feels it well, and now in meditative mood he long and loudly curses the inebriating bowl, and resolves that he no longer drinks. Deep within the recesses of his soul he writes, "not to be continued," where oft before he wrote "to be continued."

Look at that foolish girl. Many times has she been courted by men of soul, and as oft did she refuse. But now there cometh to her house a "pretty boy," and she, poor simple heart, is captivated. No learning has he, and of brains he carryeth not a large amount. Yet he can talk, and talk of what? why of the weather. He has a larger amount of money, not coined of course, but hoarded by his ancestors whose ears kept measure with their avarice. His clothes are of the finest cut, and he, the smallest cut of nature. A crisis in his courtship draweth near at hand; he intends proposing. Young woman sit down and write "not to be continued." If in many courtships this were written by the parties, hen-pecked husbands soon would be among the relics of the past, and woman's hand again assume a pleasant shape.

Did you hear that eloquent address?

How often does the patriot and the statesman leave the scenes of earth and in majestic speech mount aloft to where the eagle soars. His party is to him a mighty theme which in its expansive thought doth cleave the heavens, and whirling 'mong the planetary spheres doth disregard the force of present circumstances, and leaves no wreck of

human glory here below. It is upon the glorious 4th you hear of things you never dreamt before, of war and dissolution; and even before the speech is ended you think your country lost, and see in wild imagination a primeval savage hooting on your hearth-stone. Oh wretched orator! Why will you thus excite the public mind and make the frail to weep? Is this the end of eloquence? Mistaken man, write upon thy manuscript "not to be continued."

And thus my college friend, when you have wandered in a splurge, and your audience listen with understanding all bewildered, resolve it shall "not be continued." For language is the vehicle of thought, and if you cannot think, do not revenge yourself upon that which is inanimate.

That student who goes to sleep every Sunday in chapel, had better say "not to be continued," for in ancient times a youth who slept while Paul was preaching, did fall and break his neck.

To those who spend their Sundays in idleness and frivolity and then hand in church-papers; to those who seek to shirk their studies and then with open book do "skin" behind another's back, to all in fact who do not as they should, we recommend the following motto

(Not to be Continued.)

R. S. D.

Memorabilia Valensia.

It may be well to preface the Memorabilia of our new volume, by saying, that the present Board of Editors consider that the Lit. should be especially devoted to the discussion of matters of local interest. In this we are supported by the evident approval of all those on whose judgment we place reliance, or whose tastes we consider it worth while to consult. For this purpose, therefore, it is intended to make the Memorabilia even more complete than heretofore, as the only authentic record of our College life, and therefore, not only of particular present interest to ourselves and friends, but to be of still greater value in our future, as bringing back again these golden days.

The Biennial of the Class of '61 closed with the usual jubilee at Savin Rock, and although the effects of the examination had been far more than usually disastrous, we suppose that the joy at being free was all the greater. The songs were got up in a very neat form, reflecting credit on the class at large, who cannot be supposed to endorse fully the small slurs which were cast upon other classes.

"Still, like the mummies, at the spree
Of Egyptian "bummers,"
These Biennials cloud the ease
Of Valensian summers"

The exercises of Commencement week began with the Bachalaureate Sermon by Professor Fisher. The *Concio ad Clerum* was delivered by the Rev. Hiram P. Arms, of Norwich.

The Yale Chapter of the Φ B. K. went through its annual galvanic resurrection to listen to a very sound oration from Hon. Wm. Strong, on "American Legislation," but unfortunately for the poet of the occasion, Prof. J. R. Lowell, this spasmodic vitality had not enough of method in its madness to inform him of his election, so the poem was "excused."

The graduation of '59 leaves a great blank to be filled. Their Commencement exercises were marked by the same sterling qualities, of thorough hard workers, which had characterized the greater part of their College career.

The music was furnished by the faculty, and the expenses assessed upon the whole class, instead of being a burden upon the speaker alone, as has often been the case on former occasions. The fairness of the change is manifest.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

FORENOON.

1. MUSIC, "Overture Oberon."—Weber.
2. PRAYER.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by CHARLES HEEBNER GROSS, *Trappe, Pa.*
4. Dissertation, "The Symmetrical Man," by EDWIN SPENCER BEARD, *Andover, Mass.*
5. Oration, "Bernard and Abelard," by WILLIAM HENRY ANDERSON, *London-derry, N. H.*
6. MUSIC, "Aria," from "Der Freischutz."—Weber.
7. Oration, "The Language of the Puritans," by ARTHUR WILLIAMS WRIGHT, *Lebanon.*
8. Oration, "Edmund Burke, at the Bristol Election," by JOSEPH ALDRICH COOPER, *Mattituck, N. Y.*
9. Oration, "Zinzendorf and the Moravians," by WILLIAM HENRY RICE, *Bethlehem, Pa.*
10. MUSIC, "Wedding March."—Mendelssohn.
11. Dissertation, "The Sicilian Vespers," by ROGER SHERMAN WHITE, *New Haven.*
12. Oration, "Scheming," by WILLIAM PIERCE FREEMAN, *Champion, N. Y.*
13. Dissertation, "Arnold of Brescia," by GEORGE FRANKLIN VOSE, *Fitchburg, Mass.*
14. MUSIC, "Spirito gentil."—Donizetti.
15. Oration, "Pascal," by HOMER GEORGE NEWTON, *Sherburne, N. Y.*
16. Oration, "Thomas á Becket," by JOHN HASKELL HEWITT, *Preston.*
17. Dissertation, "Character," by ALFRED JUDD TAYLOR, *Huntington, Mass.*
18. MUSIC, "Loreley Rheinklänge."—Strauss.
19. Dissertation, "The Relation of Heart to Intellect," by HARRY BROADHEAD, *White Lake, N. Y.*
20. Oration, "Bosthius, and 'The Consolations of Philosophy,'" by ARTHUR BURR WOOD, *Middletown, N. Y.*

21. Music, "Organ Duetto," from "Stradella."—*Flotow*.
22. Philosophical Oration, "The Alchemy of the Middle Ages," by EUGENE SCHUYLER, *Ithica, N. Y.*
23. Philosophical Oration, "The Sphere of the Skeptic," by HASKET DERBY CATLIN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
24. Music, "Midsummer Night's Dream."—*Mendelssohn*.

AFTERNOON.

1. Music, "Overture. Egmont."—*Beethoven*.
2. Oration in Greek, "Ὁ τοῦ Σωκράτους Φάνατος," by HEZEKIAH WATKINS, *Liberty, N. Y.*
3. Dissertation, "The Cathedral Builder," by JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD, *Boston, Mass.*
4. Dissertation, "Iconoclasm," by CHARLES FRANKLIN ROBERTSON, *Peekskill, N. Y.*
5. Music, "Serenade."—*Schubert*.
6. Dissertation, "The Discipline of Religious Doubt," by TRUMAN AUGUSTUS POST, *St. Louis, Mo.*
7. Oration, "The Clergy of the American Revolution," by GILBERT OTIS FAY, *Medway, Mass.*
8. Dissertation, "The Struggles of the True and Good for the Mastery in the World," by GEORGE HENRY COFFEY, *Albany, N. Y.*
9. Music, "Stradella."—*Flotow*.
10. Poem, "Harvest Home," by EDWARD CHASE SHEPFIELD, *New Haven*.
11. Oration, "The Scottish Highlanders," by GEORGE WELLES, *Wethersfield*.
12. Oration, "Opposition to Tyrants is Obedience to God," by LOUIS HENRY BRISTOL, *New Haven*
13. Music, "Hoamweh."—*Lanner*.
14. Oration, "The House of Commons," by ROBERT JOHN CARPENTER, *Demorestville, C. W.*
15. Dissertation, "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa," by ELIJAH FRANKLIN HOWE, *Grafton, Mass.*
16. Oration, "Locksley Hall," by THOMAS RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY, *Ovid, N. Y.*
17. Music, "Batti! batti!" from "Don Giovanni."—*Mozart*.
18. Oration, "The Spirit of Anglican Liberty," by ASHER HENRY WILCOX, *Norwich*.
19. Oration, "Simplicity," by ROBERT AUGUSTUS STILES, *Woodford Co., Ky.*
20. Philosophical Oration, "The Antagonism of Principles in the Nineteenth Century," by EDWARD CARRINGTON, *Colebrook*.
21. Music, "Organ Solo with Orchestra," from "Tannhäuser."—*Gagner*.
22. Oration, "Self-discipline, the true end of Intellectual Exertion," with the Valedictory Address, by EUGENE SMITH, *Wilton*.
23. Music, "Overture. William Tell."—*Rossini*.
24. Degrees Conferred.
25. Prayer by the President.

But the great event this year is the vote of the College authorities to construct a gymnasium and bowling alleys, and change the system of prayers.

It is said that a Yankee is never so happy as when he can do a good deed and make money by it.

It is therefore with peculiar satisfaction that we reflect that the \$10,000 appropriated by the Corporation, will probably pay a good per cent. to their pockets, while the rising walls of the new building bear testimony that all is not imagination, but that we are at last to have a suitable place for physical education, which we all of us so much need.

So farewell to the laziness, whose only alternative was the dust and confined air of the old den, we once dignified by the name of gymnasium! Farewell to puny limbs, and haggard faces, and half-strung nerves! And a long farewell and a glad one, to the red, tired eyes of 6 o'clock worshippers, (barbarously so called,) with the whole catalogue of morning miseries, the gaping and yawning, the clothes torn by hurry, the unwashed faces, and uncombed hair, the profane grumblings, the general delapidated and careless, because care-worn negligence, which with dyspepsia and chills were the legitimate offspring of the old system which was so justly condemned as a "sacrilegious abomination." As immediate effects we can observe an attention and decorum in exercises which is as new as it is gratifying. It is especially encouraging to note our position as compared with last year. We had no boat-house, and were forced to content ourselves with the muddy moorings and dusty confusion at Riker's. We had no gymnasium, and those, who for their health or other reasons were determined to practice their muscle, endured vexation as well as extortion. We were scared and tormented at incredible times by the

"Clashing clamors of that unseen power,
That breaks the sweetest sleep of morning dreamiest hour,"

and our best opportunity for boating was interrupted by another course of quasi devotion. We were even driven off the Green, and our remaining home exercise of ball-play was stopped. It seemed as though the spirit of old fogysm had irretrievable possession of all of us. But six months has changed everything. We have as good an apology for a boat-house as the limited facilities of such a dirty harbor can at present afford. We are respectable at prayers, in quantity, time and attention. The gymnasium is actually started, and only yesterday we saw the foot-ball propelled across the Green in spite of the injunction.

Finally, as if to crown the attempts at progress, and more like a prophetic glimpse of what they shall hereafter effect, than to be attributed to their previous influence, came the victory at Worcester.

Being of the six condemned to navy service, we have a full report of course, for the Lit, and although you have learned the principal particulars, the Memorabilia must be complete, and we may give a little novelty in the way of "internal evidence," as the clairvoyants call it. Having for the last time upset and swam ashore with oars and dripping flannel, bearing fresh in mind the memorable order of the Coxswain, "Recover oars," given in the confusion and splashing of seven ducked and provoked, though laughing boatmen—having secured their photographs that we might each remember his fellow-sufferers, linked together by so many a serio comic calamity, with only two holes through the bottom

of our new boat, and one in the decking, with three days practice in her, (which had enabled us to keep her right side up every other mile,) but with good training and resolution we started on the forlorn hope to do our best, and magnanimously sacrifice ourselves to avert the fate of the College Union Regatta, which seemed to be doomed to oblivion if Yale was not represented.

We packed the boat upon the top of a box car, with only one hole additional damage, and the crew dignifiedly took their cushioned seats, determined to spare their muscle if they could not travel on it, and take all reverses in the best temper they could muster, while the coxswain rode with the boat in the hot sun, to take care of it, and sweat off a few more pounds of the superfluous, and we would here explain that it was for this reason and not, as was generally supposed, on account of any inhumanity, that we used to knock about the coxswain as we did.

In Worcester we were, in our humility, almost surprised to find ourselves as well treated as the Harvard men, and when the first man came and offered two to one on the Avon, we did not look upon him as a swindler, but summoned audacity and money enough to take him up.

By the skillful assistance of the Harvard's Captain, Mr. Ellison, (whose kindness we cannot sufficiently commend,) our boat was put in floating condition, and we walked out to the Lake (2 miles) twice a day to practice. Having sufficiently envied the quiet organized method of the Harvard crews, we *did* practice, and on five consecutive occasions succeeded in pulling off five oar-locks. But a new set having been procured, we managed to pull six oars in the race. Meantime, at billiards, Hunnewell and Wilson, of Harvard, with all the coolness of training, had beaten Stanton and Chester, of Yale, who did not so much as condescend to take their cigars out of their mouths during the game. Cole had checkmated our friend Champion, and as though to mock our humility there came a "foin young man" who was, as he said, very skillful at a certain game called checkers, which perhaps some of our younger Freshman friends may remember, as an amusement of their earlier days to keep the nursery quiet. Very anxiously, indeed piteously, did he attempt to discover some Yale or Brown man who would suffer himself to be ragged at that delightful little sport, and in this general defeat we began to wonder why Harvard did not ask us if there was anything we could do better? But the checker man refused to play "hop scotch," or "mumble the peg," so only the race remained. The Atalanta of Brown having arrived, took position on July 26th, Tuesday, P. M., at 4½ o'clock, beside the Avon, of Harvard, the Harvard and the Yale to pull the mile and a half and repeat, over Quinsigamond.

After getting clear of the Avon, which, through accident doubtless, fouled us, we came in about half way between the two Harvard boats, having the double satisfaction of seeing the colors which the Harvard won, and winning for our betting friends the sums which they had staked against the Avon.

Harvard 19' 18"

Avon 21' 13"

Yale 20' 18"

Atalanta 24' 40"

Meantime, it would seem that the Harvard crew had been selected as well for their gentlemanly bearing as for oarsmanship, being even more than polite in their congratulations, assuring us that, in spite of our short practice and the fouling,

we had come in nearer to them than any other boat ever did. In the evening we met at the Promenade Concert, and found Fisk's Cornet Band a decided institution, and what would not a Spoon Committee give for such a ball? There were many pleasant acquaintances made there, as well as in our other meetings, and as the beauty of Worcester and one or two other places was well represented, we may as well confess that all our recollections are not of sun-browned faces or sinewy arms. So the Commodore's commendable exertion hardly succeeded in putting the crew to bed at the regulation hour.

But on Wednesday, the 27th of July, was the final race for prizes offered by the City.

Only the Harvard entered against us, and after drawing the inside, we took position at 22 minutes past 2. The Harvard took the lead, but about a mile up we closed with her and passed her, her bow fouling our starboard oars, but getting clear by a peculiar manœuvre of the coxswain, who catching the Harvard's bow in his hand magnanimously refused to strap it to the Yale's stern, we rounded the stake boat first. The Harvard however turned in splendid style and lapped us before we started on the home stretch. Coming up abreast of us, for more than a mile the race was stem and stem, sometimes one leading a few inches and then the other, the 10,000 spectators along the shore endeavoring to add a degree of intensity to the excitement by cheers and shouts, but to see those red turbans beside us was all we could think of, and men shouted "Pull Yale," or "Pull Harvard," indifferently to us, we hardly heard it. So down the Lake, till, a quarter of a mile from home, Harvard led a clear length, and our stroke which had been, so they tell us, 48 to the minute, began to flag, but as the stroke oar called to us for the final home spurt, we "responded," (how, we cannot one of us tell,) and pulled by Harvard, beating her a length and a half, in Yale 19' 14", Harvard 19' 16", beating our time the day before by 64".

To say that we were excited would be ridiculous. To say that we were mad would be to forget that we never pulled a stroke so steady, or so cool and powerful. But after all our reverses, after continual ridicule and derision, both at home and abroad, to find ourselves in less than twenty minutes the victors of that world-known Harvard crew, to see the famous red turbans tossed overboard, and hear the roaring cheers ring up along the whole length of the Lake, was too sudden a change. We cannot deny that while sedate graduates crowded to meet us, and actually walked into the Lake without knowing where they went, and grey-haired Yale boys spoiled their best beavers as they dashed them together, that the crew who were sitting their frail shell more steadily than ever before, and pulling with an easier swing, were really wilder in their joy than any spectator could be, and felt a keener glow of spirit. And when they crowded up and shook us till they shook out of us what little breath there was left, and almost tore us to pieces, our pride or training even would not have kept our nerves quiet, but that this excitement seemed as nothing compared with the last half mile.

But even in success it was impossible not to regret the disappointment to those who had treated us so handsomely, and took their reverses in so fair and manly a spirit.

It was the last time they were to pull together, a crew and a boat that had never been beaten, who for two years had held the championship of the Continent. They

were to hang up their boat as a trophy in their hall, and separate, but they generously congratulated us and silenced the excuses of the crowd. So the Union Regatta is hereafter a College institution.

The *latter part of the evening* found most of us in the Union Club Rooms, where everything was provided to our taste, and we showed most satisfactorily that we were no longer "on diet." You know what a noise there was in New Haven, how even the sanctity of the College bell was violated, and no one has been expelled for it, and how the gladdest and the wildest were the old patriarchs who should have been most dignified.

The Commodore sends us the following as a specimen of congratulations :

The members of the class of 1844, having had the honor of instituting the first boat clubs in Yale College, deem it appropriate at this, their third class meeting, to present their cordial congratulations to the members of the Yale Navy, upon their recent triumph. May the Institution continue and its success be perpetual.

By vote of the class of 1844.

CHAS. W. CAMP,
JNO. A. DANA.

Yale College, July 28th, 1859.

SAML. D. PAGE, Commodore.

The crew were H. L. Johnson, (stroke,) C. T. Stanton, Jr., J. H. Twichell, H. W. Camp, C. H. Owen, F. H. Colton, averaging 148 lbs., H. Watkins, Coxswain, 110 lbs. If any of us, or if Yale boys at large, make too much of this success, it must be borne in mind that great revulsions are always dangerous.

The election of navy officers for 1859 and '60 resulted in the choice of

H. L. Johnson,	<i>Commodore.</i>
H. B. Ives,	<i>1st Fleet Captain.</i>
C. Coddington,	<i>2nd " "</i>
G. Starr,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

The Statement of Facts was held at Brewster's Hall with the usual eclat—the only new feature of the occasion being a Linonian majority. The annual rush which had in great measure taken the place of the old foot ball game, but was attended by many disadvantages in a narrow street, was killed by a combination of circumstances, and the excitement of the occasion was vented by crowding, rushing and "tremendous applause" in doors.

It would seem preferable to transfer these physical exercises to the turf if possible, rather than to so inconvenient an arena as a small hall, but almost any such open contest and trial of strength and skill has a manliness in it, however rude, that deserves encouragement in providing a better field for its exercise.

The Initiation to Freshmen Societies, attended by the wonted yelling and renewed efforts of "*quondam cornices*" with the still more strenuous exertions of those hornblowers who rejoiced in the newly discovered strength of their lungs, was executed under the State House as usual.

The introduction of electricity, an extremely dangerous but carefully controlled agent, with several fiddles of a great many horse power, were the novelties of this occasion. By the orders of the committee and the interference of

some who "had seen the folly of it" the blanket tossing was put an end to, and the next College generation will probably look upon it as one of the "lost arts," or dead barbarisms; in fact we hope that this whole affair of combination initiations will be dropped.

It is well enough to try a candidate's nerve and courage, and in these mock ceremonials to revel in some wild frolics as an occasional break in the monotony of College routine,—but a *Secret Society initiation should be strictly secret*. No outsiders whatever should be allowed even to know of the performances.

But to disgrace men in the streets publicly and even before ladies in their own parlors, is utterly inexcusable. We are confident that no lady would lend herself to such a meanness, who duly appreciated how great and lasting an insult was thus put upon a stranger. Certainly no Arab would permit such a breach of hospitality. Silence too would be far more imposing; nothing would so assist the testing of nerve as an ominous silence. We are glad for once to agree with a town paper—these horns and sheet iron thunderings are ridiculous as well as a bore to ourselves and every one else. At least condense the agony!—there would be some fun in a single burst of yelling. Just think of all the noise of the whole night concentrated in one unearthly blast!—but "now there gets to be an awful sameness in it."

The prosperity of Yale is denoted by her increased numbers. The Librarian, Mr. Gilman, tells us that the total number of students in the four Academic classes exceeds that of former years by fifteen or twenty, and others are waiting to pass conditions. The annual régatta of the Yale Navy was deferred last commencement week on account of the Union regatta; but that it may still be a regular institution is universally desired, and the class of '60 have promised prizes for a race on the 15th inst.

There will be a contest between shells, another between light barges or club boats, and a third for the heavy first class tubs.

Editor's Table.

Our table is well strewed with exchanges and books sent us during the vacation. The New Englander; Triennial Catalogue; new editions of several of Scott's and Dicken's works; The Harvard and Amherst Magazines; Russell's Magazine; The Erskine Recorder, and the North Carolina Magazine; The Printer; The Cosmopolitan Art Journal; Stores Willis' Musical World, and Peterson's Bank Note Detector; it is a great thing to be an editor.

Now as friend Peterson sends us so many standard novels, and as his Detector pronounces all the notes good which we took from our new subscribers, we feel very amiable toward that monthly, and advise all our subscribers to get one and carry all the while and detect as much money as they can. The Lit has adopted it as a standard of bank note valuation, and will willingly accept any

amount of cash which is approved by it, for it is corrected by Drexel & Co., and is only a dollar a year. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Chas. Scribner sends us what should almost be our text book in "Extempore Speaking" a work by Prof. Bautain. It is just the thing—reliable and for a wonder readable.

We would inform the tobacco man who wants to bribe us to publish his circular, that we don't smoke Medicated cigars, and any one who does "must be sick."

Just at present the ordinary graceful *negligé* of the table is broken by the unwonted appearance of the New Haven Morning News and the Oberlin Monthly; it is so unusual for these two periodicals to create a sensation that we hardly know what to think of both of them daring to attack us. Perhaps they trust to the combination. But we will attend to the News first, for it is nearest and most savage—and the Oberlin has waked up a "Theolog," and consequently is dangerous, so we must practice a little on the News.

The News man, be it understood, is somewhat verdant,—he has only published a paper here a year or two and does not exactly understand his business yet. But he has learned that in the horrible death of local intelligence it pays to attack Yale, and send up a squad of small boys to morning recitation to yell "all about Yale College" inasmuch as the frequent two cent purchases materially add to the financial prosperity of his limited enterprise.

Now although the editorials of that sheet do not indicate the deepest thought, we are willing to admit that the editor may have been somewhat disturbed by the statement of facts in the same street with him, especially when as last year, the printers all broke off work to see the fun, (thereby endangering again his finances.)

But this year it was indoors; yet he hearing the noise joyfully shouts "item" and starts for the scene. But alas for his hopes—his frenzied appearance, indicative of verdancy is against him, and with his hat knocked over his eyes and his unsophisticated amazement made doubly ludicrous by his indignation, he is summarily ejected with doubtless the usual application to propel intruders.

We hardly feel disposed therefore to be angry with him for the effusion of bile which disgraces even the columns of the News, and we are not surprised that it pleases his readers, that class of people who are always on the *qui vive* lest the students should enjoy more liberty than themselves, and who bestow upon us less choice epithets than even the News' man's delicate euphonism, "jackasses."

But we would for all that mildly suggest to him that although these little spleen fits of his are perfectly harmless *here*, for their very imbecility—they do not meet with so just an appreciation elsewhere, as in a case immediately before us—an editor in a neighboring city, who knows nothing of affairs here, except from New Haven papers, and a man of less comprehension (if possible), than he of the News, goes into a terrible tirade against what he facetiously terms "Bacchantic rites," "phosphorous" and "masks of corpses." Now we students doubtless are faulty enough, but we would rather take advice than abuse, and take it too from some who show capabilities of a far better judgment and more decent taste than our would-be instructor in Union street.

So we would commend him to "husband his resources" and devote his entire attention to what is so much needed—the improvement of his small paper—

assuring him that although we do not endorse the first half of his favorite Johnsonian maxim, that "every one has a right to say what he chooses," he may convince us that in some cases, at least, "every body else has a right to kick him for it."

But the Oberlin man is a contrast—we can almost see the meek benign air with which he penned "Our Yale Brethren." We would like to be satisfied as to whether he belonged to the "Sen. Col. Class" when he was in the Academy; but however that may be, we thank him for his forbearance in denying "any disposition to glory or to arrogate a moral or literary excellence superior to other journals." We thank him for the compliment, "Our brethren may surpass us in the energies of mind and will which give success to editorial labors, and in the scope and variety of culture and attainment which lend a still higher attraction to intellectual products." We unite with him in his "constantly growing reverence and esteem for the Christian virtues and scholarly attainments of the distinguished gentlemen who compose the Faculty of Yale College," and their "kindest and most paternal feelings;" at least many of these gentlemen deserve such regard.

But, unfortunately, he does not preserve a uniformly consistent course; his mildness and fraternal spirit are only equalled by his misrepresentations and unfair wresting of the Lit.'s arguments—and the peculiarly small and Oberlin-like slur, "the obnoxious article was written by a *Southern* student." He spoils the effect of his flattery by saying "the Lit. for once fell into bad hands," so that even his wish for her future prosperity will hardly make us regret that he has no voice in the election.

Even his "wonder that the Lit. has not publicly regretted" the article he condemns and "repudiated its sentiments," does not in any way excuse the impudent assumption with which he declares that there are "screws loose in the moral machinery" of the Lit., and that it is "lamentably out of joint" or coolly decides "thoroughly untrue," "monstrous."

The article he re-attacks was on the "College Code," an appeal to "the old clannish feeling that binds us together, and which with all its deformities has many stern, manly beauties;" administering a severe and well-deserved rebuke on a recent case of informing, which appeared as contemptible as it was unheard of among us,—but which the high-toned morality of Williams and Oberlin rejoiced at, as the foreshadowing of a more enlightened age.

This position he defended briefly, not only by an appeal to what, in spite of the Oberlin man's shocked disbelief is the general sentiment here—an implicit trust each in the others' good faith, and a universal disgust at tale-bearers; but also by declaring that the Faculty, "exercising arbitrary powers, which they can only defend by vague generalities," are not responsible for our moral actions," and consequently "we are not bound to give to them testimony in any matter concerning our studies." He may have been rash in some expressions in regard to the faculty; but a College government is of necessity "arbitrary" in its very nature and foundation principles. "Paternal" authority can never be delegated—as a College government it can never exist, save in Utopian fancies, and the events of that Fall had justified the word "merciless," from graver and sounder moralists than Oberlin theologians; and nothing does greater honor to

the real good will of our Faculty than the fact that no false pride prevented their recalling their severest edicts.

But that a moral *influence* ought to be exerted in College, to the proof of which the greater part of the Oberlin article is devoted, no one will deny. Notwithstanding some strong expressions, no careful and candid reader, would take the general sentiment of the article as opposed to it.

The argument is merely against a moral control and government. Students have passed the age of childhood. Men must be "responsible" for their own morals. No government ever succeeded in exercising moral sway; and in advocating such a principle—our astute Theologian defends the persecutions which decayed the Romish spiritual tyranny—of which treachery, spies and informing were the pillars of support. So far from fearing contempt of informing as dangerous to our morality, we are proud of it as a college, as moral men, in that it betokens a keener sense of honor, and a more generous moral standard, which is endorsed, we are happy to know, by men whose judgment and *theology* is unimpeachable. If the "loose screws" and "immorality" of the Lit. are shown in no worse form—we may be thankful that the peculiar doctrines of ranting against Southerners, amalgamation, and tale-bearing, have not become a part of our College code.

Still there is a kind of authority which we must concede to the Faculty, over our morals. In becoming students of this university, we enter into an agreement to maintain certain rules of conduct, and with the disobedience of these comes a suspension or entire end of our relation to the College—at least such is the ultimate result. And in some matters in which the prosperity or even existence of the institution is more closely involved, self-preservation compels the resort to moral law—compels sometimes, it may be, an appeal to authority, an appeal from a private individual to authority. But this is only to be tolerated as a last resort. In the bosom of that most fraternal of assemblies, the early church, it was only after the refusal of a faulty brother to listen to private remonstrance, that it was permitted even "to tell it to the Church," and when now such cases of vital importance occur, they will always be self-evident and escape the withering scorn of that College Code which should frown upon treachery, or informing, that bears not fairly on its face the full evidence of a generous motive and of the uttermost necessity. And in our promise, our honor, our self-control, must be the only sure basis of even the necessary laws of College life. Our own judgments must be our chief guides, our own consciences our only accusers. Thus shall manliness and true moral vigor find healthful growth where any attempt at restraint or moral compulsion would either result in an entire overthrow of even moral *influence*, or worse, lead to a system of tyranny and espionage which, should it preserve some appearance of morality, could only be more disgusting than the most unrestrained bold badness, in the meaner vices of lying, hypocrisy and cowardice. It is but a regular gradation—informer, tale-bearer, spy, slanderer, assassin.

Now we at least know friends from enemies, and if our faults are many they are open and fearless ones—immoralities which we would indeed check—but not at the fearful risk of incurring those cowering vices, which showing no signs outwardly, are only the more terrible in their inner decay.

We were too hasty in rejoicing at the renewal of ball play on the green. The

City Police have again stopped the game. A correspondent who dislikes to see the students "give it up so," suggests that our College bear the expense of a law suit which shall test the right of this matter. We were at some pains last summer to learn the truth in regard to it, and are informed by the best of authority, that the green does not belong to the City, at all, but was deeded by the original donors, including Yale College to a committee of trustees who themselves fill vacancies (created only by death), and who own the green in trust, but with as clear a legal title as they do their own houses. The city government have no right so much as to mow it without authority from them.

It is only on pretence of quelling a disturbance or abating a nuisance, that the city authorities can legally interfere, and then no more than in any man's private grounds. The question for us to raise is, "can this ball playing be proved an indictable nuisance?"

We have the best of reasons for believing that the trustees desire to give us that play ground; that they have the legal right to make a distinction as to who may use it and who may not, indicating any particular class, or even individuals if they choose, while it is from them only that a complaint for trespass would hold, and from them that a complaint of disturbance would have far the most weight.

We therefore suggest the propriety of petitioning this committee for the use of that ground which from time immemorial was the "Campus" of Yale students, and was, by the corporation, donated as a part of the city green, with the express understanding that it should always be open to their undisturbed use—a stipulation which in case of a *gift* should not be the less binding for having been omitted in the legal formalities.

But if the city government see fit to stretch the letter of the law against us, we must then endeavor to disprove in a higher court any accusation of disturbance, or take other measures which it is best not to contemplate as yet—for we agree with our correspondent that "It will never do to give it up so."

To be sure we shall have a gymnasium, but it can never destroy the necessity of an open air play-ground. So now we have "come the heavy" lawyer, and ask nothing for our advice.

The return from vacation was welcomed by the regular advertisements and posters recommending "Rooms to rent," Board, and Books. The attempt to undersell *McKay*, and so crush him down by a large capital is extremely unsuccessful, we are happy to learn, as a correspondent, inspired by the theme, says

These ends their advertising gains,
 They have their labor for their pains;
 Each partner in the firm complains,
 Because no custom now remains
 To them from us;
 And we, the while, for all their pains
 Don't care a —!

LIST OF GRADUATES OF YALE COLLEGE,

Deceased during the Academical year 1858-9, including a few of earlier date, heretofore unreported.

Year.	Name.	Place and date of death.	Age.
1785.	John McLellan,	Woodstock, Conn., Aug. 4, 1858,	91.
1786.	Rev. Gad Newell,	Nelson, N. H., Feb. 26, 1859,	96.
1793.	Rev. Jeremiah Atwater,	New Haven, Conn., July 29, 1858,	84.
1793.	Samuel C. Blackman,	Newtown, Conn., Nov. 17, 1858,	91.
1795.	Stephen Thacher,	Rockland, Me., Feb. 19, 1859,	85.
1796.	Rev. Archibald Bassett,	Walton, N. Y., April 29, 1859,	87.
1798.	Pliny Arms,	Deerfield, Mass., Feb. 2, 1859,	81.
1798.	Ebenezer Learned,	New London, Conn., Sept. 11, 1858,	78.
1800.	Hugh Knox,	Troy, N. Y., Aug. 1858,	77.
1802.	Ira Webster,	Wallingford, Conn., Feb. 3, 1859,	77.
1803.	Jacob Bond Ion,	Charleston, S. C., July 17, 1859,	77.
1804.	David Brush,	Greenwich, Conn., April 23, 1858,	75.
1806.	James Gadsden,	Charleston, S. C., Dec. 26, 1858,	70.
1806.	William Tully, M. D.,	Springfield, Mass., Feb. 28, 1859,	72.
1807.	William Jay,	Bedford, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1858,	67.
1808.	Timothy P. Beers, M. D.,	New Haven, Conn., Sept. 22, 1858,	69.
1809.	Samuel B. Barrell,	Boston, Mass., March 22, 1858,	67.
1810.	Henry Leavitt Ellsworth,	Fair Haven, Conn., Dec. 27, 1858,	67.
1810.	Augustus Lucas Hillhouse,	Eragny, near Paris, March 14, 1859,	67.
1810.	James Hooker,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1858,	66.
1811.	Ezra Haskell,	Dover, N. H., March 27, 1858,	77.
1812.	John Witter,	Plainfield, Conn., Dec. 30, 1858,	75.
1813.	Frederic F. Backus, M. D.	Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1858,	64.
1813.	Joy H. Fairchild,	South Boston, Mass., Feb. 21, 1859,	69.
1813.	Denison Olmsted,	New Haven, Conn., May 13, 1859,	68.
1818.	Francis H. Cone,	Greensboro' Geo., May 18, 1859,	61.
1818.	George Spalding,	Yonkers, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1858,	61.
1820.	Daniel N. Dewey,	Williamstown, Mass., Jan. 14, 1859,	59.
1821.	Rev. John Richards,	Hanover, N. H., March 29, 1859,	62.
1822.	Sherman Crosswell,	New Haven, Conn., March 4, 1859,	56.
1823.	Eliab Brewer,	Monterey, Mass., July 9, 1859,	65.
1823.	Aaron N. Skinner,	New Haven, Conn., Oct. 26, 1858,	58.
1824.	Rev. Austin O. Hubbard,	Brattleboro, Vt., Aug. 24, 1858,	58.
1826.	Elijah Cowles,	Cleveland, O., May 22, 1859,	51.
1830.	Charles E. Scoville,	Guilford, Conn., Feb. 4, 1859,	48.
1832.	Henry A. DeForest, M. D.,	Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1858,	44.
1834.	William S. Burr,	Richmond, Va., Dec., 1858,	45.
1836.	Henry Wright,	Nashville, Tenn., June 15, 1859,	48.
1837.	Joseph C. Albertson,	San Francisco, Dec. 8, 1858,	42.
1842.	Jacob Perkins,	Havana, Cuba, Jan. 12, 1859,	38.
1844.	Rev. William A. Macy,	Shanghai, China, April 9, 1859,	34.
1848.	Henry C. Hedges,	Newark, N. J., Feb., 1859,	31.
1849.	Aaron Lyon,	Sturbridge, Mass., Aug. 22, 1858,	34.
1852.	Rev. George E. Hurd,	Dover, N. H., Oct. 16, 1858,	28.
1858.	Edmund M. Taft,	Whitinsville, Mass., Oct. 25, 1858,	24.

Average age of the forty-five deceased, 63 years.

The oldest surviving graduate is now *Joshua Dewey*, of Watertown, N. Y., of the Class of 1787, and the next survivor is the Rev. *Daniel Waldo*, of Syracuse, N. Y., of the Class of 1788.

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No. II.

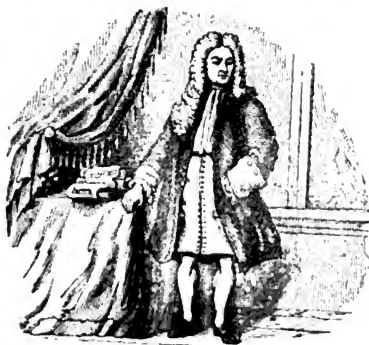
THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."*

NOVEMBER, 1859.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

No. II.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

How we Talk.

It is a world-wide and world-aged custom of people, to abuse and laugh at that which they do not understand. It matters little how high or how low it may be in the scale of importance, if it only runs counter to old ideas, is a little strange or inexplicable. Every new science has been laughed at and abused, and every new quack-medicine has met the same fate. Men laugh at every new principle in society, and at every eccentricity in the individual. If ridicule cannot crush it out, they adopt the equally inane practice of abuse.

Many new principles and *outré* habits rest on false foundations, and spring from false ideas. They deserve ridicule and abuse. Yet very few of the many who level it at them have the right to do so. If you have discovered, and can prove an absurdity anywhere, then laugh at it. If you have found and demonstrated a falsity, then abuse it. But the most ridiculous and hateful sight in the world, to a sensible being, is that of a man abusing or ridiculing a subject which he does not understand; and doing so, because he does not, or, more frequently, because he cannot understand it. I do not care how deserving a thing may, in truth, be of such treatment, if one cannot disprove it by facts, he makes himself supremely ridiculous by taking refuge in this old-fogyish practice.

The poorest of all arguments is a laugh ; and the meanest is a malediction.

College students have some peculiarities in their habits, in the way they talk and act, which, of course, draw down upon them the abuse and ridicule of all outsiders, who know neither the causes which gave rise to them, nor the wants which they meet. I do not pretend to say that these peculiarities are entirely unobjectionable, or entirely faultless ; but I do mean to say that they have practical and tenable excuses, and that they do not deserve the indiscriminating ridicule and abuse heaped upon them, by those, too, who often forget, when casting their missiles, that their own houses are largely composed of glass, similar to that at which they are aiming.

I wish to say a few words about one, at least, of these peculiarities. If you are determined to laugh, my friend, I wish you to laugh understandingly, not open your mouth with the inane, silly giggle, so common. If your mind is fixed upon abusing, I wish you to abuse understandingly, not show a mean spirit, and acrid heart, and small mind. I love, and every one loves, to be met with an argument, not with a sneer.

Students have peculiarities in their speech ; they have coined a few words, distinguished rather for their similarity in sound to the ideas expressed, than for beauty or eloquence. To them has been applied the name of "college slang," and not a few people seem to labor under the idea that this is so extensive, and so extensively used, that the conversation of a collegian must be an unknown quantity to any but his fellows. They preach against it, and ridicule it, on this ground. But, unfortunately, such discourses are based on a false text, and the tirades are useless and ridiculous. The truth is, that there are but few words peculiar to student language. By far the greater portion of that which you preach against, my good sir, is borrowed from the world, outside of college. It does not spring up here, and is not native to this soil. What are termed slang phrases, are spread all over the country, and few there are who escape entirely their contagion. You who abuse us for using them, if you carefully scan your words, will doubtless find one or two creeping into your own cultivated discourse. "Go it blind," "mind your eye," etc. etc., are not college phrases, and we must not, as college students, receive especial blame for them. If censure is to fall upon us as a class, it must be given for those things originated by us, and peculiar to us. We are not anxious to have the short comings common to other people laid to our charge alone.

Sifting out, then, all phrases which are not native to college, we find the remainder to be exceedingly small. College ground is not, as some think, a soil especially adapted to the growth of such expressions, and it is merely natural that it should not be. A man's mind is supposed to be cultivated, to a certain extent, here, and, in the majority of cases, really is. It is an old truth, that refinement in manners follows refinement in mind. That roughness and boorishness in speech should result from four years of mental training, is contrary to nature.

It seems contrary to experience, also. For I believe that newly graduated students will be found to use language less marred by out-of-the-way expressions than any other class of young men.

Of course, there is the same proportion of senseless persons in college that there is elsewhere. Their conversation may be somewhat profusely interwoven with the few peculiarities in speech which they are accustomed to use with their fellow students. Some of these take that intensely ridiculous pride in the abstract fact of being a collegian, which invariably characterizes an exceedingly poor specimen of the class. You may see them, any vacation, attempting to impress country relatives and friends with the idea of their peculiar magnificence and superiority. Unable to prove a title to academic honor by any true exhibition of improvement and acquirements, they attempt to show it by displays of pomposity and arrogance; by very unnecessary and supremely silly use of college words and indulgence in college customs. They utterly ignore a good old adage which tells us to "act at Rome as Romans act." Now it is surely unfair to pour out wholesale censure upon a class because a few make laughing-stocks of themselves. But absurdity is always more conspicuous than good sense. We notice a fool much more quickly than a wise man; and so people see such as these, while they leave unnoticed better specimens of the class, and with an entirely unwarranted and premature generalization, lay their short comings upon the shoulders of all students.

Now we despise and ridicule such actions with as much ardor as any one, and have no desire to be responsible for them. I imagine that no lawyer wishes his profession to be characterized by the actions of the pettifogging rascal, whose office may be next door to him. Yet not a few persons do this. Many a man considers the whole class as lineal descendants from the father of lies. No minister desires to have the ludicrously solemn face and laughter-hating character of some of the brethren, taken as the distinctive marks of all. But it is an unfortunate idea, which rules in many minds. No doctor is anxious to be

confounded with the quacks who so abound in these days. Yet many people class them all under one name. No fair woman loves to be considered in the same light with the gossiping, garrulous, acrid old maid who frequents her sewing society. Still there are some men, heaven help them, who ascribe a like character to the whole sex. I need not say that such assertions are unfair, and it is equally unfair to judge all students, as they frequently are judged, by the actions of the worst of the name.

We have, indeed, some odd phrases peculiar to us, which magnified and distorted, form the objects at which unlimited ridicule and abuse are directed. Were they, in reality, so numerous and so extensively used as many suppose, there would be more reason in abusing them. That this is not the case has already been shown. Were they in truth so useless and silly as people generally consider them, there would be still greater foundation for censure. But there is a use in them, and a reason for them, not entirely to be despised. By no means do all of the common slang expressions have such excuses. Most are mere vulgarities, uncalled for ejaculations, excrescences in speech, which cannot be justified by a shadow of palliation. College expressions are not of this character, nor are college students particularly given to employing such. Our peculiar words, with scarce an exception, express peculiar ideas,—ideas which cannot be uttered so concisely or expressively in any other way. Every class of men, bound together by a common pursuit, have some ideas and thoughts to be clothed in words which are of more frequent occurrence in their midst than elsewhere. It is irksome work and waste of time to express them, frequently as they must be used, in the circumlocution required by common language. If some one word can be coined or adapted which embodies the meaning concisely and perfectly, it is natural to seize upon it. It is natural, also, to have regard in the selection, to onomatopoeia rather than to beauty. As a consequence, it happens that such words sound, in general, somewhat strangely and foolishly to the unaccustomed ear. They meet the want, however. They are intended to be used only in conversation with the initiated, and in connection with the pursuit which gave rise to them. Unless a man is an egotist, he will not be forever harping on the subject nearest concerning himself, and the necessity will not often be pressed upon him of using peculiar phrases, where there may be unintelligible and unpalatable. Unless a man is a fool, he will not be distorting words out of their true meaning, and applying them where they do not belong. Both egotists and fools, indeed,

exist in every class. Their constant use of these unusual words, in places where they need not, and ought not to be used, brings a ridicule upon the words themselves which ought to be given to the person speaking them. But it is no good reason for the mass to be deprived of a convenience, because a few abuse it. Because some conceited student interlards his conversation, during vacations, and in society, with college phrases, it by no means follows that one more sensible should eschew them when they save both time and trouble.

The fact that these peculiar phrases are so universal among students shows that they meet a universal want. German, English, and American universities have all their little vocabulary, which seems an absolute necessity. One might almost as well recommend a lawyer to dispense with his Latin terms and technicalities, as ask us to abandon our old and expressive words. Take three of the most common in Yale-student language,—the three words “rush,” “flunk,” and “fizzle,”—I venture to say that their sound will not prove overwhelmingly disagreeable to any person, however shattered his nervous system may be. To our ears they have a significance inexpressible. They embody shortly and expressively the three grades of recitation. To express them otherwise would require a multiplication of words, both disagreeable and inconvenient, and no one can blame us because we prefer to bear a little deficit in elegance, when there is an immense gain in convenience. Few, if any, of our words are more objectionable than these, and all have similar advantages. I believe that none of us are ashamed of them. They are connected with all our college associations, and are far from proving a blot upon them. No one need fear that coming years will show us that from them has resulted the least harm to our use of the good, pure, old English language. W. F.

College Laws and College Codes.

The relations of parent to child presuppose reciprocal duties, which are at first instinctive or natural, and then moral. No man can deny that it is the duty of the parent to nourish, protect, and love the child. No man, that believes in the immortality of the soul, will deny that it is also the duty of the parent to do all in his power that is conducive to its eternal welfare. To fulfil his duties, the parent requires au-

thority. And, therefore, we find that in all nations, and in all times, the parent has been vested with an authority well nigh absolute.

The family requires government.

The relations of the teacher and scholar are not natural, (i. e., not instinctive,) but rather artificial. They arise from an agreement between the teacher and scholar, or the scholar's parent. The duties of the scholar and teacher depend on the conditions of this agreement. What these conditions shall be, depends on the pleasure of the contractors. But, after they are once agreed to, tacitly or otherwise, the teacher should certainly be vested with sufficient power to fulfill his duties. It is not only necessary that the teacher should have knowledge and the faculty to impart it, but also the authority which should make his word and command respected; for where order is not observed, obedience not required, there can be no instruction. The school requires government.

Now a teacher, considered merely as a teacher, need not have authority vested in him, except so much as is absolutely necessary to impart instruction. The scholars may be left to their option about attending the devotional exercises of the school, if any there be, about punctuality, neat appearance and mannerly behavior. He may not have power to prevent the scholars from entering the school room, or spitting tobacco-juice all over the floor. His power might be so retrenched, and yet he be a teacher. But no one doubts the perfect right of any teacher to demand sufficient authority to enforce commands with regard to all the above mentioned items. And, what is more, a teacher could scarcely live in a school, who did not have and use such authority. And it would be the duty of the teacher, if a Christian, as a Christian, to enforce moral and religious precepts, besides inculcating them by his word and example. The relations of a student to his instructor in college, are much the same as those of a scholar to his teacher in a common school. The contrast here, however, is not left to be understood or implied, but is literally made between the faculty and the student, or his guardian. The *right* of any body of men, such as the faculty and corporation of a college, to declare publicly, minutely and unmistakably, upon what conditions they will undertake the education of young men put under their care, is indisputable. They have an undeniable right to make their own conditions; those who wish may accept of them. A faculty may make these conditions relate only to the studies of the course; and what is necessarily connected with such studies, i. e., its laws, might be that the students should assemble punctu-

ally, at certain appointed places and times, to recite their lessons, and that they, during the recitations, should maintain proper order and decorum. Another faculty may see fit to add an almost interminable list of laws, relating to the manners, morals, health and personal freedom of the students. In both cases these are the conditions upon which they agree to receive students, and they are open to acceptance and rejection. For this very reason, no one can say that it is not a voluntary contract, the obligations of which every student assumes when he enters college. And the fact that there is no respectable college in the land where the faculty do not attempt, in some degree, to educate the character as well as the intellect, is no proof that the obligations which a student assumes when he voluntarily enters college are, in any measure, *forced* upon him. By performing the rites of matriculation, every student freely, but solemnly, promises to abide by the conditions of the faculty, in order to obtain the privileges of a liberal education. These are the circumstances under which every student enters Yale College. The conditions are the laws of the college. And once having freely accepted the conditions, he is solemnly bound not only to submit to the laws, but to *obey* them. No matter whether the laws appear to him silly, ridiculous, tyrannical or bigoted, he is bound, by the laws of God and man, to obey. So much for the *right* of the faculty to make laws, and the duty of students to obey.

But another question arises. Granting the right, is it expedient, is it wise, to attempt to extend the limits of college legislation beyond the legitimate sphere of the cultivation of the intellect? Is it well to attempt an imitation of the German universities, and leave the student of American colleges in perfect freedom, requiring only his presence at stated intervals, and making him responsible for all his other deeds, to the civil magistrates? We have no elaborate or deep-thought answer to give. But we would remember that that part of the college laws that does not pertain directly to the education of the intellect, pertains directly to the education of the morals. And we would remember that the faculty of Yale College profess to be Christian men. Shall they, then, refuse to take advantage of the opportunities which present themselves while instructing the young, or helping to mould their characters? Shall they refuse to worship that God publicly, whom, as individuals, they all acknowledge to be supreme? Shall they willingly allow vice and immorality to go unchecked and unproved before their very eyes, dangerous as is its contact to innocence and virtue? Not if they are true to their profession. Not if there is such a thing as religion. A college, founded and nourished by the prayers and

tears of Christians, for generations past, should surely be a centre whence should emanate the most holy influences. Those that hate the restraints of religion, those that disbelieve the truths of religion, may find fault, but a Christian, who finds fault with the laws pertaining to morality and religion that exist in almost every college, is not honest.

If, then, the faculty have an undoubted right, and, as Christians, an undoubted duty to make laws that shall be conducive, in their estimation, to the moral health of the college, let every student submit and obey. Undoubtedly, some laws are foolish and unnecessary, and when some are continually broken in presence of the faculty, and others are declared by the faculty to be a dead letter and void, respect for the laws, as a whole, must diminish. But since they are generally good and wholesome, and we have all subscribed to them, let us do away with that sickish spirit of pretended contempt for college laws, and live honestly and honorably, and as men who have some regard for their pledged word.

These cursory remarks have been suggested by an article in the "Oberlin Monthly," entitled, "Our Yale Brethren." Most of the sentiments of that piece we heartily endorse. But the main object of that article upon which its heaviest strictures are made, was to prove the uselessness of what is called the "New College Code." The arguments that are advanced there we deem, in a great measure, unanswerable. But we hope that discussion will thrive on this and other subjects, not only among students of the same college, but between colleges. Let it be carried on in a friendly manner, but let it be spirited and early.

W. C. J.

"Where do you Room?"

Where the squirt gun ever squirteth.—*Prize Poem.*

I do not room in college. If you do, I pity you; and not without reason do I thus make you the object of my pity. Does a college-room remind you of home? I like to have my room taken care of by a woman, no matter whether she be a Celt, or of African extraction. A man was never made to sweep. He handles the broom awkwardly, raises a mighty dust, and finally doesn't sweep out your room. Look

in the corners, under the chairs, lounges, and table. Does it look as though the broom had been there recently ? Has your furniture ever been properly dusted by a man ? A man can't dust. With a coarse piece of canvass he rams and jams your furniture, as if he were preparing for a prize fight. Man is a negative power in the varied formula of house-keeping ; yet men take care of the rooms of those who room in college. Did you ever sleep, with any comfort, in a bed that was made up by a man ? Ugh ! The sheets are all in wrinkles. They persist in being nearer the head of the bed than the blanket, and the blanket agrees with the quilt to open a communication with the atmosphere and the foot of the bed. Pleasant to sleep in such a bed, isn't it ? Yet you pay a good deal for such pleasure. How much money and intellectual labor did you spend in fitting up your room ? You will never get half-price for that furniture when you leave. That carpet looks gorgeously, but those rainbow tints are perishable. The mat at the door will not save it, for students will not always wipe their feet. Spittoons will not save it, entreaties, yea, even tears, will not preserve it from stains, and rents, and quick decay. That furniture will soon be broken and cut, because students will know that you, and not a landlord, own it. Yet, rooming in college is nice !

My sweep never disturbs me while I am studying, or wrapt in meditation. *My* room is taken care of while I am at breakfast, and when I return everything looks clean and comfortable ; my stove has been cleared out, and the fire renewed ; my books arranged in order in my secretary ; my gown and slippers placed where they should be. Not a bit of dirt can I detect. In such a room one can study. Who can foretell the approach of the college-sweep, or who can predict the time of his departure ? When you would be studying, then he is with you. He cometh in without knocking, and if you are studying it makes no difference ; the college-sweep waits for no man. Oh, horrid ! to be choked and filled with dust, when one is studying. You throw aside your books, and watch the ruthless invader of your domestic happiness, and as you see him bring confusion out of chaos, half sweep your room, half make your bed, you think : Well, it's a glorious thing to room in college ! When I study, I like to have some essence of quiet pervading my atmosphere. Now there can never be any noise in my house except when I make it, or the freshman who has the room next to me weeps and wails for the lost pleasures of the parental roof. He is easily quieted, however, by the mild suggestion, on my part, that if the Sophs should hear him, they would smoke him out. Moreover, there is no-

body rooming above me to throw water upon me whenever I put my head out of the window to view the face of nature, or note the passer-by. No treacherous cry of "Heads Out," salutes mine ears. No "Squirt-gun," annihilating space, throws a volume of water into my window, destroying the neatness of my attire. I rise in the morning, and find that no one has amused himself during the night by breaking my windows. I am not bored, hour after hour, by loafers. I am not locked in my room because I leave my key on the outside of the door. I do not have to lend charcoal and kindling wood to my friends, who happen "to be out," and always fail to return what they borrowed. A box of matches lasts me a week. I can make a noise in my room without being disturbed by a tutor. A nigger does not poke his wool into my room every day, and interrogate me thus: "Eny appleths?" ugh! No old Jew disturbs my study hours by opening my door, and saluting me thus: "Fine day! any old clothes, my dear?" No ragged thief comes to my door and asks for half a dollar, "to kape himself and family of fiftain children from starvin." No little girl, with the appearance of Sappho on a drunk, besieges my door for a "penny." No professor surprises me by an unexpected call. No student, lost to all sense of honor, steals my door mat, or writes something "very phunny" on my door.

In fine, I do not room in college. I may lose much of college life, but what I have lost is less than that which I have gained. Not that I am not social; I love to be with men, see their varied characters, listen to the good joke, and hear a hearty outburst of humor. But there are times when we wish to be alone, when privacy and silence are the most genial companions, and meditation undisturbed brings a fund of enjoyment.

I not only room in town, but I room alone. I have no chum. Those who room in college generally have chums. I do not like a chum. I may be odd, but I have never yet seen the domestic felicity of having a chum. The desires, feelings, and sentiments of no two men are alike. From this law of our nature arise jealousies, dissensions, and world-wide separations. Therefore, you never can find a chum that thinks as you do, that acts as you act, or that conducts himself according to your rule of conduct. If I wished to admire and respect a man, I would never chum with him, for then I should see his weak points, and, in the estimation of character, man never fails to fully consider weak points. There are various kinds of chums. There is the noisy chum. He always bangs the door af-

ter him, bangs the stove, bangs the furniture, bangs the books, bangs the curtains, and, ten chances to one, completes the programme by banging you. He never studies when you study, he either whistles, hums, drums, or talks, just when you wish to have things quiet. He even can't study without making a noise. He drops his book frequently, turns over leaves as if they were so many grind-stones, studies aloud, or, if you request him to study to himself, sets up a confounded buzzing. I should perfectly despise a dirty, careless chum, for such there are. He considers dirt the unmistakable sign of genius. He never wipes his feet on the mat, pulls off his boots and throws them anywhere but in the closet. Scarcely ever brushes his hair, or puts on purified linen. Never hangs up his coat, shawl, or cap. He either puts his feet in a chair, or on the table. He never puts his books in the secretary, but piles them on the table, or throws them on the floor. If he fills the lamp, he is sure to tip it over; or, if he writes a letter, he overturns the inkstand. If you remind him of his fault, he grins and says, "Thunder! I don't care." The literary chum must be perfectly unendurable. He has wisely concluded to study enough to keep in college, and devote the rest of his time to literature. His mind is too gigantic in its faculties and capacities, to be trammelled by study. If you are studious, he looks down upon you, and speaks of your contracted notions of life, and its work. He is always reading and troubling you with the few ideas he has collected. He affects an acquaintance with all ancient and modern authors, and to complete the monkeyism of his intellectual attainments, corresponds with some newspaper, and writes sage criticisms upon college life being devoted to study. He calls Junior Exhibition and Commencement a sham, because none but scholars speak on these occasions. He thinks literary men like himself ought to be allowed to come upon the stage and show forth the true intellectual culture of the student. We only hope that men of this stamp, of whom we have many in college, will grow wiser as they advance in years.

What shall I say of the musical chum?

I would never have an amateur musician for a chum. The whistling of operatic airs, psalm tunes, and negro melodies is decidedly entertaining when you are trying to master "Hamilton," or appreciate the easy flowing style of "Guizot." Does your chum sing in the college choir? If he does, murder him; for often has he made the psalm tune to send forth a hideous discord. Your chum plays on his flute, piano, melodeon, cornet, fiddle, and horn, in study hours, therefore I

wish you would break his instruments, for often has he made me utter many things derogatory to his character as a musician and gentleman.

I will pass by the rowdy chum, with his nocturnal inebriations and daily headaches, and the stingy chum, who won't buy matches, and barely pays for his share of things, and conclude my enumeration by considering the character of the squirty chum. He devotes himself almost exclusively to dress. The first duty in the morning with him is to select a cravat and a beau-ideal choker. His study hours are devoted to the adornment of his outer self, and the hourly parade of Chapel street. To be disturbed when one is studying by such a sickly display of humanity, is distressing. The society of such a youth gives one a moral fever and ague. He interrupts your meditations with a discourse upon his personal attractions, his popularity with the ladies. To him the cultivation of whiskers is the progressive movement of civilization, and the perfect set of a coat the acme of human happiness. Deliver me from such a *nice* young man. To save myself from the possibility of getting one of these chums, I do not room in college. Man has enough to do with the frailty of human nature, without being shut up in the room with it. How delightful to be sick when one rooms in college! It is a wonder that you ever recover, when once you are stretched upon a "pallet of straw," in one of those dark, dismal bedrooms, where nothing is heard but the majestic tread of the bed-bug, or the attenuated voice of the cricket. Your meals are brought to you—cold—in fit order for the digestion of a pirate. Notwithstanding you are sick, there is as much noise as ever around the buildings. And as you endeavor to get a little sleep amid the universal racket, you wish you didn't room in college. I may be sick, therefore I do not room in college.

I am contented with my rooms, neatly furnished, always kept in order and cleanliness. Here I study, and here I see my friends. When I wish quiet here I have it, but when I desire to hear a bedlam of sounds, have my head fired at by innumerable articles, my clothes drenched by an omnipresent squirt-gun; in fine, when I wish to see "college-life," as it is called, I lock my door and go over to the college buildings, and come back with rapid pace.

R. S. D.

Eleloge.

I used to smoke ; I'd set me on some hill
 Whose lofty top looked on the country round,
 And light my pipe ; cigar ? O no, not that !
 I loved my *pipe*, whose amber mouth-piece clung
 Close to my lips, and was so pure and bright,
 And through whose heart I drew in all my joy—
 I called that mouth-piece, '*wife*.'

My meerschaum pipe,
 Whose bowl, so clear and white, seemed some young life ;
 Some speck of 'sea-foam,' on the sea of life ;
 Some soul unstained,—“ unspotted of the world ;”
 So smooth—so purely white.

My meerschaum pipe,
 Which drank the essence of the tobac leaf,
 And grew more beautiful as it grew old.
 I likened it to life,—at first all pure,
 Then, (as the trial-fires burn on and on,)
 Of deeper color, of more earnest hue ;
 Burning, yet never burned.

I'd light this pipe,
 And, with its gray, up-rolling smoke, would build
 A pile of walls, and towers, and minarets,
 Like tall cloud-castles in the sunset sky.
 Those college days,—the sun-day of my life,—
 Were halcyon days ; and that gray smoke portrayed,
 Within its misty folds, strange scenes. And once
 It formed itself to seem the spars, and ropes,
 And hull, of some fine ship, upon whose deck,
 With outstretched hands, *she* stood, Eleloge.

O, blithe and light
 Is my heart to-night,
 O my heart, it is light and free ;
 For she's come to me, my golden-tress'd, my fair Eleloge,
 O she's come to me, my fairie light, beloved Eleloge.

I'd waited long,
 When the sea-bird's song
 Lent mournful sympathy ;
 When the waves' sad moan
 Was a pleasing tone,

For she came not upon the sea ;
But the white-winged ships sail'd past, sail'd past without Eleloge ;
Yes, the ships pass'd by, but brought me not my sweet Eleloge.

I watched in vain,
While the pelting rain,
With my tears, dropt in the sea.
Now my heart is warm,
For her outstretched arm
Says, " I come, I come to thee."
Then I puffed from my pipe a ring of smoke to fair Eleloge ;
From my meerschaum pipe a *wedding ring* to thee, Eleloge.

She left the deck,
When the sea-king's beck
Removed her for aye from me ;
The ring to a golden tress she tied,
And ere in the whelming waves she died,
She threw it into the sea.
And the tress and smoke-ring ever float towards me, Eleloge ;
The tress and ring (*our wedding-ring*.) of my dead Eleloge.

The meerschaum's broke, the dream is gone,
But the silken tress floats on and on ;
And I never sit by the moaning sea,
And watch the waves, as they roll towards me,
But the tress and wedding-ring appear, of pale Eleloge ;
The silken tress and ring of smoke of the dead Eleloge.

E. A. F.

Flirtations.

" Good Miss, I cannot flirt a fan,
But, if you choose, I'll fan a flirt."

In a quaint little book of mine, Phebe is represented clad in gingham, holding a check apron before her pretty face, symbolizing *true love*. I wish I might have found, also, the caricature of a flirt, that you might know her should you ever meet her ; but as I did not, I am going to analyze the attributes of her character, after which you may take a whiff from my pipe of experience.

" Love," (says—no matter who,) " is the soul of existence." It is

advantageous ; flirtations, say I, are disastrous ; they have nothing to do with love. Throw love out of the question, then, and you sum up the history of flirting—disaster ! My analysis is over. Now we will smoke ; but let me say, romantic reader, we are not Arcadians. Coryrydons of to-day are vile deceivers, and reed-flutes are quite out of fashion ; the age is disenchanted, and instead of maids like Galatea, who strike their lovers with luscious apples, and then hide themselves in the bushes, for sheer modesty, we meet damsels whose love taps cause our ears to sing again, and our feet to vie for the agility of Fauns and Satyrs.

Did I ever flirt ? No matter, so long as I can tell you of its horrors ; ah, you object ! he wears sack-cloth, and delivers long homilies on the vainty of love ; he is melancholy and broken-hearted. Guess again, you are quite mistaken ; he is going to tell you that he is safer than you, for you *will* serenade precocious school-girls, and perhaps you may be drawn into the meshes laid by some wily flirt ; poor fellow ! “ As for women, would your fancies were but half as free as mine ! ”

Now a flirtation, to be agreeable and not disastrous, must take place between persons who quite understand each other's peculiarities. For suppose you pour “ Love's serene music ” into the waiting ear of some female angel, (are there any such ? I am a little skeptical on this point !) wholly expecting that, as she understands your situation and intentions, she will go through the agony of hearing you, placing her tiny finger on her lips in maiden meditation, sighing and declaring this was quite unanticipated, but yet come out of these hysterics as wise as before ! Now I protest a woman can know when you are in earnest, and when you are not ; but suppose, I say, she be *matter-of-fact*, and take you at your word ? Poor fellow ! You are in a fine place ; you had better leave for the North Pole, where you will be out of reach of the brotherly madness which threatens to annihilate you, and paternal curses which light upon your head, because the young girl was *too wily*, or else *too innocent*. Fall in love if you choose, and heaven help you to fall out of it ; but beware of *matter-of-fact* women, if you must flirt.

Suppose, again, you have a *quiet* admiration for some damsel whose circumstances are quite inferior to yours :—

“ You have friends, a stately birth ;
She is all alone on earth,”

but give her no reason to believe the “ affair ” can ever be consum-

mated, when it is terminated by *circumstances beyond your control*, do you deserve any letters from parents, with your cadeaux and remembrances all returned, or the taunts of friends, cudgeling you for your "vascillating and unreliable friendship?" I will tell you—did you ever promise her anything? No. Then correct the angry letters, as lawyers do their *briefs*, and burn them: assure your *enamored* that blasted hopes are a delusion of fancy; she may not believe you, and may beat her head on the wall in agony (?) and talk of death and tombstones; but she sees now as through a glass—darkly—but soon will see, face to face. "Love," says Shakspeare, "is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;" and when the sighs cease, as they will shortly, the smoke will cease, and all the love that remains you had better resolve by chemical analysis; put it in your locket; cherish it; the golden age will be restored, Daphnis, reclaim his pipe, and Chloe's pet lamb be resuscitated!

But there is another side of the question; woman may be dishonorable, and give you reason to believe you are acceptable when you are not. Be it so. If you are a man of spirit, you will, without greatly compromising yourself, give her reason to believe you are caught in her snare. Her policy herewith commences,—she is grieved that you have deceived yourself, she will always be your friend, she cannot promise more. Wretched Arcadian! You have left the poesy of the world of flowers, and have come to dwell in the mists of Macadam. But Chloe, as are all women, is not only susceptible, but jealous; you may delicately assure her that two can play at the game of love, that the deception which she conceals in her heart you reveal with your lips; she may feign indifference, but if you should chance to meet her at a ball, and conscientiously avoid noticing her, while you pay attention to every one else, my word for it, she will come to you at last, and you may bless your stars that you have followed my advice.

Is this my experience? Take it as you choose. If you are a man, you will never compromise yourself in flirting; but if you have not a ready tongue, and cannot *travel upon your face*, you had better quit Macadam, and go to dwell in the unrestrained castle-building of your own heart. You are better off over your cigar, with your feet on your marble-mantel, and your calculus puzzling your brain, than at the shrine of a woman whose heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Flirting is a moral evil. A woman becomes blasé in society, and a man heartless. How do I know it? Hold your pleasant face, which

has never been gloomed by the frown of your idol, close to me, and I will whisper something to you. I shall speak from ex——, no! upon second thoughts, I'm not going to let you too deep into my secret; but yet, to make the argument persuasive, I will sacrifice my modest pride, and tell you I am speaking from experience. I have had, in my life, three "fearful scenes," resulting in tears and rage, maledictions, and the d—l knows what all, to say nothing of the fact that the damsel became a poetess, and I came to my senses. Add to this, parental epistles, epithets of deceiver, and unprincipled young man, and you have the burden of the song. And the history of these three "scenes" might fill as many folio volumes; but suppose there were a fourth; *entre nous* there was not, but "minimumab fuit quin;" yet I am free to assert that had No. 4 come upon the carpet, I should have condensed all four volumes into an encyclopedia. Thanks, however, to a kind fortune and a noisy railroad, the materials for this last work were never compiled; but I have had reason to bless the H. R. R. R., which drove the honey-sweet thoughts from my brain, and the rain soft words from my lips. Suppose the road had been a quiet one, you, good reader, had never heard of my liaisons, and I had been endeavoring to get off a hook I had too suddenly snapped.

Now, I dislike flirting; it is a trite song; I have been tossed about in the waves of its calamity, and although my guardian angel has warded off all unfortunate results of paternal wrath, I have felt the silent self-reproach of my insincerity. But as for blasted hopes, release me from the charge. My heart is quite free, and its calm as unbroken as the stillness of this evening twilight. O, queen of women,

"The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I."

In a beautiful drama which I have read, one of the characters is made to say,—“Oh, Love, Love, what a disturber thou art of the world's peace.” And I would paraphrase:—Oh, Flirts, Flirts, what disturbers ye are of our quiet minds. “We are either arrant cowards else we are absurdly brave,” for if we persist in insincere attentions, we must feign or dissemble; and if caught at last, are ruined with everlasting burdens of unrest. Beware of cold-hearted syrens, who, like the basilisk of old, carry death in their eyes; beware of turning the “genial current” of your own soul, which will warm your life with continual richness, and lend a full-toned music to the pleasant songs of your heart experience! *You* suffer from insincerity; you lose your freshness, and render yourself incapable of a better love. “It is

appointed unto every man once to die," and to *almost* every man, to marry. Give yourself away, then, with a heart unruffled by any waves of reproach, and receive one as free, in return. But if my summonizing will not persuade you, let the brute instinct which would lead you to avoid the terrors of N. C., incline you to more scrupulous care, lest you be entangled in the meshes of any heartless flirt. If you are *in love*, I can only advise you to leave town—have sore eyes. Put your love in the bottom of your carpet bag, your shirts at the top and set off for—Fair Haven,—anywhere! Preserve your honor, at all hazards. A fig for your camelias and roses; send your Lalage a sun-flower, a bean-stalk; load her boudoir with fragrant catnip for her dark tresses, and send her the latest Plantation Song for her musical Repertoire; if your romantic attachment is not quite forgotten, I am mistaken; if you still persist, "take her," as Mr. P. says to his rival, "and my blessing go with you."

Yet he may long to be Arcadian Shepherds, even while the heroes and heroines of those days are mythological improprieties to us. Alas! Innocence and the Graces went to sleep when hoops came in fashion, and rougé was invented; Truth and the affections are gone on a lark, and heaven only knows when they will return. Yet I hear it gossipped by stock-brokers of hearts, that affection is expecting to bring a small premium in the market, and fashionable coquetry concerns pay poor interest on their bonds and mortgages!

I would wish you well were you to be united to some sweet girl, innocent as "Eve before the apple season," but I cannot congratulate a man who engages himself, with no prospects, and then relies on Providence. Coquetry is bad enough; prolonged hope is worse. I suppose you *must* flirt or be in love. If so, cram up my experience as you would the Primer for Freshman Examination; but if you will be above the meanness of flirting, you shall reap a large reward in future. I think the Golden Age is approaching. The peaks of East and West Rocks are transformed to Arcadian summits; Tutor's Lane is a pasture ground, and every stagnant pool a clear stream, glistening with silver-fishes; the "ill-boding crow" ceases to caw, and the dissonant strains of Junior's evening music, after all, make me dream of Arcadian flutes. The University ladies are pale shepherdesses, with pet lambs, adorned with a pretty ribbon. I, the once unhappy flirt, am transformed to the chief shepherd, and feed my lambs, hear singing streams while the modest Galatea gives me a love-tap with a luscious apple, as of old, and hides herself in the hazels, in maiden bashfulness. My old

flames are turned into *water sprites*, and do not trouble me so much as when *in the body*. Give me your hand, and I will lead you to my Paradise; we will catch silver-hopes with silver-hooks, from the brook; Cupid shall take charge of our culinary department, and the water-sprites shall wash the dishes!

X. Y. Z.

Haughty-crat of the Breakfast Table.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOARDER.

[It was, I think, in a poetical, and not an economical point of view, that some one has said, "the *dearest* place on earth I know, is home, sweet home." For a man can generally live cheaper at home than anywhere else. Next to this, however, comes boarding one's self, the pecuniary advantage of which I have already intimated in my first paper. But there is an increased charm I find in it, in addition to this. I can choose my fellow boarders, and dismiss them at any time, exercising at option the legitimate and entire functions of a true haughty-crat. You will not be surprised, therefore, if I tell you that one morning, by an unexpressed act of volition on my part, my imaginary landlady disappeared, her visionary daughter vanished, the unseen young lady was extinguished, the fat, invisible Freshman melted away, and the intangible Sophomore absconded; in short, to epitomise the *abiit excessit*, &c., of Cicero, the whole company "sloped."

I generally mean to keep my temper, but at this time I had kept it so long that it had become sour, and I was now prepared to precipitate this acid, to speak chemically, upon an old salt, who has called me a *grub*-worm, and whom I now summoned into my presence. I justify the epithet which I have applied to him, for, judging from the name of his correspondent, I must regard the object of my wrath as a small lump of *Attic* salt, which has lost some of its savor. Nor am I without precedent in making myself disagreeable. For Juno, herself, was not remarkably aimiable; in fact, her "milk of human kindness" had been turned so sour, by the continual thunder of Jupiter, that Homer has designated her as the *ox-ide* Juno.

Did you ever make a woman angry? Did you ever make an ungal-

lant speech to one, and see the rich blush of indignation suffuse her face? You may have ventured a very uncomplimentary remark, but that beautiful red must be regarded, according to the laws of the spectrum, as a *complementary* color. It is a pretty, though dangerous experiment, however; it sometimes brings the tears, and then you have the picture in water colors.

Well, I have been rambling on, I must acknowledge, without much attention to the point which I wished to make. But this is my prerogative, and you must excuse or skip it, as you please; but I have thoroughly got rid of all my ill temper, and too much of my *bad humor*, I am afraid my readers will think, while perusing the above attempts at wit. Well, we all have our weaknesses and hobbies in which we must be indulged, and upon which we must ride. Feeling better, therefore, we will allow our Greek friend to go his way for this time, humbly suggesting that if, as it has been said, Satan was able to *snake* Adam and Eve out of their paradise, I may be able to *worm* him out of his literary Eden.]

As I opened the door leading into the breakfast room one morning, not long since, I overheard my imaginary landlady endeavoring to give a succinct account of the late insurrection.

"Don't you think," said she to the invisible Freshman, (what possible objection she could have to the Freshman's thinking, I can't conceive,) that old John Brown and his ten little Indians, down at one of the ferries in Virginia, broke into Harper's magazine, and stole all the powder, got into a meeting house and took all the cannons of the church"—"and," interrupted the invisible Freshman, "tried to commit arson on the arsenal"—"and," continued my landlady, not noticing the interpolation, "they do say that some of the *big guns* up North here were connected with it."

—[Now this young man, I am sorry to say, will sacrifice the truth for the sake of a jest, and I crave from all respectable persons that indulgence for him which is due to youthful folly and a Freshman's puns. My imaginary landlady has always been a very discreet and properly-behaved person, and I could not suspect her of any intemperate use of inebriating potables, especially so early in the morning; but I was sorely at loss to account for her strange manner in narrating this affair. But I found that she had read it in the *New York Herald*, with her spectacles upside down, a combination of circumstances which, I will allow, did not tend to produce any very great clearness upon the subject.]

"The only great particular misfortune that I can see will result from this event, is that Governor Wise may write a long letter about it: a calamity, however, which it may please a beneficent Providence to avert," said the unseen young lady.

[Now this speech was, no doubt, very unladylike and unbecoming in this damsel. What right have school girls to know about Governors or Statesmen? All these things must be left to intelligent (?) *men*, no matter if they have lived here only five years, and have never learned to read, they must know more of constitutional government and history than a school girl who is merely acquiring an education. I must, in my capacity of haughty-crat, correct my female friend in regard to uttering such masculine opinions, but not now.]

"I should think that the ghosts of their murdered victims would haunt the bedsides of these bloody men," said the visionary daughter, —the reader of Cobb.

"I killed a chicken when I was a little boy," said the invisible Freshman, "but instead of its own spectre the ghost of its egg appeared to me, which, like that of Banquo, could not be laid."

"Pshaw!" said the intangible Sophomore, "that's nothing. I was frightened once by a turkey's 'goblin.'"

[Now the conversation of these youths was entirely irrelevant to the subject in question, and I have my fears that they were endeavoring to "poke fun," as it is vulgarly called, at the visionary daughter of my imaginary landlady, who, happily, was one of those who are mentally obtuse to all oblique thrusts. Be that as it may, I thought it was time to interfere.]

—I have heard of golden weddings and silver weddings, but certainly the diamond wedding is the choicest bit of hymenial jewelry that has ever been "set" by any arch rogue or Arch-bishop, whichever you may choose to call him. What if she was not baptized in the Catholic faith? This diamond wedding of the first water answers all the purposes of an immersion. Such a queen of hearts must be a trump if she can catch a knave of diamonds. Marriage, at present, is like a boat race, the man with the most ore comes in ahead.

[Now, my friends, you will oblige me by not reporting this conversation to any of the relations of this young lady, as my life is valuable, and my pockets empty, so that I am not in a convenient situation to stand the charges of a pistol or a lawyer.]

"You havn't read the 'Minister's Wooing,'" said the unseen young lady.

"No," I said, "but in those times mercenary marriages were not so common; he won, I suppose, by his skull, instead of his ore."

[I am afraid I offended the young lady; if such is the case, I am very sorry, as we generally appreciate each other. Now don't all smile ominously, I don't mean anything.]

Well, those good old times of witch-hanging and Quaker-cauterizing are gone, and the descendants of those stern old settlers reverse the rule, and use their tongues to bore the ears of other people. But that was a *devilish* use to which our ancestors put a red-hot poker; the only connection probably ever known between the cloven-foot and the cloven-tongue.

"But do you believe all the stories told about the hanging of the witches?" asked the intangible Sophomore.

"Oh, no," I replied, "of course not. The originators of these tales about hanging were merely *nec*-romancers; they did it to excite sympathy for their friends. But the Puritans did not appreciate aeronautic science, and hardly approved of old ladies performing aerial voyages upon brooms, though we must confess that these were rather sweeping charges, as no one ever saw them. However, we suppose that our forefathers were very near perfect. They must have been. Plymouth is within a few miles of *Boston*."——

Let us return thanks.——

"Some one has published a work called the 'Age of Puritans;' I didn't know that any one had any particular curiosity to know how old they were," said the visionary daughter.

[My feelings I restrained with difficulty, and I promised to explain at a future period.]

"You said something about the professions the other day," said the unseen young lady.

—Yes. Each profession has its own particular sign, by which you may distinguish its followers. Here is a maxim for you. A lawyer's *profession* may be known by his *practice*, a physician's perseverance by his patience, a minister's appetite by his "living," and a corpulent priest's gravity by his "mass."

"What do you think of singing as a profession?" said the invisible Freshman.

Well, it is like all the rest, I said; in order to be successful you must put your whole *soul* into it, though at the same time be careful how you put your foot in it.

"How?" inquired she.

—I do not know how it may be with professional singers : but there is very frequently, in our churches, a sort of rivalry between the two ends of the edifice—the pulpit versus the gallery—as to the best means of praising God, and thence arises a discord ; their notes are protested by the former, and their even tenor disturbed ; consequently, the choir refuse to sing. In such a case he had better procure a quire—of paper, (and, if he is a Baptist he will, of course, see to the correctness of the water mark,) for that can be ruled by him, while at the same time he can turn over a new leaf if he wants reform in his music. Never be a musician, unless you want to become a bundle of nerves. If you are one, never be envious of the success of a rival ; it is a poor drum that can't be beat. Don't think that when you hear a bass singer growling, that it is, necessarily, a *beary*-tone. Don't call much of our opera singing *scaley*. These few rules, carefully observed, will make you a fine singer, provided only, that you know how to sing.

I should like to give a few directions to all those who are learning to play musical instruments.

1st. If it is an organ, never attempt to play it till you have got somebody to blow.

2nd. If a piano, put your music, and not your audience on the rack.

3d. If a hand organ, never play the same tune over twice.

4th. If a violin, rosin your bow, and you will get the right *pitch*.

5th. Never play "Wait for the Wagon," on a horse-fiddle, nor "Bright be our parting, for brightly we met," on a pair of polished cymbals.

6th. *Compose* yourself ; don't be disturbed by the *crotchets* of other people.

These observations, carefully pursued, will make either a musician or a fool of you.

—Oh, the music of the (lower) spheres ! How it used to come swelling up the back stairs, from the lips of an aged female, employed to perform the domestic service in the paternal mansion. Yes, its liquid measures still cluster round my memory, like perfume on a handkerchief, or death to an African corpse ; making me humble and sad when I think that never shall I hear anything sweeter or more reviving.

"Ah ! ah !" said the intangible Sophomore ; "I'll bet my head you took that from one of your Sophomore prize compositions."

[It is a favorite amusement of this young gentleman to bet his head,

but as he has never found any one willing to make a stake out of his own head, he has not won very largely.]

Yes, I replied, and why shouldn't I? Are a man's fine ideas like fire-crackers, which you can't use but once? John Adams' greatest idea was his living sentiment, and his dying sentiment. Shall I go on?

[This was addressed to the imperceptible company at my table. But a by-no-means-imperceptible negative to my last question, judging by the low, short grunts of dissatisfaction on the part of the invisible Freshman and intangible Sophomore, induced me to draw my observations to a close.]

—Now, I did not stand so much in awe of these youths, but that I had just as lief go on with my remarks, notwithstanding their dissent. But do you know that I have the vanity to suppose that these little hints which I threw out are really valuable for sophomores and freshmen? So if they refuse to listen, I have not the same object in view.

—What is that? just a little louder, if you please, Miss——. Do I take walks with the school girl now? Ah, yes! I understand. It is rather cold weather; not just the time for promenading, but still she is obliged to go to school, and a stern necessity compels her to walk to school, and I like exercise after breakfast, but still, this combination of necessity and pleasure does not necessarily produce a social promenade between us two; I know the intangible Sophomore likes this young lady, and very frequently with a very unpleasant, sour visage, he meets me, which is totally inexplicable, unless I happen to look by my side. Are you answered?

—I hope that I am none the worse, in the opinion of any of you, for what I have said. Good morning!

E. G. H.

Our old College Buildings.

The ancient edifices which stand upon our college grounds, with an aspect grim and forbidding, as if destitute of aught that can attract or interest, are, in the estimation of all true Yalensians, at once the glory and the shame of our Alma Mater.

To the ordinary observer they seem well adapted to mar the beauty of our elms, and hide from view the only buildings of whose architecture we are inclined to boast, yet they are not without a value, which goes far towards compensating for such defects. By virtue of their history, and the associations which time has made a part of their very fabric, they have acquired an interest almost priceless. Doubtless, these old walls have furnished the theme of many a student's reverie, in which fancy has bestowed upon them a worth so rich and rare as to make even the thought of their destruction sacrilege. And when, prompted thereto by "that old black pipe," which is deemed so indispensable to the proper enjoyment of college life, we muse over their past history, it often happens that the impressions thence implanted in the mind gain too firm hold to be easily uprooted.

Unmindful of practical considerations, we are often conscious of the half uttered hope that these old buildings may long stand unharmed, to remind us, as they do now, of the origin and struggling growth of Yale. Each marks an era on her onward march, and they constitute together an almost perfect index of her whole history. Yet candor compels us to admit that they do not represent all the epochs of her life. Among them are the types of Yale's childhood, youth and prime, but the exponent of her infancy is wanting, for, incredible as it may seem, our college actually had a being before that venerable structure, now known as Old South Middle, existed. Long ago, if tradition can be relied on, there was an older college building than any of those now cumbering our Campus. Musty records and historical discourses darkly intimate its existence, and give it an indefinite location upon the college green, but no student of the present day can form any conception of its reality. There is a point beyond which the memory of man goeth not back, and that point in the history of Yale seems to us, of necessity, coeval with the laying of the corner stone of South Middle College. We can retrace her history to no higher antiquity than those early days in which the colony of Connecticut, more munificent than their successors, erected that "neat and comely building, and called it Connecticut Hall."

This was at the time, according to the historian Trumbull, the finest building within the borders of the colony, "being built of brick, and presenting a beautiful appearance." If we are to accept his statement as literally true, it must then have had a reputation for architectural beauty, over the loss of which the hamadryads who haunt the surrounding elms have since had ample time to mourn. Perhaps

its fame was early eclipsed by the advent of the neighboring Aethnæum, or first college chapel, whose corner stone was laid not many years after its own, amid the greatest rejoicing of the Yalensians of the time.

These two old buildings, despite their vanished predecessors, will always suggest to our minds the earliest years of our Alma Mater's existence, and with that period we invariably associate them, exactly as they appear in that rude wood cut, which some lover of antiquity has saved from oblivion, to be perpetuated in successive class books to all coming time. They seem fitting representatives of the infancy of Yale, and we involuntarily distinguish the successive stages of her upward progress by the other structures, which came, one after another, in the lapse of years, to join these two veterans, until the line was complete, and our Alma Mater has gained by years a right to the title of *Old Yale*.

Great are the changes which these older buildings have seen, and strange must have been the college life of those who were students when they were new. Those were the days when professors gave texts in Hebrew, and pronounced sermons in Latin; when students boarded in Commons, and divers great and terrible rebellions were stirred up against the scanty bills of fare, and when the model code of college laws was in successful operation. The latter may well be considered the most distinctive and valuable feature of those good old times, and its loss should awaken a more abiding sorrow than is felt for that of any other characteristic of the student life of yore. It, alas! has passed away forever, and the annual rehearsal on Statement-of-Fact stage of its judicious regulations, alone preserves it in remembrance. The only vestige of those halcyon days still retained in our college policy, is the system of inflicting fines upon unwary students, in that indiscriminate manner which usually causes the innocent to suffer for the guilty.

This appears to have been as frequent a source of pleasure to the college officers of remote antiquity, as to those of more modern days. And tradition tells us that one known only to us as an august professor, was among the earliest sufferers from this unyielding rule, having been arrested, in the act of propelling a collapsed foot-ball across the college yard, by the apparition of the President, quickly followed by the announcement of a fine. It is an instructive commentary on the general depravity of human nature, that all the good contained in the old col-

lege system should have vanished, and nothing be preserved to our times, save this unrighteous enactment.

Pleasant, too, are the memories which cluster around our college buildings, of the great army of students, who, in by-gone days, have filled the places we fill to day. Mingling with our daily round of college duties, come many thoughts of those who have gone through with this same routine before us,—of all the multitude whose footsteps have hollowed out the solid stone of these old thresholds,—of the many scenes and exploits of their student life now embalmed in college tradition, and especially of those among them who have won name and fame in after life, and with whom we are proud to claim relationship, as sons of a common Alma Mater. We are treading in their footprints now, and at every step meet with some mute reminder of their former presence here. Every mark on these old brick walls, every name rudely carved on wall or ceiling of these old college rooms which, perchance, has long survived the hand that inscribed it, is replete with lasting interest. They serve, one and all, to awaken and strengthen an attachment towards those gone before, with whom, although strangers, we feel ourselves united by the tie of common pursuits and common sympathies.

These thronging associations and memories in which our old college buildings are already so rich, are increasing in number and strength as time rolls on. So priceless are they in their varied wealth, and so certain are they to perish in the destruction of the objects with which they are inseparably connected, that we might readily, from this point of view, build up an argument for the perpetual preservation of these old walls. And it is noticeable, also, that such feelings seem to grow stronger with the lapse of years and separation from these scenes. For, at the annual festival, when the sons of Yale come together to do her honor, and promote her welfare, no proposition elicits so strong disfavor, and arouses such earnest manly opposition, as that of destroying our Old College Buildings.

Still, if we consider this subject fairly, we cannot but see another side of the picture, which is not to be overlooked. Having given full swing to the romantic, we cannot altogether disallow the claims of the real and practical. We must acknowledge the force of some stubborn facts, in the face of which it might be found a difficult task to demonstrate that our old buildings add to the real glory of the institution. Regard them, for a moment, in the anti-poetical view, and it will make serious inroads upon our stock of reverence to overcome the feelings

of a decidedly opposite nature which their appearance excites. It is hard, sometimes, not to see how palpably their glare of red-brick brings the blush of shame over the glory of our elms, as well as to the cheek of him whose lot it is to point out their beauties to a stranger's eye. How the sudden remembrance of this gaunt line of factory edifices must sometimes 'nip in the bud' the rising splurge, with which an impassioned Sophomore is about to defend the honor of his college! How little would one unacquainted with the facts of the matter suspect, from their appearance, that Yale ranks among the first institutions in the land!

It may well be questioned, likewise, whether that host of associations and traditions which possess such a charm in an idle reverie, would weigh in the balance against that dire catalogue of impaired health and ruined constitutions, which is gradually bringing some of our old buildings into doubtful repute.

Those chilling rumors which occasionally float about, of unhappy freshmen darkly done to death by the subtle influence of the subterranean dungeons, called ground-floor rooms, might seem to an unprejudiced observer, to go a long way toward discharging the claims of antiquity. And we may be forced, ere long, to include among the numberless memories which cluster around these old piles, some belonging rather to the melancholy and sepulchral order than the pleasing. Common sense also would suggest that, while the enthusiasm of our Alumni for antiquity is very creditable, they are not perfectly competent to decide on this matter, inasmuch as its practical side does not come home to their own personal interests, with as much force as to undergraduates. Ill-natured believers in the universal adoption by mankind of the principle of sparing the pocket and giving rein to the feeling, might possibly suggest another motive for the raptures in which they indulge over these ancient buildings.

Here, also, as everywhere else, the ridiculous may follow so closely upon the sublime, as to usurp its place. Our high-flown reveries come to an abrupt climax, and quickly vanish, when their subjects are presented in a ludicrous light. These specimens of the handiwork of past generations are sometimes liable to excite not so much reverence for their age, as curiosity in regard to the possible motive for the peculiarities of their structure. The gloomy caverns attached to South Middle rooms, into which he who enters may well leave hope behind,—the massive beams inserted everywhere, regardless alike of symmetry or necessity,—the uneven, dilapidated floors, and the thousand

signs of age and poor construction, often lead us to regard them from an unromantic point of view. Those door stones, hollowed out by the tread of countless students, may suggest thoughts of the deathless past, but to him who has stumbled over their concave surfaces, they are likely also to bring thoughts of the nearly lifeless present.

Imagine, too, the gladness which every new determination to preserve these old walls must spread among their insect population. Truly the race of *cimices* must rejoice, and the mice hold a revelry by night after each of the annual meetings in Alumni Hall.

And yet, if we go to the opposite extreme, and regard our old buildings as an intolerable evil, no remedy appears. Whence shall come the wherewithal to erect that splendid hollow square, which, rumor says, shall hereafter stand in their stead? The impression that the college is in a flourishing financial condition, cannot be too speedily corrected, inasmuch as the exact reverse would approximate nearer to the truth. Yale might look to her wealthy graduates, did not experience show this to be an unprofitable way of passing the time. Their hearts beat in unison with her, but their tongues utter a malison on the unlucky man who appeals to their pockets.

In the face of such difficulties, the prospects for the change desired are sufficiently gloomy. Yet despite these formidable obstacles, let us hope for the sake of future generations of students, that we may one day see a successful effort made to replace, in a manner worthy of Yale, Our Old College Buildings.

E. G. M.

My Closet Door.

Just on the borders of Dreamland,
Breathing its crystalline air,
Seeming to see all its beauties,
Hearing, or seeming to hear,
In my great arm-chair I nodded,
Viewing my old closet door,
Covered with quaintly carved letters,
"Footsteps" of those gone before.

Quick flitting fingers of firelight,
Wandering over its page—
Seemed like the soft hands of Childhood,
Tracing the furrows of Age.

Now, 'mid their gentle caresses,
Lighting it up with a smile ;
Now, it was rugged and wrinkled,
Frowning in darkness awhile.

Suddenly burst on the shadows
Floods of the wavering sheen ;
So that each number and letter
Graven in gold, could be seen.

Then, as the brightness was fading,
Tenderly lingered the flame ;
Throwing a halo of glory
Over one deeply-carved name.

Swiftly, the magic of Fancy
Pierces the vista of years ;
Now I behold him before me,
Carving the name that he bears.

Now, he is standing beside me,
Now he is pacing the floor,
Thinking thoughts buried for ages,
Conning his task 'o'er and 'o'er.

Slowly the shadows are drifting,
Glasses are merrily ringing ;
Smoke-wreaths are kissing the ceiling,
Loud is the laughter and singing.

"Brothers," and hushed is the revel,
"Fill me a bumper of ale."
"Here's to our Mother, and with her,
Health to the sons of Old Yale."

Now swims a sea of white faces,
Surging beneath and around ;
Murmurs of congratulation,
Joined with glad music resound.

Down in the dim, crowded forum,
Tearfully thrilling with pride,
Patiently waits the glad sister,
Vacant the seat by her side.

Still thro' each heart, mid its smiling,
Seemed there to echo a wail,
Stilling its gladness, and sighing,
"Never to meet in Old Yale."

* * * * *

Out from the belfry-bars springing,
Floated the song of the bell;
Full of its laughter and singing,
On the glad village it fell,

Startling the bridal-robed maiden,
Blushing it over her brow,
Startling her heart from its dreaming,
Fluttering tim'rously now.

Up the still aisle of the Chapel,
Veiled in the shadows of night,
Softly as snowflakes at even,
Robed in immaculate white,

Gathered the maids to the marriage,
Wreathing the broad altar-stair;
While, from the lips of the Father
Trembled the accents of prayer.

Then, when the vow had been spoken,
Brooklet and river were wed,
Swiftly to glide through the sunlight,
On to the land of the dead.

Slowly the vision has faded,
Over the mirror anew
Gather the mists, shadow-braided,
Then when they melt from my view,

Gone is all brightness and gladness,
Garments that Gaiety wears,
Leaving the spirit of sadness
Sable-robed, jeweled with tears.

* * * * *

Carved in most exquisite beauty,
Parted lips vacant of breath,
Frozen in eloquent silence,
Chaste, is the sculpture of Death.

* * * * *

Out in the grey of the morning,
Startling the shivering air,
Echoed the knell of the sexton,
Calling the mourners to prayer.

Then, e'er the fall of the twilight,
Cold in the clasp of the sod,
Ashes were mingled with ashes,
Resting forever in God.

Often I think of the lesson
Taught by the name on the door,
How it is better to cherish
Love's gentle courtesy more.

Leaving in each friendly bosom
Sweet recollections, to bloom
After our names shall be fading,
Carved on the door of the tomb.

C. A. B.

Books worth Reading.

THE LOGIC OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND OTHER PAPERS—By Thomas DeQuincy. Boston, Ticknor & Fields; New Haven, E. D. McKay.

IDYLS OF THE KING—By Alfred Tennyson. Boston, Ticknor & Fields; New Haven, E. D. McKay.

SHELLEY MEMORIALS—From Authentic Sources—Edited by Lady Shelley. Boston, Ticknor & Fields; New Haven, E. D. McKay.

Who reads wisely? We presume every man who has amassed much knowledge, has had reason to regret the reading of many books, either because they were unsuited to his mental *status* at the time, or because they only lumbered his mind. The practice among us of miscellaneous reading will doubtless be a source of regret, when in after years we come to need the knowledge or discipline we might have got from books. Men in professional life rarely get time to read books to the best advantage, unless they belong to their profession. Hence, a certain necessity that we early begin to be vigilantly select in our reading, and make every book contribute vitally to our mental force

Every one of us has waste hours, which, applied to reading in some particular branch of learning, will help amazingly to bring out talent and power. Especially in the earliest period of college life, when exacting tutors often make labor a drudgery, does such a habit help to rest the mind, to cherish sympathy, and to keep in vigorous action a love of the true and good?

Invariably, men who endeavor to make the most of themselves, adopt some such course. Most of us come here with little acquaintance with those books which make up our literature, and here we ought to fashion, if not furnish, the peculiar tastes which make us different each from the other. A slow reading of choice books, with some definite aim in mind, will easily start one on the right path, and, as he comes to discriminate between different books, he will soon learn to steer clear of the worthless, and keep hard by the thoughtful and earnest part of literature.

We do not intend, now, to point out what books should be read, nor what particular course should be chosen. Such questions can only be decided by one's self. But every day the press sends forth books which we should all read, if we felt sure it would pay. Reviewers will lie, and we are often quite at a loss to tell whether a book is worth reading or not, till we have ourselves nearly read it through. The following are some recent books, which from actual perusal, we think are well worth the time spent over them:

"The Logic of Political Economy," by DeQuincey, is just such a book as his readers would expect. It is learned, exhaustive, fresh, and enlivened all the way by a kind of dry humor, which lets no occasion slip for poking fun at those who have used logic at the expense of facts in building up their theories. He first discusses Value, in all its relations; next, Market Value; next, Wages; next, Rent; and closes with an elaborate essay on Profits. His "Templar's Dialogues on Political Economy" should be read first, for in this little tract he clears the way for a better understanding of the subject. The value of DeQuincey's essays will at once be assented to by those who have fallen asleep over Bowen, and who are at all sensible to the magic of personality which a real vigorous thinker throws over his writing. DeQuincey always braces the intellect; the fullness of a mind which allows the widest excursion, yet never wanders from the point at issue, the power over language which makes it flexible to the most delicate thoughts, the intuitive sight which takes sure aim, the poetic richness which always goes with exquisite sensibility, the keen judgment which balances evidence and sifts facts,—all this DeQuincey has, in larger

measure than any other writer of our time, except Coleridge, whom, indeed, he most resembles in habits, life and thought. A noticeable paper in the present volume, is the "Life of Milton," a brief yet full summary of the events of his life, with a few notes in which the author gives Sam. Johnson a woeful thrashing for his careless estimate of "the prince of poets."

He who has not read "Idyls of the King," awaits a treat which a previous reading of Tennyson hardly prepares him for. It is always interesting to trace the mental growth of an author. The inner life of such a man is subject to far intenser action than that of others. They garner the choicest fruit, the richest experience. In youth, a bursting roughness of experience; in manhood, the calm outflow of ripened thought; in old age, the bare simplicity of truth,—these traits mark the authors whose works are essential to our own growth. We fancy something of this sort in Tennyson. Nearly fifty years of age, he can already catch a glimpse of the lengthening shadow, and we find in the Idyls the tokens of simplicity and truthfulness, self-mastery and quaint reservations of strength, all which show that he has reached the maturity, if not the height of his genius. Compare "Locksley Hall," and "The two Voices," with "The Princess," "Maud," with "In Memoriam," and all his works with "Idyls of the King," and we can easily trace changes, both of mental development and artistic power. The Idyls are four in number,—Enid, Vivien, Elaine and Guinevere. They take up the incidents of every-day life in King Arthur's court and realm. The characters put on life and beauty at the poet's touch, and come out distinctly and naturally from the worm-eaten pages of the early chroniclers. There is no excess of mythic coloring, no grand talk, no unnecessary detail, no half sketching either of character or incident in the book. It comes more nearly to the ballad style than anything in recent literature. The very language itself is faultlessly simple and picturesque. The system of the verse is so carefully observed, that one almost unconsciously keeps pace with the measure in reading it. Nor must we omit to speak of the women, Enid and Elaine, whom Tennyson has endowed with such grace and beauty. Chivalry was in full vigor at that time, and over the bloody fights with heathen and Saxon Kings, these fair women cast the halo of romance which we find in the pages of Sir Walter. But while in simplicity and civil portraiture the Idyls bear the palm, they will not stand comparison with "In Memoriam." Every year brings new testimony to the power and truth of that series of lyrics. It breathes the very life of our age.

How such poetry twines among the thoughts and feelings of our common nature, and fashions the spirit of the future!

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

Here, perhaps, is the true secret of Tennyson's power. He is the interpreter of the strifes, passions and aspirations of the age. In proof of this, we hardly need mention his popularity at Cambridge and Oxford, at Harvard and Yale. Few poets are more generally read by those for whom poetry is especially written. Tennyson, indeed, has *actually lived*. He has gone safely through the struggles which wreck the mental and moral life of many, and found in reasonable faith and simple truth that peace which the jargon of free thinkers and literalists always drives further off.

A new life of Shelley has been greatly needed. But the lives of poets are generally the worst written. Few have enough sympathy with their life to give a lucid narrative of its internal struggles and joys, and unless this is done, the biography is worthless. External things rarely have much to do with a poet's education, but unless we see them from his point of view, they seem all confounded and orderless. Shelley's life has yet to be written. This is the best narrative we have ever seen, but the one who should have done the work, the poet's wife, Mary Shelley, has long been in her grave, and no one else ever knew Shelley's inner life. In his poetry we have the best revelation of his sympathies and struggles, and the value of these memorials is chiefly as a running commentary on his poetry, and the circumstance which called forth his different poems. What a field lies open in a biography of Shelley may be readily seen, when we take into view the conflict of ideas at the time he lived, the change in poetry then going on, the rise of Byron, Keat, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, and the almost equal claim of Shelley as a philosopher and a poet. The essay on Christianity at the close of the volume is a candid estimate of the claims of the Christian religion, by one who was neither partisan nor infidel. The book reveals anew the rare simplicity, ardor and humanity of Shelley,—a man whose sins were all the result of honest conviction, whose aims were all noble and generous.

J. H. W.

Book Notices.

The Adventures of Verdant Green. BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B. A. New York, Rudd & Carleton. For sale at 155 Divinity.

It is a blessing, to students especially, that an American edition of this work has been published, placing it within the reach of those whose financial condition is not of the most promising character. It is a rare description of English University life, and as students are the same the world over, it is an almost equally good representation of American college life. The veriest misanthrope could scarcely keep a grin from his sour face while reading some of its richly humorous pages. Something more than a chuckle will come from the lips of the old "grad," as he recognizes scenes similar to those "*quorum part fuit*," in his own college days. The gentle sex may anathematize the barbarity of upper classes, but they cannot restrain a laugh at the ludicrous dismay of the Freshman so naturally portrayed. It is more than a comic book, however. It gives a better idea of English University customs and characteristics than can be obtained from any other source, and one meets here and there with those beautiful little passages which always accompany true wit. It is a student's book, and should be in every student's library.

Glossary of English Words. BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH. New York, Blakeman & Mason. For sale at 155 Divinity.

A book on this subject, by Dean Trench, needs no commendation. His lectures on the "Study of Words," have shown how seemingly dry philological studies may be made intensely interesting. Whoever has read that work will not hesitate to gain possession of this. The changes of meaning which many of our most common words have undergone, are traced out and marked by quotations from authors of all periods. It strangely astonishes one to find how totally unfounded are many of his ideas concerning the original signification and derivation of such words.

Men of the good old days long gone by, would be fearfully irate could they know of the twisting to which their degenerate descendants have subjected the mother tongue. The work is as interesting as it is curious, and can hardly fail to excite men to the prosecution of a study sadly neglected in our land.

A Life for a Life. BY MISS MULOCK. New York, Harper Brothers. For sale at 155 Divinity.

John Halifax has been long known as one of the most readable of modern novels, and the reputation of the authoress is sustained and enhanced by "A Life for a Life." It is refreshing to find, now and then, a book whose characters have a few of the faults to which most of us are subject. Demi-god heroes and angel heroines disgust rather than delight, now. It borders on the ridiculous for an author of this day to "trot out" his heroine on the first page of his book, and extol the "raven tresses," the "flashing eyes," and the "Grecian features." Every one knows that by far more than half of the heroines in real life have a beauty of heart, not of face, and that no hero reaches perfection. If novels are to be pictures of real life, as they should be, they ought to represent personages natural in appearance as well as character. There was some good sense in the *notion* of the old Dutch painter, who, to the detriment of his work, placed a plain face upon most of his female figures, because there were so few handsome women in the world. The success of such books as "A Life for a Life" and "Jane Eyre," proves that this method of procedure detracts nothing from the interest of a novel, however much it may mar the beauty of a picture.

The Ministers Wooing. BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. New York, Derby & Jackson. For sale at 155 Divinity.

The sweet story is finished at last. The grand-hearted old Doctor has passed through his great struggle, and conquered his human passions and human love. James Marvyy, as all of us hoped and believed, has reached home, and gained the wish of his life. No one needs a hint to induce him to buy this work. Its worth and beauty will make it a household book.

Memorabilia Valensia.

At the meeting of the Literary societies, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 19, the following officers were chosen :

LINONIA.

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Vice Secretary,
Orator,
Poet,

J. F. Seely.
E. G. Holden.
S. A. Bent.
W. H. H. Murray.
Anthony Higgins.
E. R. Sill.

BROTHERS.

President,
Vice President,
Censor,
Secretary,
Vice Secretary,
Orator,
Poet,

Robert S. Davis.
W. C. Johnston.
J. L. Daniels.
J. L. Tucker.
G. C. Ripley.
J. L. Harmar.
C. L. Kitchel.

The Prizes for solution of mathematical problems in the Junior Class, were awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE,

Joseph N. Flint.

SECOND PRIZE.

Richard Hoolihan.

On Wednesday morning, October 19th, this rather peculiar notice was discovered posted near the Lyceum Building :

YALE NAVY.

" All boats intending to compete for the drill prize must be *on the ground* at 3 P. M. *No delay as usual.*"

Knowing that at the same time a regatta was to be held, the prizes for which a bitter experience told us, had been extracted from the pockets of the Senior Class, we wended our way toward the water, for the purpose of viewing and chronicling the results. Justice requires that the crew of the Wenona should be highly complimented as the only one which complied with the above notice. Their boat alone was on the ground at the time specified. She lay high and dry enough under the supervision of Mr. Brooks, and in all human probability will maintain the same honorable position at all succeeding races. We were led from

the notice to expect a great degree of promptness, and were disappointed to find instead of "No delay as usual," a very great deal of it. At length, however, the drill commenced, and seemed to pass off creditably. To be sure, two or three men were forced into a recumbent position in the process of "trailing," and one or two failed to remove their oars from the water at the command to "Peak." They seemed to obey the order more literally than was intended, fixing their gaze upon the brightly colored dresses which lined the beach, in place of paying attention to the angle of elevation which their oars should have attained. With the manœvering of the *Thulia* crew no fault could be found, and they obtained the prize which they richly merited.

It would do the Yale navy no harm, to say the least, to pay a little more attention to this branch of boating. It is not merely ornamental, but very decidedly useful.

The drill was followed by two races. The first between the first class clinker-built boats, for a prize of \$15, and the second between second class club boats, for a prize of \$10. The *Atalanta*, a shell boat, entered in the first race for the championship of the navy.

The first class boats drew the following places:

Inside Nereid, second Cymothoe, third *Atalanta*, fourth *Olympia*.

After protracted labor, accompanied with loud vociferations from the Commodore's boat, intensified ditto from the various crews, and prolonged jeers from the shore, the boats were placed in position and the word to start given. All boats, with the exception of the *Olympia*, whose Captain's auricular organs failed to apprehend the command, made desperate way through the water, but were obliged to return, to their great disgust. After an intensified repetition of former troubles, they were again started, this time fairly. They were soon out of sight, on their way to the buoy. At their reappearance the *Atalanta* led, and kept her place, winning the championship; close in her wake came the *Olympia*, to whom the prize was awarded. Some distance behind were the Nereid and Cymothoe, the former leading, but displaying very evident attempts to 'jockey.' This increased to such a degree that the Cymothoe changed her course, thus gaining considerably, and the two boats, with crews pulling desperately, reached the goal at the same moment. The Nereid was ruled out, because of their jockeying. Another instance proving the old proverb that "the wicked are caught in their own conceits." Of course this judgment raised great excitement, and the flag boat presented a scene of unparalleled comparison. A decidedly blue tinge and sulphurous odor pervaded the air for some time. A counter charge was entered against the Cymothoe, and the piquant scene was ended by ruling out both boats.

The times were—

	<i>min. sec.</i>
<i>Atalanta</i> ,	21, 45.
<i>Olympia</i> ,	22, 00.
<i>Cymothoe</i> ,	24, 15.
<i>Nereid</i> ,	24, 15.

Distance three miles.

For the second class prize, the two boats, Thulia and Nantilies. were entered.

	<i>min. sec.</i>
Thulia,	23, 45.
Nantilies,	— —

The prize was gained by the Thulia. Her crew has reason to be proud of that day's work.

A consolidation has been effected between the Nereid and Lorelie clubs. The joint crews have ordered a new shell, and upon its arrival will possess three capital boats.

Two base ball clubs have recently been organized in the classes of '61 and '62. They are founded in accordance with the regulations determined upon a short time ago, at the convention of lovers of the good old game, held in New York, and bid fair to become permanent institutions. A challenge has passed between the two clubs, and been accepted. The club of '61 is, we believe, expecting a challenge from one of the New Haven city clubs. We hope and believe that Yale will prove triumphant.

At the race for the Championship of the Navy, held Oct. 31st, the boats Atalanta and Olympia were entered. The times made:

	<i>min. sec.</i>
Atalanta,	22, 30.
Olympia,	23, 45.

The Atalanta retaining the possession of the Championship.

A match game of base ball, between the clubs of the Senior and Sophomore classes, took place Oct. 31st, resulting in the victory of the club of '61.

	<i>runs.</i>
Yale Club, ('61)	47
Club of '62,	25

Four *aces* were made by the Yale Club.

Editor's Table.

Every one commences conversation by talking about the weather. Why shouldn't we? The temptation is almost irresistible, to speak, in the words of a worthy friend, of the "sear and yellow leaves a-dropping from the barren trees," etc. The topic has something of fascination in it. It offers an unexampled opportunity for a display of "splurging" powers, and moreover, would fill a great waste of white paper, as awkward in its appearance to an editor, as a long pause in the flow of words is to the gay Lotharios of society.

It is a relief to think how the indoor pleasures increase as the outdoor ones pass away. There is to be no more disposing of ourselves under the great elms for a long time to come, and by the way, there is more romance in the idea of that practice than pleasure in its reality, for coughs and colds are strikingly prevalent at those times when the college campus is most thickly dotted with reclining groups. The good long winter evenings are coming. The evenings of Freshman year; and, strange to say, deluded mortals look forward to them anticipating with delight the increased facilities for "burning the midnight oil." The evenings of Sophomore year, replete with indistinct ideas of Eli, of unsteady beds and uneven walks. The evenings of Junior year, devoted to the search after connubial felicity under difficulties. And last of all, and best of all, are coming the winter evenings of Senior year; when friendships of three years' standing are knit more closely by the long talks before the glowing fires in darkened rooms; when thoughts are shadowed over with a tinge of seriousness and earnestness in view of what is to come and is so nearly here; when the interchange of hopes which look beyond college life, and ambitions to be realized long years after Yale is left, give a strength to friendship which can be gained no where else.

For mementoes of these good old times the Senior class is at present engaged in perpetuating their varied physiognomies. The usual, and perhaps a little more than the usual amount of trouble has thus far attended this operation. Discussions which ought to suffice in number and character for a series of art lectures, have been carried on, and ended by leaving matters in a worse state than before. The gentlemanly conduct and advantageous offers of Mr. Sartain, the well known engraver, carried the day at last. The pictures from which the engravings are to be taken, are on exhibition at Calliope Hall. Every one is satisfied with all except his own. And experience seems to show, thus far, that every man considers himself handsomer than others are willing to admit. It is a sad commentary on the frailty and vanity of human nature. In the opinion of unprejudiced observers, however, the likenesses reflect the highest degree of credit upon Mr. Key, the artist, while the reputation of Mr. Sartain, joined to the correctness of the pictures from which he will work, ought to satisfy any doubting mind that the Class Book of 1860 will surpass all predecessors. It is to be hoped that coming classes will go still farther in improvement. Besides the priceless value of such books to the possessor, they reflect a credit upon the energy and spirit of the college which ought by no means to be overlooked.

The College has of late taken a wonderful step forward in matters of physical development. Two boat races, and a match game of base ball, have occurred within three weeks, and the—(we were about to say graceful, but beg leave to correct the expression) the *walls* of a new gymnasium are rapidly rising on the lot, well known to pitchers of quoits and players of wicket, which exists behind the college grounds proper. The lean, lank, sallow, consumptive race of students is passing away. Strong and burly frames are making their appearance,—men who will show themselves in the world superior in body as well as mind. Those death-dealing, ante-breakfast recitations have been done away with, and we go before Professors now-a-days with stomachs as full, in some cases perhaps fuller, than our minds. The increase of comfort attendant upon this movement

is daily becoming more evident. It was a fearful anticipation in the olden times to think, that on a winter morning the first plunge in the deep snow must be made towards a cold and cheerless chapel, and still more cold and cheerless recitation rooms. It is infinitely easier to wade first towards a boarding house, and afterwards to a division room, than to reverse the operations, and infinitely more advantageous to bodily health. Long may those improvements wave!

It is not wonderful that, as these life endangering customs pass away, we should feel more justified in indulging in some practices perhaps not as advisable as might be, in a sanitary point of view, but which add most materially to the creature comforts of life. Consequently the evil habit of smoking is more extensive than ever. Old clothes dealers make extraordinary bargains by offering chalk meerschauts as mediums of exchange, and smoking caps, knit by fairy fingers, grace the heads of no few members of this great college. In North College, at least, there is an unusual mania upon this latter subject, though, from the stock on hand at present, we would be led to imagine that the supply was beginning to exceed the demand.

Perhaps the greatest cause of excitement in the college world, arises from the exclusion of the anti-tax paying members of the Senior class, from library privileges. Direfully grim faces may be seen haunting the library building between the hours of one and two. Compositions display an unusual want of "fine passages," and disputes lack that cogent and conclusive argumentative style which formerly so abounded in college productions. We confess to a somewhat conservative feeling on this subject. While we rejoice to see some old customs—relics of the barbarous age—dying out, there are a few which add to the convenience and comfort of student life, that ought not to be buried in oblivion. To lower class men, who object to this especial practice, we can say that when they reach the last year and have to disburse from lean purses the requisite amount to obtain class pictures and autographs, the matter of society taxes becomes a serious inconvenience. After helping towards the support of a society for three years, it grates on one's feelings of justice and gratitude to be cast off by it during the fourth. If the present Lit. lacks vigor and *originality* of thought, may all readers keep in mind this late infringement upon Senior privileges.

Faint premonitions of the coming Thanksgiving begin to reach us already. Landladies a little less frugal than usual, display a semi-occasional gallmacious biped upon their sumptuous tables, and attempt, now and then, a pie crust of less leathery texture than customary. In passing the chapel, not many nights ago, a pile of gates greeted our wondering eyes, and brought back memories of the extensive and varied collection of those useful articles which were wont to greet the vision on Thanksgiving mornings, in years gone by. (We are sorry for the sake of college gallantry, to be obliged to state that evidence of the most cogent character proves that one of the above mentioned gates was abstracted from its resting place before a Young Ladies' Seminary, of this city. Although we are by no means anxious to keep the inhabitants of that place *in* by means of gates and bars, still it is desirable to keep intruders *out*. A due regard to the "gentler sex" should have suggested a different field of operations.) Before our next "Lit." makes its appearance, Thanksgiving joys will be over. May all the hope for home comforts and home pleasures be realized. May the eyes,

wearied with night study and Greek hieroglyphics, be refreshed by the sight of fair forms and fair features. May the society jollifications be jollier than ever before, and may this little break in the monotonous routine of study and recitations, keep up flagging energies and desponding hearts until the term be all over. All this is the earnest wish of your editors.

An attempt has lately been made to estimate the average age of the present Senior class. Although it has not yet been completed, the result will probably show an average above twenty-two years. The oldest member, whose name appears on the list, has passed through thirty summers. The babe of the class has just reached the age of eighteen, and yet, strange to say, sports a moustache of most luxuriant growth, and displays an unusual maturity of mind and gravity of character.

Students seem of late years to enter college at a more advanced age than was usual in olden times. It is certainly far from being a disadvantage. Senior classes present now-a-days a most patriarchal appearance. And even Freshmen are able to reckon up no small number of hirsute appendages.

We hear that the popular song "Upidee," has been published at Boston, by Oliver Ditson & Co., edited by Mr. Spaulding, a co-laborer in the editorial line. The chorus has for a long time been hooted and yelled about the college yard with a most fearful disregard of time and tune, while the words of the song proper have not, as yet, made their appearance. In this publication, both song and chorus are included. It has met with good success at Harvard, and cannot fail to prove popular here, also. Copies will be received shortly at 155 Divinity. It is to be hoped that musical amateurs will gain possession of them, and prevent a beautiful air from receiving any longer such outrageous torture as this has undergone.

Owing to a delay in the Award of the Yale Literary Medal, we are unable to insert the successful essay in the present number of the Magazine. It will be published during the following month.

We are sorry to notice a falling off in the number of communications for publication in the Lit. Of those received, some show no small degree of talent. The only thing lacking is care. Pieces of much merit are marred by little oversights, which the writer might easily correct, but which, left untouched as they are, unfit them for a public appearance.

The poem entitled "A Dream of Life," has some stanzas of rare beauty. A single day's work would have made it all of equal merit. As it stands, however, we are obliged to reject it.

"North College" has been vituperated enough already. A more original subject would have displayed the author's talent to greater advantage.

Of the other communications we will say nothing. The two noticed above are the best, and to the writers we only repeat the old adage, "Try, try again."

The rejected articles will be returned by the Post Office when it is desired. Otherwise they will take their places beside many another one—in the venerable Yale Lit. Coffin.

The Award.

The Editors, having elected Prof. Noah Porter and Prof. George P. Fisher, as graduate members of the Committee, to award the Medal, have received the following report :—

“TO THE EDITORS :

The undersigned, having been appointed a Committee to adjudge the Yale Literary Prize, would report that they have decided the Essay on “ *Charles Kingsley*,” the Novelist, to be the most worthy of the prize.

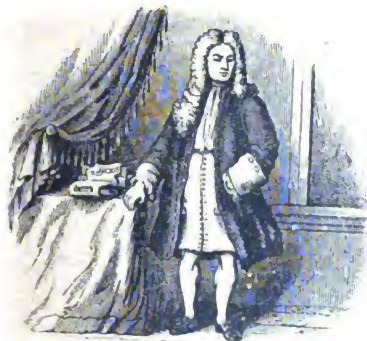
NOAH PORTER,
GEORGE P. FISHER.
CHARLES H. OWEN.”

Upon opening the accompanying envelope, it was found to contain the name of CLARENCE EDWARD DUTTON, and to him accordingly the Medal is awarded.

VOL. XXV.

No. III.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1859.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1859.

No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

The Secret of Fame.

HE who would gain a good name and leave it as his best legacy to his kindred and country, must study man's wants, and aim to supply them. Men will remember their benefactors, if not from a sense of gratitude, yet from a sense of general justice; and he who in any degree is a benefactor of mankind, cannot lose his reward. He has his *immediate* reward, even in the *purpose* of blessing others, before he executes it, and after its execution in the continual satisfaction which the remembrance of it affords him, and even in the silent felt homage which society always renders to unselfish acts and an unselfish life. The fame of the immortal nations and men who have lived in other times, is based in some good degree upon this unselfish basis. They studied the necessities of their times, and in finding them out and supplying them, they studied the wants of all times, of all men, of all nations, since man is one in his origin, in his condition, in his wants, in his destiny, and in the antidote of his ills. The fame of such benefactors is of course linked not to one age or clime, but to all time and the whole world. Whatever may be the varying theories in regard to the origin of evil, either physical or moral, or the connection between physical and moral evil, yet it is evident that mankind in all parts of

the world are in a mournful condition of evil and suffering. There are tears and groans, sickness and death, ignorance and oppression, in every age and among all people. Physical evil seems to inhere in the very frame-work of the world, and moral evil, like the leprosy, curses every faculty of man's mind. The infidel is as much interested to find out a remedy for this state of things as he who believes in Christianity. If there is a perfect cure for this state of things, then this much is true at least, and the infidel should ponder on the fact, that the cure of evil cannot be the cause of it.

If therefore Christianity is the sovereign remedy of all evil, physical and moral, the infidel should, as an honest man, accept of it as such, ceasing to revile its author, and withholding not the homage which such a divine system claims at the hands of man. It is the grand fundamental principle of Christianity, adopted by man and acted upon by nations, which constitutes the secret of their usefulness, their strength, their fame, and their enduring glory. This principle is an unselfish devotion to the good of others. What principle is divine if this is not? What principle can confer immortal fame on him who acts upon it if this cannot? Acting upon this principle, man possesses the true secret of all lasting and desirable fame. Christianity proposes a remedy for all the physical and moral evils of the world, and if a man becomes thoroughly imbued with its principles, and makes them the rule of his conduct towards others, he will compel the gratitude and lasting benedictions of his race. A life to become immortal, a character to become solid, and permanently useful and influential, must be based upon the grand elements of Christianity, and just in proportion as men and nations in the past history of the world have incorporated into their lives and policy any of these principles, just to that degree have they survived oblivion and entrenched themselves in the gratitude of their successors. This was the mighty force in the life and character of the Puritans, the Pilgrims, and of all the martyrs. Their natural life was as brief as that of others; the obstacles to their success as numerous and as great as thronged the path of other men, and even more numerous and greater, since they breathed the popular sentiments and established laws and customs of their times; yet by living to meet the necessities of their generation according to the principles of Christianity, they lived longer than their natural lives. They lived a perpetual, double, ever-accumulating life. They lived a life the divinity of whose influence and results they did not comprehend. While sacrificing their personal safety and popularity for the

good of others, and on the basis of everlasting and unchanging right and benevolence, they won more than they lost. This makes all the difference in the lives and characters of men and nations now. This finding out and meeting the necessities of man, is characteristic of the civilization and religion of our times. This imparts to the civilization which Christianity creates, a currency among the nations of the world. Utility is its chief recommendation, and this is what men and nations want. Genius, under the guiding and creating power of utility, is continually astonishing the world with its offerings. The Practical is taking the place of the Pagan and Infidel Ideal, and all such works are sure to bring to their authors money and fame. Men are being estimated now more according to the utility of their lives, and he who would win a lasting and unsullied fame must base his life on this principle, which is the fundamental principle of Christianity. Truth must be the basis of all characters and all works that desire to live on and endure to the end of the world. There are characters framed into the history of the past ages that remain the same and need not any new element of power or fame. Like the stars, they need not a re-creation. So it is with some works. They will not have to be re-written in the last hour of time, for they are based on immutable truth and goodness.

The system of Christianity, for this reason, is to become the religion of the world. It is the friend of man and the friend of God. It brings God down to the comprehension of and to dwell with man, and it raises man up from his degradation and woes, to hold communion and dwell with God. It makes men one with each other, creating a bond of love among them all, and makes them one in principle, character and destiny with God. He who would win a lasting fame, then, must study, as Christianity does, the necessities of his fellow-men, and then educate himself to relieve those necessities. This will silently draw toward him the admiration of men while living, and the homage of succeeding generations when dead.

R. S. D.

American Want of Culture.

America is in the early summer of her national existence. The seeds planted by the toil, and watered by the sweat, the tears, the blood of our fathers, has started into vigorous life. Yet, all over the fields they planted, nettles and brambles, weeds and rushes, are spring-

ing up. It is our task to exterminate them, carefully to cultivate the soil. Not deceived by the vigor and freshness of the herbage, must we imagine therefrom to garner rich crops; but in the same faith with which our fathers planted, must we till, and

" Though we never reap the grain
Yet the harvest comes to others, and we labor not in vain."

To drop the figure;—false ideas of culture and refinement, must be eradicated from the American mind; and true views of beauty and propriety there engrafted. So shall our nation become in truth, "The joy of the whole earth."

It cannot be denied, that perhaps sufficient reasons exist for our national want of culture. The character of our ancestors, the circumstances surrounding the birth of the infant nation, its poverty-stricken infancy, its rugged lot in childhood, and the need of hardy, earnest toil in its youth, have all operated to draw off our national ideas from the refinements of life. In the more material part of our existence, we have advanced with rapid strides. In the inner department of culture, we are far less forward. In "buying and selling, and getting gain," we are very proficient. In using our wealth, we are often childish.

American society exhibits a want of culture in its very construction. There are apparent among us, as there must be everywhere, social grades. The fact of gradations in society, does not of itself show want of culture. That is indicated by the spirit which constitutes and characterizes such distinctions.

Two forces govern all human society. The one, external government, with its written codes and outward control. The other, the government of ideas and taste, under which every man is law-giver and judge, stronger, more subtle, more all-subduing. The latter may be as vicious, as tyrannical, as the former. It can grind its subjects under as despotic a rule, as ever Czar or Kaiser swayed. In this phase, to too great an extent, it holds dominion in American society. Its tyranny is most evident in our aristocracy. Our's is an aristocracy of wealth; "an upper stratum of being, which floats over the turbid waves of common life, like the inidescent film you may have seen spreading itself over the water about our wharves—very splendid, though its origin may have been tar, tallow, train oil, or other such unctuous commodities." There are two prominent characteristics of this aristocracy. The first is its artificiality. This class sets up no direct claim to pre-eminence, because of its exalted talents, its ancient

lineage, its powers, or its cultivation. Wealth alone, is the distinction it requires. Man, in all its circles, is estimated by his resources, rather than his reason. Money in the bank, is a surer passport within its charmed enclosures, than brains in the head. The sterling qualities of manhood, which no commercial revulsion can strip from a man, are of no value, if his wealth is not counted by thousands. Yet the while, the readiest welcomes and sweetest smiles are at the disposal of the veriest villain that walks God's earth, if his fortune gilds thickly his baseness. Our aristocracy falls down and worships golden calves, while God, "with His unspoken voice, awfuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds," in the still depths of the soul is commanding—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

The second characteristic of this aristocracy is its passion for display. Not a display of true taste, or real culture; but a hollow, senseless exhibition of glittering baubles. It is natural and right, that wealth should seek for adornments and elegancies. One of God's purposes, doubtless, in endowing man with property, was that the finer sensibilities, the more exalted tastes, might be cultivated by those means which wealth alone can procure. The requirements of true taste are, however, continually violated by this aristocracy. "Let thy mind's sweetness," says quaint George Herbert,

"Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."

Tried by this rule, where does our aristocrat stand? Instead of building his house with reference to architectural proportion, and internal convenience; instead of furnishing it according to the requirements of a correct taste; instead of providing dress and equipage in the same spirit; instead of procuring ornaments that shall at once indicate and gratify true culture; instead of giving entertainments marked by simple, yet elegant hospitality; in each and all of these particulars, our modern aristocrat endeavors solely to outshine his compeers, to dazzle them by the display of his wealth, his liberality, his fancied taste. In no one of them does he show cultivation of mind.

Neither of these characteristics of our aristocracy exhibits true culture. It is a low taste, surely, which estimates a man by his stores of shinning dust, rather than by the royal treasures of his manhood.

"For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor
Is king of men for a' that."

Nor does ostentation and display, exhibit more marks of refinement. That spirit is essentially sordid, which values gold for its gleam, rather than its purity.

Want of culture is apparent in the middle classes. Here, it is true, there are to be found more exceptions, more wheat among the chaff. But the influence and example of "upper-tendom," is felt with an injurious effect. Even here are to be found circles, cliques,—wheels within wheels. The wealthy aristocrat may be vulgar and assuming, but put his vulgarity and exclusiveness upon a man in middle life, and he becomes ridiculous. The glitter of aristocracy is to be found in this class, the want of means making it more gaudy, and more hollow. The class which should be the substantial frame-work of society, copies the show of the do-nothings of aristocracy; but it is a copy in tinsel.

The poorer classes of society are also censurable for a want of culture. True, it is not in the power of poverty to surround itself with outward and material refinements. But there are sensibilities of the heart, inner culture, which can bloom in poverty, like tender lichens beneath the snow. In the recreations of our laboring classes more of refinement, not to say morality, might be exercised with obvious advantage. Even the poorest are sensible of the influence of beauty, and in many ways can they hold communion with her. In crowded cities even, there is a narrow band of sky over-head; and the toilers at the forge, the bench, or the loom, can now and then catch a glimpse of its blue depths, or the sudden passage of the drifting cloud, and have their thoughts elevated, their souls purified. Though kindness and kindred virtues are the result of more deeply seated principles than mere sensibility, yet their outward expression is, oftener than may be imagined, the result of culture. Such culture is open to all. No rank can claim it as its exclusive right. No wealth can purchase it, but the wealth of goodness. It is free to all, as the water which quenches alike the thirst of the king and peasant. And like a sparkling stream, it is ever beautiful, whether pouring from a marble urn around which roses bloom, or welling forth in the midst of dank moss and withered herbage.

"There be none of all the poorest poor,
That walk the world, worn heart-bare, none so poor,
But they may bring a little human love
To mend the world. And God himself is love."

The American people manifest a want of culture in literature. We are emphatically a reading people. This is the result of the activity

of mind which characterizes us as a nation, aided by our educational privileges. But neither activity of mind, nor educational advantages, have trained our literary taste to any degree of perfection.

There are two styles of literature, if they be worthy of the name, which seem to be most pleasing to the American mind. One of these may be called the sanguinary style. In romance it revels among bandits, pirates, blood-stained warriors, and scenes of carnage. It has but small dealings with poetry, for here it has little scope for exercise. Occasionally, however, even here it breaks out with savage violence. In the periodical, this style portrays the vicious career of some audacious blackleg, and professes to teach moral lessons by initiating the reader into the details of foulest vice. And in the daily newspaper it holds high carnival over a railway slaughter, or fiendish murder. Gloating over, as a delicious morsel, heart-sickening details of calamity or vice.

Just the opposite of this is the other ; the milk-and-water style. It relates pretty stories of gallant men, and " faire ladies ;" making their lives move smoothly along, everything tending to their happiness ; themselves the best creatures on earth. The only clouds that are permitted to mar the serenity of their heavens are quickly chased away, and all again is peace. Their characters are very proper, very polite, very fortunate, very impossible. " Jack Shephard " is of more value than all these poor little carpet-knights ; for he at least has the merit of vitality, while they pine away from sheer want of stamina.

This style dilutes our poetry to insipidity. It subdues our eloquence, especially in the pulpit, and keeps it iterating musty creeds and dry formulas, lest it give vent to some impropriety, and shock the prudery of the generation.

Too many, in our land, estimate quantity above quality. Hence they subscribe for a weekly literary paper, so-called, instead of employing the amount in the purchase of a work on some useful branch of a science or art, or some standard volume of history or travels. And they congratulate themselves with the good bargain they have made. Let them settle the account at the end of the year, and find to what the balance of real information amounts. If this course is long continued, it will be found that the mind will degenerate from a storehouse of solid knowledge, to a receptacle of literary rubbish. While the majority thus seek sustenance in trash, intellectual food, really nourishing and palatable, is left untasted, and the national mind, either excited by condiments, or starved by want of nutritious aliment, dies of apoplexy, or goes into premature decline.

While some American artists have excelled in painting and sculpture all the modern world, and are acknowledged superior in their respective departments, as a nation we exhibit a great want of true appreciation of works of art. The sculptured statue is rarely found among the decorations of the drawing room. It is true that works of this description are costly; but they are within the reach of the more wealthy classes. The money lavished upon the meaningless outward adornments of private dwellings would purchase at least one masterpiece. The means, worse than squandered in one season, upon expensive entertainments, and useless show of dress and equipage, would procure some worthy piece of sculpture to adorn the exterior of a dwelling, where it would be a blessing to the whole community. The wealth lavished by the inhabitants of a row of houses, in a single season at Saratoga or Newport, would give all those families pure country air and sunshine, and leave a surplus to erect a beautifully carved fountain in some public square, which would gladden the eyes, and teach lessons of beauty to every thirsty wayfarer, that drank from its crystal treasures.

Sculpture is sometimes attempted upon our buildings. It is hardly, however, worthy of the name of sculpture. It delineates mere mathematical figures; rarely attempting a leaf or flower; never heads or full figures. And often this attempted sculpture is placed under or upon the cornice, too much elevated to have any effect. A modicum of true culture would provide, to the utmost of its ability, beautiful forms of sculpture.

Painting is perhaps better appreciated among us than sculpture. Pictures are cheaper than statues, and to a certain degree, more showy. The idea prominent in the mind of our countryman, when he purchases a picture, seems to be to procure an ornament, rather than a work of art; an object which will make a show, rather than one which will exert a purifying influence. Hence, in a majority of cases, it matters not whether the picture represent the natural or the hyper-natural. The end in view is accomplished. This holds good among all classes, from the aristocrat, importing, at a great price, poor copies of the old masters, down to the poorer classes, with their gaudily colored prints of "soldier's returns," or some equally felicitous subject. It shows but little taste in a people, when in any rural district, or even in cities, among those who ought to have far higher ideas of art, one can find many of those wretched attempts at pictures, disgusting, if they were not ridiculous.

Architecture is, in one sense, a fine art. In this regard its two chief elements are adaptation, and ornamentation. The adaptation of an edifice to the end designed, affords a wide field for the exercise of taste and culture. In this particular our nation evidently fails. We fail in regard to our dwellings. The house a man builds for his home should be the expression of his own ideas of fitness. Principles of art, and rules of architecture, it is true, should govern him; but each dwelling should, as far as possible, be original and expressive. Contrary to this idea, the majority of the dwellings, in our cities and larger towns, are built seemingly after one model. Long dreary rows of facades rise one after another, with nothing to break their monotony but here and there an abortive attempt at sculpture, or originality of design.

The only intention and desire which seems to animate the builder, is to outshine his neighbors, and this by setting at naught all rules of beauty and elegance. Nor are the internal arrangements oftentimes more fitting. Fashion rules here, as well as in the exterior, and here will is law. Many of the rooms are set apart for show. They are exhibited once or twice a year to the "dear five hundred friends," and then repose again, almost unused, till the next season comes round. Apartments are not arranged in accordance with idiosyncratic designs of beauty and convenience. The arbitrary rule of fashion is blindly followed. Our rural house architecture, though less pretentious, reaches no nearer the requirements of a cultivated taste. Our country dwellings exhibit very meagre ideas of what constitutes true comfort. Beauty in construction is almost entirely unheeded. Even when some attempts at adornment are made, they are of such a character as to lead to a desire for the most rigid plainness. The same want is also apparent in the combination of out-buildings, and the arrangements of garden and door-yard; and in those nameless little touches of a cultivated taste, which so add to the charm of rural architecture. And this is all where beauty is lavished on every hand; where every tree teaches rules of architecture, and every tint that gilds the sky or mellows the landscape, is a treatise on adornment. Many of our public buildings err in the same particulars as our dwellings. They have no characteristic features which makes them known, as we know of the buildings of the Old World.

Church architecture during the whole history of the civilized world, has been a distinct branch of art. It seems to have reached its perfection in the Middle Ages; and thenceforward it has declined. In Mediaeval times the church edifice in all its beauty of design and

wealth of elaboration, was the expression of religious sentiments. Among us, it is a means, rather than an end; a place for worship rather than itself a constant oblation. Our Puritan ancestors, in their stern iconoclastic spirit, reared the "meeting house"—plain, barren, cold. They delighted in worship unkindled to warmer glow by the calm grandeur of a noble edifice. Hence the character of the house of worship they left us. When we became disgusted with its monotony and fridity, we borrowed from the cathedrals of Europe, and have too often adopted those features, inharmonious with the idea of a church fitted for the use of a congregation of modern worshippers. Instead of grandeur, too often there is frippery. The whole design of a house of worship is subverted; the mind is led down to earth, instead of up to God. Comparatively few church edifices could be found in our country, combining the more essential requisites of convenience for preaching and enough of beauty, even grandeur, to hallow the place.

Ornamentation is an important branch of architecture. It should be consonant with the general design of the building: aiding by harmonious coloring the proportion of the whole. Its character will of course vary with the different edifices it adorns. A lack of taste is manifested in this respect in our country. Almost the same kind of ornamentation is used for the most opposite styles and purposes of architecture. Another serious fault is gaudiness. Not only is the decoration inappropriate, it is also glaring. Showiness is desired more than purity. Many of our dwellings are a perfect blaze of finery.

"From lowest basement up to topmost attic,
The whole is gorgeous, glaring and prismatic;
Pannelled and kalsomined, and striped and starred,
Paint by the bucket, frescoes by the yard."

This same spirit too often enters the house of God, and changes harmonious and subdued decoration, to the glare and glitter of the ball room. We fail of taste in ornamentation, in our tendency to artifice. It evinces lack of true culture in almost the rudiments of the art, when we see stone edifices finished and ornamented with balustrade, or turret, or spire of painted wood. Instead of doing our part, and leaving it to another generation to finish, we must spoil the effects of the whole by some wooden abomination. In the interior of our buildings this fault is not remedied. Frescoe is here the principal agent of the imitator. Not the frescoes of a Michael Angelo; but miserable attempts to place colonades, and niches, and arches in im-

proper position ; their shadows all wrong by daylight, and by gaslight confusion worse confounded. That this depravity of taste is deeply rooted, is evinced by the fact that these mockeries have reached the grave-yard and the church—the house of the dead, and the house of God. Where solemn, tearful memories cluster, where we are reminded both of our frailty and of our future immortality, a cultivated taste would certainly exclude all pretences to beauty where the substance was not.

Culture, in all its forms, America owes to herself. She owes it to the memory of the great and good, who laid the foundation of this mighty empire, and whose long-mouldering dust hallows the land they loved. She owes it to Him who in weakness has been her strength ; in danger, her protector ; in all her lot, her God.

O. A. K.

Under the Oak.*

Once I dreamed that I was seated
On a mossy stone,
'Neath an oak-tree, staunch and olden,
Through whose boughs the sunbeams, golden,
Down upon me shone,
Shone upon me all alone.

At my feet a spring was welling
Forth its crystal store,
And the splash of waters flowing,
Mingling with the zephyrs blowing,
Music with them bore
Such as ne'er I heard before.

And as musingly I pondered,
Looking in the well,
Came a graceful nymph-like creature,
Beauteous in form and feature.
And her footsteps fell,
Tinkling like a silver bell.

Silently she stood before me,
Mildly looking down,
With her deep-blue eyes upon me,
Seeming nor to seek nor shun me ;
Neither smile nor frown
On those angel features shown.

* No load intended on the above initials.—ED.

And in tones of passing sweetness,
Thoughtfully she said,
"Why forever art thou mourning,
All relief and solace scorning?
She thou would'st have wed,
Now is slumbering with the dead."

"Follow me, and I will lead thee
To my sylvan bower,
Where upon the e'er-green heather,
Myriad fairies sport together,
In the starlit hour,
Sipping sweets from every flower."

Thus she spake, when lo, another
Vision I descried,
Like an angel hov'ring o'er me,
Now above and now before me,
Now, on either side,
'Twas my loved, my long lost bride.

"Hearken not to yon fair syren,"
Said she, with a sigh,
"Think no more of earthly pleasures,
Worthless riches, fading treasures,—
Cast these follies by,
Lovelier those beyond the sky."

"Ever there for thee I'm waiting,
E'er for thee I long;
Yet each sunset leaves me weeping,
And the stars ne'er find me sleeping;
Only one sad song
Chant I thro' the moonlight long.

"Oh, hasten thee lover,
When lifetime is over,
Thy lost bride is waiting,
Her grief ne'er abating,
Is waiting for thee."

Vanished then both sprite and fairie
From my tearful sight,
As the tints of sunset vanish,
When the stars the sunbeams banish,
And the dark'ning night,
Slow comes stealing o'er the height.

'Neath the oak-tree, still I'm seated,
In that mystic dream ;
Ceaseless, tireless watch I'm keeping,
While the stars out on me peeping,
Whisper her for whom I'm weeping,
And the moon ray's gleam
Casts my shadow in the stream.

G. L. C.

YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

Kingsley, the Novelist.

BY CLARENCE EDWARD DUTTON, WALLINGFORD, CT.

There are two leading ideas in the works of Charles Kingsley, which stamp them with peculiarity and pre-eminence; I. The application of Christianity to the purposes of common life, and II. The supremacy of Christian principles in the advancement of society.

The questions which lie at the basis of religion and society are, at the present day, assuming a peculiar interest. Many find cause to boast of the enlightened age they live in. What light do they find? *Surely none from Philosophy,** for the same doubts and questions stare us in the face, which broke the peace of philosophers a thousand years ago. The same yearnings after a higher life, the same struggles to go

* Very little light is sought for from that source to day. Men of the present age, (excepting a few professors and students,) do not deal in vague abstractions, but in the substantial realities of life. "Doubts and questions stare us in the face." Not exactly,—this proposition doubtless means that certain abstractions which annoyed the ancients are not yet solved, but they do not stare us in the face; rather they lay in their original tangle amid the neglected rubbish of the middle ages, unnoticed and forgotten. Our business is with the practical. For instance, we do not know a bit better than the ancients "whether a spirit can go from place to place without passing over the intermediate space." But we have an easy method of getting even material substances over that space in a much shorter time than they, and of getting a certain imponderable agent over it in no time at all. Having made these improvements, we put them to some practical use, an advantage we could never have obtained from a solution of the original question. Other questions of the middle ages, equally important, are disposed of by men of the world at the present day, in an equally satisfactory manner. It is in this that the enlightenment of the present age consists.

beyond faith and to transcend Revelation, which troubled the early Christian, have only grown more intense in the lapse of time. Perhaps we state these doubts somewhat more luminously than before, but we do not solve them. Each succeeding philosopher adds his tribute to the sum of our perplexity; still all things end where they began—in a doubt. But for all this, men will not cease to think. They must know what they believe, and how can they know it unless their reason triumph over it? It is plain that however much men may desire some sure foundation on which to build their hopes, and however well a faith in the simple doctrines of Christianity may supply this need, the powerful instinct to reason out a religion for one's self, will not suffer the mind to rest until the speculative faculties be either crushed out, or brought into subjection to that faith. There is a strange enchantment in this exercise of independent thought. It is the consciousness of a power within—of a hidden, but terrible energy, which once awakened is not readily put to rest. But what is the result of speculation to him who deserts for it the old stand-point of faith? It is a mental anguish perpetuated by ever-changing views, now tending to faith, and now to denial. Resign the power of independent thought he will not; maintain it he cannot, and betwixt the two alternatives there is no compromise. The strong assurance, the hope, the abiding trust, which warm the heart of the religious man, desert him, leaving him nothing of Philosophy but its doubts, nothing of Religion but its fears. A vacuum in physics is but another name for a crushing pressure from without, and when there is neither faith nor hope within the bosom, the environments of thought become an intolerable pressure. There is but one Philosophy which touches this matter, and its first doctrine, Faith, is the very one which speculation rejects. We were not made for the present life, which an old Saxon king compared to the bird that flies through the hall—it enters from the heavens at one window, and vanishes to the skies at the other—and the very mystery which envelopes these questions is the *prima facie* evidence that their solution is contained only in a higher state. This Philosophy advocates the world as it is, men as they are, faiths as they are—advocates them because the works of this life are seed grains cast into eternity, which are to grow and bear fruit in the future life. The world is the arena for the display of moral heroism and individual action, and the creed that carries not within it this spirit, is a false creed.

Among those who have maintained this Philosophy, none have done

it with so much strength of thought, language and zeal, as Kingsley. But it is not against overt skepticism alone that he directs his efforts, but to demonstrate also the all-sufficiency of his theology. Admitting that there are given to men the natural guides, Reason and Conscience, that out of the teachings of these oracles they may make for themselves a creed which shall guide in some measure their moral conduct, he yet declares the insufficiency of such a creed, and the necessity of some truth, which shall have its roots infixed in the lowest depths of human nature, and draw its substance from a source far beyond it, before they can attain their proper development. To be without such a creed is to deny that men have any other than an earthly nature, and therefore to be without aim or purpose. But man has not been left without some knowledge of this higher truth. He finds his own nature revealing certain truths which he calls Natural Religion. Nor is this all. The world has not been suffered to follow darkened human reason. Once and again a great light has struck this earth—struck it till its bosses beamed and glittered. It came from the patriarchs, from Sinai, from the priests and prophets of old—it came above all from Calvary, to a world covered with darkness, itself alone bathed in living light. It is this faith which must be in the human heart wherever man is essentially man, and life is at its highest potency.

It is this important doctrine which forms the ground work of Kingsley's *Hypatia*, where his design is to exhibit the progress of an individual mind through doubt and error to final certainty and truth. The abuses and corruptions of the Christian church, the fascination of women, the questions arising above his intellect, the painted philosophy of the old Greeks, all tend to alienate him from his early faith. But their triumph was short. The deadness of his new made theology *scared* Philammon back to the old belief. In *Westward Ho!* he shows how Christianity worked in the minds of Englishmen in the glorious age of Elizabeth. In all his works he is ever mindful of his one great theme, a living and working faith.

Another idea, and one worthy of a Christian philosopher, is the importance of Christian principles in the advancement of society. In America, where there is a strict equality of right, discussions upon social questions have scarcely an existence; but in England, where the distinctions of class, known from antiquity, are ingrained into the life of the nation, the rancor and bitterness of party strife never ceases, these become topics of absorbing national interest. They are the diversity of opinions and

principles—letting loose upon the general consciousness new ideas and speculations, which, barred of all present realization, overhang, like a cloud, the social fabric. But in all these theories, just as in the formation of individual character, Kingsley holds that Christianity is the only basis upon which they can rest securely. It was this conviction which called forth Alton Locke, who wanders through many false notions, rushing now into error, and now into fanaticism, until, broken in heart and hope by his reverses, he discovers that his wild dream of patriotism was but the phantom of a corrupt heart, and that of all living principles, Christianity alone contains the end and upshot.

Kingsley stands alone. In his own way no one has ever approached him. He takes higher ground than any other novelist, and maintains it with corresponding earnestness. The author of *Tom Brown* has illuminated the work with his own noble spirit and unwavering faith, but not with the intense zeal of Kingsley. Many novels have the same general tendency. Arthur Pendennis, Barnaby Rudge, Adam Bede, and others, touching upon these questions, sustain only a kind of "fair weather Christianity," which virtually, if not really, teaches,

To apprehend no farther than this world,
And square one's life according.

No such mundane philosophy is found in "*Amyas Leigh*," or "*Two Years Ago*," where the self-sacrificing purpose, unbiased by worldly motives, is exhibited in its true grandeur. To understand Kingsley's true position, it is necessary to know the nature of the novel, which has been strangely misconstrued and misapplied.

If we divide literature according to the language employed, it is resolved into prose and poetry; if according to the substance, it is either fact or fiction; if according to the subject, it is Poetry, Philosophy or History. Every species of literature may be referred to one of these cross-divisions, which embodies it exclusively. There is, however, one exception, and that is, the novel. It belongs in part to all—exclusively, to none. It is closely allied to Poetry—more specifically to Epic poetry. To class the current productions of the day with those immortal works of that name, might seem ridiculous; yet the disparity is owing to relative excellence in the development of the two original ideas, and not to any great distinction of those ideas in themselves. The passions, sympathies and thoughts of men, the silent emotions too deep for utterance, love, hatred, ambition, high resolve and unbending purpose, all these are found in both, speaking the language of the human heart. They both contain some moral

lesson as the express purpose for which they exist. They present also certain points of difference. The novel is not, like the poem, restricted in the range of subjects which it contemplates. Poetry shrinks from the portrayal of certain things—she begs to be excused, and if forced to it, manifests her reluctance in the result; while the novelist turns his hand to anything of general human interest. The aim of poetry is to exhibit the sublime and beautiful; that of the novel, what is truthful and heroic. In the highest poetry, the most exquisite portion is unspoken, and left to be inferred, because it is ineffable, while the novel derives much potency from accuracy of description. It would be most difficult to determine the true sphere of the novel. Until within a few years it was but another name for romance; now it is the advocate and censor of public and private virtue. There are three elements which make up its distinctive character. The first is a theme or moral around which the different incidents are to group themselves, and the value of the work is proportioned to the importance of this theme. Scott derived his greatness from the manly sentiment which fired his works—Dickens, from his unsparing censorship of national ethics. The second element is the argument or plot. This, no doubt, constitutes the external interest of the work, but it should be subservient to the theme. Here a great mistake is made by many who ought to know better. They either reverse this subserviency, or throw aside entirely the moral—the very principle to which the work should owe its existence, and attach a primary importance to that which is really but secondary. The realization of such an idea is to be met with in the thousands of spurious productions current all over the world. The third element is truth—that truth which we find in the daily walks of life and learn in our every day experience. The author who is deeply versed in human nature has a sure passport to every heart, for he fulfils, in a measure, the wish of Pythagoras, putting a window in every man's breast. From this view it will be seen that the novel is a species of literature wholly distinct from every other. It is moreover of recent origin. The ancients had nothing like it, and Mediaeval Romance bears no resemblance to it, unless it be in the plot; while the elements of moral and truth are entirely wanting.

It was not until the times of Fielding, Smollet and Richardson, that it began to assume a definite form, and not until Scott that it became a distinct branch of literature. Since his time, it has extended the range of its subjects into every grade and sentiment of society. Kingsley has taught it a yet bolder flight by introducing Religion into its realm. His treatment of the moral is therefore peculiar to himself.

As a story writer he shows no preëminence, and in many cases is decidedly inferior. Hypatia, in this respect, is the best of his novels. The unity of the work, the time, place and character, are all remarkable. The vigorous growth of Christianity, breaking through the worn out Polytheism of Greece, the Goths, destroying the last vestiges of Roman civilization, Hypatia, striving to replenish once more the lamp of ancient wisdom, the budding of those evils which afterwards bore such bitter fruit in the Christian church, form an eventful epoch and one well suited to such a theme. The magnificence of this dramatic work is only heightened by contrasting it with "Two Years Ago," where the plot is feeble and nerveless, and the energetic style of the author grows dull and languid. Nor has Kingsley the strictest regard for truth. He cannot forbear saying a beautiful thing, even though it be at the expense of a wise one. Alton Locke, however, is free from this defect. The characters are those that live and suffer in the heart of the XIXth century, while the scene is the metropolis, with its throngs of human beings, just as it stands to day. It is this that gives him that power in this work which he lacks in every other. In one point, however, he excels all novelists; i. e., in his Historical scenery. His pictures of the Elizabethan age and of Alexandria, are far better than any History. Scott, with all his Historical knowledge and enthusiasm, does not surpass him in this, for, as Ruskin and many others admit, he had not the philosophical faculty of getting at men's ways of thinking, and working from their minds outward into their lives. With all his nationality, he had not Scotch metaphysics enough to enable him to grasp men's thoughts as Kingsley does. Accordingly, in Amyas Leigh, and Hypatia, the author enters into the true spirit, and lives over the life of those wondrous epochs.

What now has Kingsley done for the novel. First, he has improved the style. The novel, we have said, is in its conception a prose-poem. To make the fact correspond with the idea, it is necessary that the style should be imaginative, thoughtful and poetic. Such is Kingsley. Many passages in his books, chiefly descriptions of natural scenery and delineations of emotion, are the best of poetry. There is an atmosphere surrounding his works which can originate only from the mind of a poet, and whatever may be its faults, it is the true atmosphere of the novel. He has also heightened the moral which is still more important, inasmuch as the highest teaching of any book is the formation of a purpose strong and mighty, which endures for good alone even to the end.

Frost.

Hesper o'er the still Earth creeps,
Floating on the lake of snow ;
Winter-winds are sighing low,
And from off the western steeps,
Moonlight glancing to and fro,
Gently on the surface sleeps.

Something on my window breathes,
Now the night in silence falls,
And fantastic pictures wreathes ;
Till from off the hill and heath,
Darkness—lonely darkness, falls ;
And the moon-beams slowly dip,
Far beyond the western main,—
Softly, on the glistening pane,
Mystic Sprites with snowy lips,
Breathe again !

But when rosy morn awakes,
Glancing sun-light here and there,
Warming all the chill night air,—
One by one the little flakes
Melting, drip away ;
And if once again, the Sprite
Breathes upon the casement low,
He will only come at night,
And his mystic wreathes entwine,
Only in the winter time.
For when Spring's first breath shall pass,
O'er the meadow and the grass,
You may hear him moaning low
Where the tender violets blow,
And in every summer breeze,
That scarcely stirs among the trees.

Into every little span ;
In the hours that we call Life,
Frosts upon the heart of man,
Creep with sorrows rife.
Yet so gently touch the cheek,
And the dew so lightly sip
From the tender-curving lip,—
Glancing on the forehead meek—
Scarce you'd dream that sudden flush,
Printed with a tender breath,

Never thence should fade—
Till the pallid lips are hushed,
And the cheek with crimson flushed,
Whiten with the kiss of Death.

There are Frosts whose keener sting,
Fades not when the Summers pass,
God be with thee, if, alas !
Knows thy heart no genial spring,
Nor the warmth that summer brings !
Autumn with its garnered fruit,
Bears sad memories to thee ;—
Winter-winds shrill minstrelsy,
Sport along the heart strings mute :
One by one the tones are lost,
And the silent tears that stand
On the eyelids, straining far,
For the light of one lone star
That pales within Death's mirage-land,—
Give the only warmth that glows,
And the only signs that speak,
On the cold and pallid cheek,
Of the kiss of Winter's Frost.

W. C. E.

Country Life.

IT has been said that the most readable works of travel were written by those who never ventured beyond the boundaries of their own villa ; so it may be said of the beautiful things which have been written of the farmer's life ; they are the products of the fruitful imagination of men and women who never saw a farm. We happened once to be in the country, and for reasons best known to ourselves tarried there much longer than most persons who visit rural districts, and we propose to tell what we saw and heard, not as a learned Prof. tells what he saw and heard at the table, nor as the little Hauty-crat told what he saw and heard, but in our own way and to suit ourselves. We do not expect to make our story or talk interesting, for we shall tell the truth. Truth is interesting and beautiful in itself, but the facts which it records are sometimes disagreeable. During the summer months, the fashionable world from our large cities roll through the country in their splendid carriages, or take some quicker way of con-

veyance to a much frequented summer resort, tarry there a few days, then return to their homes. They have had a scent of new-made hay, seen beautiful scenery; mountains, green sloping hills, lakes, rivers, and dancing brooks. About that time the city papers abound in eloquent articles on country life; some belle is inspired with the spirit of poesy, and writes verses on the old man of the mountain, the hay-makers, or the lowing herd. Once, and more than once, we went into the field ourselves to learn what these mowers, who were the subject of so much song, thought of themselves and the beautiful things around them. They were not conscious that there was anything in their nature or employment to inspire a poet to sing, unless a song of pity, nor were they aware that fortune had placed them in the midst of a paradise. The farmer thought of little but the most expeditious way of securing his crops, and those who worked for pay, of nothing but supper and sunset. A hired man, as farmers call their workmen, does not need a sextant to take the altitude of the sun. Now, all those hills, which add so much to a country's scenery, have no charm for him; he would give worlds, if he had them, for that faith which removes mountains, that he might clear his farm of them; and the farmer boy would give more for it, who is obliged to climb them every night, after a hard day's work, to drive down the cows. The ring of the sharp steel as it glides through the grass, may be sweet music to a by-stander who never swung a scythe, but he whose muscles are aching from the monotonous motion, does not hear it.

Pitching hay may seem to a city belle like playing "Battle-door and Shuttle-cock," but he who has strained on a pitchfork day after day, sometimes till it seemed as if the blood would burst through the pores of the skin, knows that the two things are not identical. The life of the man who tills the soil for his livelihood is one of severe toil, which sometimes amounts to actual suffering. We are speaking now of New England in general and New Hampshire in particular.

They suffer moreover from the serious heat of summer and the intense cold of winter. They do not call it hardship, because they have known no other mode of living. At noon, in midsummer, the artist paints the farmer seated on the ground in the refreshing shade of a vine, and his scythe hanging on a limb above his head. Virgil sang, you recollect, "*O Tytere, tu patulæ, recubans sub tegmine fagi,*"—but we saw him faint beneath a scorching sun, and a strong constitution wrecked for life in a moment. You have read, perhaps, of his coming home in winter from his daily task, with a countenance fresh and ruddy as if from a little healthy exercise, lit up, too, with smiles; his better-

half answers his smiles with a hot cup of tea, the little one's are loud in their exclamations of joy at the return of pa pa, while one brings his slippers, another his gown, and a third arranges his chair. He spends the evening reading the news to the faithful house-wife who sits by his side and stitches and darns.

We saw him return with his heavy boots frozen as hard as bone, his hands stiff and benumbed, his ears frost-bitten, and his nose, according to Juvenal, giving evidence of second childhood. Instead of being met with smiles from his wife, he was greeted with the exclamation, that she should think he had brought in the ox-sled on his feet by the noise he made. There were no slippers no wrapper; there might have been a newspaper, but he was too fatigued to read it. As soon as his frozen parts were thawed, experiencing no little pain in the process, and he felt the warmth of a comfortable fire, he fell asleep in his chair, or stretched at full length on the long body settle, back of the stove, which stopped the mouth of the old fire-place, and slept till some other member of the family roused him and sent him to bed.

This same thing is repeated day after day through a long cold winter. The poet has sung of the merry chopper. To him, as he listens in the distance, the blows of the woodman's ax, as they follow each other in quick succession, and the echoing hills repeat them, have a peculiar charm; he almost envies the life of the rustic. But would he, if he had seen him leave his home for the woods, in the morning before the stars went out, not to return till they came again? We saw him go, with only a crust of bread for his dinner, and when he came to the woods, he buried it deep in the snow to keep it from the teeth of Jack Frost, then fell to work with all his might to keep from freezing himself. But his feet do not get their share of exercise, and in spite of kicks and thumps against tree and log, he feels that they are freezing. Something must be done; he sits down, pulls off his boots and socks, and rubs his bare feet in the dry snow till they fairly tingle with heat. This operation must be repeated several times, perhaps, in a single day. What is this but suffering? The enthusiastic admirers of rural pursuits, that is, those who sit in stuffed chairs and warm rooms and write encomiums on them, as the real fountains of happiness, are in love with a chimera.

We do mean to say that the cultivation of the soil, the chief source from which man derives the means of subsistence, and to which he was doomed when driven out of Paradise, is not the most honorable pursuit, for we believe it is; but we do say, that a greater share of hardship, and even suffering, which are necessarily attendant on human life,

is endured by our rustic population than we give them credit for. This wear and tear of muscle is in part due to necessity, and in part to avarice; in either case it deserves our consideration. For if the chief end of this life is the preparation for a life to come, and that preparation consists in the culture of our higher faculties, the development of the soul, then that amount of manual labor which is expended, over and above what is enough to supply our physical wants, is a perversion of our powers. We do not mean to say that it is wrong or inexpedient for man in the prime of life to provide for the imbecility of old age, but that devoting all his energies to the accumulation of wealth, or those things which administer to his natural wants, as if he had no inner life to feed and nourish, he overlooks the object of his mission in this world, and spends his strength in vain.

It is evident, then, that country life is not what fancy has painted it, neither is it what it should be, and will be, when men learn that the cultivation of the soil is a means, and not the end of their existence. We are aware that these closing remarks are too general in their nature to be applicable to any one class of society, but we were led to throw them out in this connection, believing that there is equal danger of the whole laboring class, in general, losing sight of that which constitutes them men, and reducing themselves to mere machines.

R. B. B.

Verdant.

No one reads the inimitable portraiture of an "Oxford Freshman," without making a local application.

We are all of us ready enough to admit, to dwell upon, the especial folly of a foolishness we have abandoned, and to ridicule with the bitterest satirists, a mode of existence we have finished.

With the charm of novelty the fascination of many a pleasure vanishes, and when we have ourselves once ceased to enjoy it, we look with a peculiarly insulting condescension upon those unsophisticated innocents who can enjoy it still.

So though we always regard, with the most careful contempt, our latest abandoned position—it is toward the earliest and lowest place that contempt is most unanimous, and Freshman has become almost synonymous with verdancy in the vocabulary of College dialects, expressing the striking universality and perfection of

first-term verdancy. But, in the vulgar estimate, the eye, that scans so critically and scornfully the manifold *gaucherie* of a rough but ready witted country boy, often fails to discover the sublimer and more concentrated verdancy of those greenest of our verdants, who despite the advantages of urbane training or large schools, possibly without either, have only cultivated verdure to a more luxuriant growth, and propped it with conceit and vanity. Without by any means destroying entirely their capacities for being victimized, they have developed faculties of verdancy, and given their stupidity an active phase.

In this Class are many who attempting to practically disprove the apparent paradox, "a man may be at the same time high and low—hard and soft," exhibit meanwhile its truth in that most vivid green which colorizes their worst practices. Such are the men who toss off camphene whiskey with a knowing nod and a smack of relish, and prate largely and sagely of the true smoky flavor of old Scotch, or the aroma of Rye—and make bets who can hold the most Lager. They smoke the vilest of tobacconized ingredients and praise loudly the fragrance of the ripe Havana. They cheat at cards and get caught. They create disturbances and are arrested—and in the practice of still lower vices, they reap the rewards of a still more unfortunate verdancy.

Such men experience does not ripen till it decays, and many of them cling to their verdancy with the unwavering fidelity of stupidity forever. But neither they nor any of us confess it in ourselves. It is the last charge almost that a man will admit—and they, looking in turn with contempt and ridicule upon those who know not "the pleasures of sin for a season," call before us the innocent because ignorant, to laugh at a verdancy far less harmful.

But this is a dangerous innocence—never tried, never assailed; it is a fortress unguarded and unarmed, open to any chance attack; sure to suffer, if not to fall, in the first raid of cunning wickedness. There is beauty in the innocence—in the girlish simplicity of untempted goodness; but "the grass withereth," and if such goodness fall, it falls suddenly, often hopelessly.

It is never "folly to be wise." There is nothing of crime and wickedness—of cunning or hypocrisy that we can learn too much of. Only let the knowledge cost us not too dear. See!—experience every permutation of life! Shame not to gather the fruit of knowledge from the meanest plant, nor to fertilize its growth with the rankest composts!—the richest fertilizers are often most distasteful, but the

gardener need not bedaub himself because his soil is fertile. There are Reformers who would learn wisdom in different way. Grand principles of Humanity should be their closet reflection—noble theories of the good and beautiful should be the only companions of their solitude. Not in the vulgar garb of other men's lives—not in the contaminating contact with worldly things, not in the infection of intercourse with mortals, would they learn wisdom. Human nature should be their study, but not from a human stand point; their judgment should have a higher foundation, their theories should have a more stupendous grandeur. Not that piety was to be their high standard, nor did they appeal to any divinity, save self; but wrapping themselves up in their own conceits, growing ascetic in their own seclusion, they judged men by themselves; learned from internal contemplation their philosophy of Humanity; accommodated themselves to others only as they saw their holiday exterior or their prison penitence—looked on the world not as in it, or with it, but above it—and, from the incongruous mess which an inexperienced and unbalanced mind had furnished them, brewed a sickish caldron-broth of monkish misanthropy, or a more disgusting compound of a would-be saintly philanthropy, as obstinate as it is misguided. Refusing the tempering influence of other opinions, trusting only their own heads, they have propagated the worst fanaticisms and introduced the bitterest contests, where all might have been harmoniously adjusted by better and more experienced men, but for the insufferable egotism of their verdancy. Selfishness and self-conceit are the foundation of that most revolting verdancy which marks our most prominent fanatics.

Such are the men who would overthrow all institutions and revolutionize all customs; who introduce semi-occasional reformations into every fault they can discover; reforms which are either laughed at and slighted, or left to bring about a second state, "worse than the first."

These are the dwellers of Utopia who bring down to us, plain mortals, occasional mad schemes, and fitful fancies, which resolve themselves into the follies and isms of the day, and are forgotten save in the green and disappointed visages of their originators, who dreamed they should be leaders, only to be distressed and soured at finding men too wise to be led by inexperience and incoherent genius.

It is not in college that the worst of verdancy appears; there is more wretched ignorance, more perfect simplicity, more madly rash wickedness, more fanatical and muddle brained philosophers. How perfect your folly, how entire your verdancy; with what calm self-

complacence and editorial dignity, can we look down on you unsuspecting and untroubled! How easily there mingles with it a little scorn and misanthropy—a discontent at finding no more of nobility or power! Gracefully reclining before the glowing embers of Lyken's valley carbon, in slippers and smoking cap and gown, puffing forth into the already clouded and fragrant air faint smoke wreaths of the real Concha Oscuros, languidly skimming Goldsmith's fair flowing pages, what could be a more perfect picture of scholarly ease? What wonder if we laugh at a semi-savage world! But a single green spot in that richly ripe wrapper, embittering with its rankness a few whiffs, tells too plainly how easily a green spot may hide itself in the best seasoned character, the most carefully ripened; and well may it be, if only the wrapper is spotted. Here, where we boasted to ourselves ripeness of our culture, in the midst of self-congratulation, we were verging fast to the self-verdancy of misanthropy and seclusion, and as the present editor came for copy and we promised it—we thought again of our verdancy without which we should

“ Never cringe to men in place
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for *Bob*.”

But we read him the lines from the Goldsmith in our hand, made the application and wrote, yielding to the spirit of verdancy.

Truly, as the old play says,

“ No Human quality is so well wove
In warp and woof but there's some flaw in it,
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy,
Had well nigh been ashamed. For your crafty,
Your world wise man, he above the rest
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught in them.”

Spots of verdancy every where. Cannot there be a cure? Must a man see nothing of life, or become insensible, scarred, unfit to enjoy it in the very learning? Know temptation without yielding! Know pleasure without satiety! Know everything as subservient to a better purpose! For with the Vicar of Wakefield, “As he was possessed of integrity and honor, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life, for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or victorious,” and “that virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarcely worth the sentinel.” Above all be composed! Nothing, so much as agitation and unnecessary distress, bears the impress verdant.

C. H. O. 4

The Wassail Bowl.

IN all records of 'the olden time of merrie England,' and in many an ancient ballad which has floated down from those days to our own, we find joyous mention made of The Wassail Bowl. Whether wrought of silver or carved of oak, gracing the banquet in lordly baronial hall, or quaffed at the poor man's fireside, its praises are sung with equal fervor. All writers, of whatever rank or time, combine with one accord to exalt it as the true symbol of the honest mirth and jovial good fellowship of the days of yore. Even the oldest Saxon chronicler pauses in his dry disquisitions to give it a passing glance, and we seem to see his wrinkled visage relapse into a smile, as he thinks of the jolly Wassail Bowl, and records the quaint homage to it which lights up his gloomy pages like a gleam of sunshine. He, with every one of his fellows, had his own wassail bowl, and doubtless could say of it in truth,

" This ancient silver bowl of mine—it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes."

For, although some rollicking songsters would have the Wassail Bowl flowing on every festal day of the year, it always held especial sway at Christmas tide. In a certain Christmas song devoted to the celebration of the good old English pleasures to be observed at that season, great stress is laid on the command to sing the loudest praises,

" To the honest bliss
Of the hearty kiss,
'Neath the mistletoe's hoary boughs ;
To the swinging sup
Of the wassail cup,
With its toasted healths and vows."

And in an old masquerade devised by rare Ben Johnson to amuse the royal court, the genial spirit of Wassail is introduced as the eldest daughter of the famous monarch, King Christmas. The ancient potentate appears with his retainers, among whom are found that doughty champion, Roast Beef, since knighted and known as Sir Loin, the swarthy blackamoor, Plum Pudding and Dame Minced Pie, whose charms are as attractive now as they were then. Roast Turkey was not at that time included in the royal body guard, but obtained the privilege of enrollment in the corps some years later. Next enter the sons and daughters of old Christmas ; who are Misrule, Carol, Gambol, New Year's Gift, Mummary, Offering, and lastly, gentle Wassail. She is clad as a

neat songstress, and her page bears before her a brown bowl, dressed with ribbons and rosemary. Slender and graceful in form, we imagine her to have been, and of a pleasant countenance, with a merry twinkle of the eye, telling of good cheer. Her mission 'tis to bring joy to the hearts of men, to quench feud and arouse high revelry. Though daughter of a mighty sovereign, she wears no royal insignia; her coat of arms is the "goodlie brown bowl," which she promises shall be to all who drink thereof a well-spring of perpetual youth. Rightly has it been characterized as "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together."

Of the origin of the name, varying accounts are given, but it is said with the best semblance of authority, to have been derived from the words of Rowena, daughter of the Saxon Hengist, who landed on the shores of England to aid in the strife against the Scots. At their first interview with Vortigern, ancient king of the Britons, Rowena kneeling presented a cup of wine and said *Wæs Hæl*, or, Health to you, my lord the king. The retainers of the two sovereigns, at the feast which followed, wishing to commemorate the league then consummated, adopted the phrase, as a pledge of friendship in all drinking bouts, with their accustomed barbaric ceremony. Cup rang to cup, and steel clashed to steel in that old banquet hall, as those rude warriors first raised the inspiring cry of 'Wassell,' and sent it ringing down the ages, to be re-echoed from Saxon keep and Norman tower, from stately castle and quiet country home, for centuries to come.

This term, and its fellow, *Drinc-heil*, were long preserved among the English as phrases of quaffing, and were insisted on with much formality ere goblets could be drained, for

"This is ther custom and ther jest,
When thei are at the ale or fest.
Ilk man that lovis whoever he think
Salle say Wassaille and to him drink.
He that bidis salle say, Wassaille,
The tother salle say again, Drinkhaille."

Tradition tells us that in an old family mansion, which stood on the borders of the fair county of Kent, there was formerly to be seen an antique chimney-piece, on the centre beam of which was carved a mighty bowl. Deep in the oaken panels, on either side, were inscribed these old Saxon pledges of good cheer, and the whole seemed like the device belonging to some noble name. And should we, in explanation thereof, suppose that some jovial warrior, in the days of lordly wassailing, did

in reality choose such a coat of arms and motto, we may not wander far from the truth. When keeping high festival amid his friends and vassals in honor of his safe return from some perilous foray, while the wassail-bowl went circling around by the light of the glowing hearth, the impulse of the hour doubtless inspired the soldier, weary of strife, to adopt new armorial bearings from the pleasant scene before him. With rare wisdom casting off his fealty to the god of War, he swore allegiance at another's shrine, and left the records of his vow graven on the oaken beams of his ancestral dwelling, to prove his homage to the genius of The Wassail Bowl.

Some account of the contents of this famous bowl should, of a certainty, find place in its history, despite the harm which may result from a description of the seductive beverage! Leigh Hunt says, "It should be composed of some rich wine, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples floating on the surface, and in no case must these be forgotten. They are the sine-qua-non of the wassail, and to them or to the whole composition our ancestors gave the name of Lamb's Wool, probably from the softness of the flavor." An author of the time of King Charles I. also gave directions for the compound in an ode to the Twelfth Night King, a near relative of Ancient Christmas. He cries to his page "Fill me up a mighty bowl—fill it to the brim," and thus describes the ingredients.

"Next crowne the bowle full,
With gentle lamb's wool;
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too,
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassail a swinger."

The difference between these two accounts is noticeable, for, whereas the one makes ale enter largely into the mixture, the other substitutes wine, but credence must be given to the older writer, if we wish to perpetuate the genuine Wassail Bowl. Nut brown foaming ale, spoken of elsewhere as the prince of all liquors, old or new, has been associated with the wassail from remotest antiquity, and wine is an interloper of comparatively modern date. True lovers of ancient customs who would preserve the Wassail Bowl in its pristine integrity, hearken not to the praises of the juice of the grape, but give all respect to the old couplet,

"Wassail brews good ale,
Good ale for Wassail."

To learn the secret of the charm which surrounds this merry bowl, we need to be versed in the customs connected with it. These are neither few in number nor scanty in interest, and alike bear the impress of that kindly spirit whose name is Wassail. No custom among them all better illustrates their genial source and nature than that which required the master of the household to compound the bowl, and first quaffing and wishing happiness to all assembled with him, to send it brimming around the board. All drank thereof, and it was to them a mutual pledge of friendship; a common tie, binding together the highest and the lowest. For not even the meanest dependant was excluded, as we can assert on the high authority of an Anglo-Norman carol, which runneth thus.

“ Every vassal shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep,
Drinks his full without control,
Till he drowns his care in sleep.”

And we are told, also, that the hardy warriors of earlier times religiously observed the practice of drowning all feuds and animosities in the spicy Wassail Bowl, whenever the Christmas season came, “ which was,” says our authority, “ an example worthy of modern imitation.”

In the days of feudalism, the times of wassailing were made most of, and were stated festivals, never passed by with neglect. At those seasons of true and ancient wassail, bards and harpers used to gather in the old baronial halls. The bowl was introduced with the inspiring cry of wassail, three times repeated, and forthwith responded to with a song. At the grand Christmas banquet, a huge boar's head was brought in, followed by the bowl, with the cry before mentioned, or the liquor was distributed in separate cups, as in the ballad.

“ The wassail round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.”

And on New Years' eve it was customary to wait until midnight, when at the word wassail the bowl came in, and the contents were divided, each man repeating the word, wassail, as he drained his goblet; and thus they welcomed the infant year.

One custom more should be remembered; the bowl was filled on Christmas eve and kept flowing through the holidays, until Twelfth Night, when, after all other pledges had been drunk, a wassail draught was quaffed to the health of some favorite tree, and what remained was poured upon its roots, as a libation to its strength and vitality.

It was as if the joyous feelings of the season were brimming over beyond restraint, and sought some object still, although no health remained to be drunk—no toast to be given. And this practice was often carried out in regard to the whole of the farmer's orchard, and in some districts was even considered necessary to its fruitfulness, according to another ancient songster, who says,

“Wassaile the trees that they may beare
You many a plum and many a peare ;
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.”

Many more, and perchance the most striking of these customs, we must leave unnoticed. The slightest examination reveals a number and variety far greater than one would at first imagine to exist. Every local history of the country districts of England is full of them. They lurk beneath the covers of the most forbidding volumes, and laugh from out the pages of the driest of ancient folios. They lie hid in the nooks and corners of English hillsides, and, like sleeping fairies who rouse at the trumpet call, come trooping forth in merry bands at the gladsome cry of Wassail. Some of them are still observed with due form and ceremony ; others have no existence save in tradition ; some are accurately described by trust-worthy historians ; others are but faintly hinted at in older Christmas carols ; some are relics of heathen times, and sacrifices ; others are traced to a higher and more sacred origin ; but they are all united in the brotherhood of Good Will and Mirth, and tend to a common centre, gladly nestling around the time-honored Wassail Bowl. Enough of them have been cited to show their distinctive character, and explain the joy which the mention of this emblem of good cheer never failed to excite among those who knew its worth. All such held it in an esteem so great as to appear to some extravagant. But the very universality of its praises would be a sufficient guarantee that this impression is not well founded, should we overlook the fact that few writers, even of our day, are disposed to sneer at the ancient chroniclers for prizing the Wassail Bowl so highly. They are rather moved by a common impulse to join with them in celebrating its virtues. For who would hesitate to give a hearty greeting to this merry bowl, whose circlet was a fairy ring, over which care and sorrow never come, whose contents were a fountain of perpetual youth, whose attendant sprites were peace and good will, and whose reign embraced the happiest season of all the year ? Truly it was filled to the brim with honest pleasure, nor was its capacity small.

We hardly need to defend it from those who may be so misled as to stigmatize our Wassail Bowl as the cup of intemperance. To such deluded cavilers we reply with an American poet, who in answer to an objection of this character, thus indignantly defends our common cause.

"I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer ;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here,
'Tis but the fool loves excess ; hast thou a drunken soul ?
The bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl."

Most heartily do we agree with him, and gladly would we, in conclusion, imitating his example, fill to the brim the well-prized symbol of good old English cheer, and in a draught of its own spicy liquor, drink the toast of health and better acquaintance to the jolly Wassail Bowl.

E. G. M.

The Palace of Poetry.

- "I will build me a home on the mountain top,
Mid the golden clouds and the crystal air,
Dark porphyry pillars its roof shall prop,
And never has earth beheld so fair.
- "I will build it of porphyry, marble and brass,
Foundations of granite its weight shall uphold,
Its plated roof shall blaze in the light,
And its matchless dome shall be gilded with gold.
- "From west to east, from front to front
Shall run its wide and spacious hall,
The morning sun shall smite the gate
Long ere to earth his beam shall fall.
- "The eastern gate shall ope to the hills,
Whose crowning heights in the distance rise,
And there will I watch the livid morn,
As it spreads with roseate hue the skies.
- "And the western gate shall look on the sea,
Calm in the sunlight, convulsed in the storm ;
Driving its billows so chainless and free
When the god of the waters unshadows his form.
- "I will deck it with sculpture and painting and gem
Of loftier type and nobler theme
Than the Vatican's pride or Sistine walls
Hung with the painter's Heavenly dream.

- "This will I make my dwelling place,
Where fancy, like the eternal stars,
May walk the limitless abyss
Of thought beyond all mortal cares.
- "No sound of human joy or woe
Shall break the spirit's deep repose,
But thoughts sublime will ebb and flow,
Whose depth the poet only knows."
- So I called the spirits of earth and air,
And built me a home on the mountains height,
Embayed in the clouds, pavilioned in air,
Its portals bathed in the purest of light.
- I built it of porphyry, marble and brass,
Enduring as rock where I made it to stand.
It sparkled with silver and gold, enwrought—
Never by mortal artificers hand.
- From west to east, from east to west
I paced through its spacious, lonely hall,
And mused o'er sculptured form and bust
And matchless fresco spread o'er the wall.
- And my soul was wrapt in its poesy,
Deep was its thoughts and its utterance strong,
To the eastern hills and to the western sea
My being poured forth its rich gushes of song.
- "Oh! heart! oh! passionate heart! said I,
Why art thou sad in thy glorious seat?
Wilt thou compass the earth and the sea and the sky,
And trample thy nature under thy feet?
- "Oh! heart! where now are the hopes sublime,
That nourished and strengthened the days of thy youth?
Thy thoughts were afar from the meshes of time,
Concentered in love and communing with truth.
- "How cold thou art grown in thy drear abode,
Inspired in thy self, remote from thy kind,
In sorrow and death thou must shoulder thy load,
Ere Heaven can give what thou cravest to find."
- It is time, it is time, that thou shouldst learn
Thy lesson of toil—thy mission in life:
For the poet is he whose spirit can share
In its hope, its joy, its anger and strife.
- Then I turned to depart from my mountain home;
But my heart was light and free from care,
And I turned to behold its gilded dome
Vanished, alas! in the empty air.

The Burial of Euclid.

A few weeks ago the Sophomore class, contrary to all precedent, instead of the usual resolution to support that 'time-honored' institution of Yale, the glorious old Burial of Euclid, deliberately voted, as a class, to do away with it! What is more surprising still, the vote stood forty-seven against, to twenty-seven only in favor of the Burial. Can the feelings of any true-hearted Yalensian, in view of this state of things, be other than those of amazement and sorrow? Can we not indignantly ask, 'What right have these ephemeral Sophomores to break that chain, whose first link was forged far back in the ages, and which, extending along the course of time, brings down to us the precious memories of the past? Does not everybody know that this 'time-honored' institution has existed, while orbs on orbs have wheeled round the circumambient circles of fathomless space, and cycles on epicycles have rotated, with a rotatory motion, around the rota of indefinite duration; in short from 'time-immemorial'? But what reason do they give for their impious action. Forsooth, they say, profanity, obscenity, drunkenness, and a few other venial crimes are encouraged by it! What flimsy excuses! flimsy, even considered by themselves; but, when compared with the argument that this institution is 'time-honored,' they sink into utter insignificance and contempt. What if these things be true, shall these Sophomores pretend to condemn what has been sanctioned from 'time immemorial'? Do we not all know that what time honors and sanctions, must be right? We will not insult the intelligence of Yale College by attempting to prove such a self-evident proposition. Besides, it is not our fault if others do wrong. We must stand by the constitution, and allow to each one the inalienable right of pursuit of happiness.

But these fanatical Sophomores, these reckless agitators, these misers, who would not pay two dollars apiece to gratify the depraved tastes of twenty-seven noble classmates, who wanted merely to have a jolly good spree; these lawless disturbers of the peculiar institution of P.B.s, have found to their chagrin that 'truth, crushed to earth, will rise again.' Already have they fallen into the pit they dug for others. We stated that twenty-seven stood true to the interests of humanity. Noble twenty-seven! Noble, not so much because they attempted to stem the tide of Abolitionism that was threatening to sweep away the ancient landmarks of college society, but because, after mature deliberation, they staked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred (?)

honor(?), for the sake of the public weal. Small in numbers, smaller in intellect, only great in that strange spell—the pocket, obscure and unrespected, unknown to fame, unhonored and unsung, these noble twenty-seven, for once in their lives, determined to be men, ‘men, who know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.’ No longer will they allow their rights to be trampled upon. They dissolve the Union; they excommunicate the rest of the class; they reestablish their cherished institution; they rivet on to the chain, that has come down from ‘time immemorial,’ a bastard link and stamp it with the name of ‘62! Yalensians, rejoice! we can still enjoy the inheritance of our fathers in peace. Our enemies, bribed by those ever grasping, never yielding opposers of our innocent pastimes, the faculty, have been signally defeated. We can yet, from year to year, bury old Euclid, take a swig over his coffin, and drink to his departed shades; still can we, imp, devil, bag, harlequin and all, dance around his burning corpse, and play the grab game for some remains of our departing friend!

But wait a minute. It is to be feared, that some disgrace will be brought upon the temperance cause. Let us turn to facts, and see if we can get sober, in tracing the history of this time-honored institution.

It is certain that previous to the year 1840 nothing of the kind was ever heard or dreamt of; ‘time immemorial’ having commenced a few years later. The class of 1846 had a Burial of Euclid, which somewhat resembled what we now call by the same name. It was probably the first that bore any resemblance whatever to the institution of our day; from which fact we see that there is many a Freshman, with the gentle down upon his tender lip betokening manhood in the dim distance, whose head, though not yet silvered with whitened locks nor bespangled with gray, time has, nevertheless, honored more than it has the glorious old Burial of Euclid, descended from ‘time immemorial.’ For one or two years previous to 1843, Euclid was burned in the morning. A few Sophomores carrying canes, marched, with a fated copy of Euclid, carried in an urn, at their head, to some convenient spot, where they ‘saw through it,’ ‘went over it carefully’ and finally burned it. They then placed the urn with its ashes, over the door of the Lyceum, where it staid until removed by some minion of the faculty. This was undoubtedly the origin of the Burial of Euclid. As far as we can learn, these simple exercises were first enacted by the class of ‘44. Its change to what it is now, has been gradual. In the classes of ‘48, ‘49 and ‘50, it began to assume some of its most revolting features, and was then, for the first time,

forbidden by the faculty. Many were expelled for participation in and attendance on the exercises. Its supporters hired townies, rowdies, and other kindred spirits, to take the responsible positions, and thus managed to evade detection. It was at this time, that its profanity, its mockery of everything solemn, was extreme. But latterly obscenity seems to be its most revolting feature; and later still, drunkenness and rowdyism have been conspicuous.

It has been usual, in all descriptions of the Burial of Euclid, to place it in a very favorable light, to pass over all its faults, and dwell merely on its pomp and wild excitement. It is natural that it should be so. There undoubtedly has been something of enchantment in it. It is forbidden by the faculty. Yet the secret committee is appointed; the necessary funds are raised; and at the appointed time the password is handed down, from pew to pew along each aisle, during the hours of Christian prayer! Bound together by mutual interest, strong in their union, armed with deadly weapons, disguised beyond discovery, the students, in procession, keep time to solemn measures. Arrived at the Temple, the long coffin is laid upon the stage. The motley group perhaps is silenced. The funeral dirge is played. The prayer with awful mockery is prayed. The mournful chant is sung. The sermon, full of strange oaths and blasphemy, is preached.

The procession again is formed, to march to the funeral pyre. The hearse, drawn by six white steeds with flowing plumes, makes, at dead of night, an imposing array. The dance of demons round the lighted fire, closes the bewildering scene. It is even grand in its blasphemy. But the grandeur will not correct the evil. And if, while looking at its causes and effects, we look on the darkest side of the picture, we know that we are at the same time looking on the only truthful side which the Burial of Euclid presents to the candid observer.

The occasion of the first Burial of Euclid, we do not know. The *causes* that have led to the rise and continuance of the custom, are very evident. A love of excitement, which pervades all, in itself harmless, asks for it. In many, a taste for doing what is forbidden, and which delights in the annoyance of others, requires it. In some, a morbid feeling of inability to find enjoyment and pleasure save in excesses, demands it. And, to defend it against the attacks of the faculty or any outside influence, the present condition of college society, banded together by a wide-spread feeling of so-called honor and mutual interest, is peculiarly favorable.

The influence which the 'Burial of Euclid' exerts, its effects or

results, might all be classed under the head of *objections*: for there is not one good thing that comes out of it. And first, not only from its very name and nature, but from the special exercises of each successive Burial, there cannot but emanate an influence destructive of all seriousness of feeling, and one that leads directly to open *irreverence* and *profanity*. The funeral rites, the pall, the bier, the funeral pyre, the paraphernalia of death, all are emblems, on which even to think and talk in a light and jesting manner is debasing, are here made the chief means of contributing to the revelries of the night. Again, the disgusting *obscenities* which are yearly regaled to all who will hear, and the oaths that fall without restraint from the lips of classmates and fellow-students, that consider the occasion of the Burial of Euclid, as the fittest opportunity to drink themselves drunk, all these are as deadening to morality, as poison to the lungs. The whole exercise from beginning to end exhales an aroma of immorality; the schemes are not complete without a share of vileness; the speeches are not relished, unless enlivened by vulgarity and licentious wit. A third objection, is the lawless *disturbance* it occasions in the city, and the consequent odium, which falls, not only on the participants in the Burial, but upon the whole body of students indiscriminately. The unearthly sounds, which meet, at midnight, the ears of a quiet-loving community, are certainly a disturbance of the peace. The citizens complain of it, and justly; the papers of the city echo their complaints; and thence they make their way, more or less accurately, throughout the country, until 'Yale students' has almost become a synonym for reckless deviltry, and the public associate the term with 'Sioux Indians' and other savage tribes of these wild denizens of the forest. We might add as another objection, though one of comparatively little weight, its character of *excess*, when considered merely as a recreation, or means of pleasure. The excitement for all engaged or interested in the varied exercises, is unnaturally great. It is continued, too, without diminution, through many hours; and these hours are those in which especially the physical nature requires repose. A reaction must sooner or later ensue; and, for a time, the mind, subjected to demoralizing influences, loses, also, its energy, from bodily weakness.

These effects we have not attempted to prove, but have stated them as facts. No one who has attended the exercises, even merely as spectator, can deny that these objectionable features have always, more or less, accompanied the Burial of Euclid. But it can be shown

that these effects are not only the accidental but also the necessary results of such an 'Institution,' as the Burial of Euclid. So long as it exists, modify it as you will, these effects must follow. In our 'Pow-wows,' 'Initiations,' &c., there is often seen much of profanity and vulgarity. But there is nothing in their nature that makes this essential. It is therefore possible to change these 'College Institutions,' so that they shall become not only harmless, but of positive benefit. Of such a change the 'Wooden Spoon' affords a good example. But the Burial of Euclid is in its name, nature, and consequences, sacrilegious. Its grand object and design is to afford fun and amusement. To accomplish this design, the solemnities of life and religion are caricatured! If this be not sacrilege, what is? It is evident, moreover, that if this object and this means of accomplishing it, are changed, it is no longer the Burial of Euclid. For the past five or six years, it is true, attempts have been made on account of the pressure of public opinion, to do away with the grosser profanities, which once characterized the Burial. No longer perhaps, is the hideous mockery of prayer, psalm-singing, and a funeral sermon, yearly enacted; still there remains the solemn song, the funeral oration, and the farewell at the burning pyre! In the classes of '59 and '60, the majority in favor of the Burial of Euclid, was small, and only obtained, we believe, by promises and pledges on the part of the managers, that everything vulgar and profane should be excluded from the exercises. Nevertheless these promises, at least in the first case, did not begin to be fulfilled. The last two Burials have by no means shown any sign of improvement. It is then, from the nature of the Burial of Euclid, founded as it is in sacrilege, as well as from the facts in the case, that we reaffirm its tendency to irreverence and profanity; that we deny the possibility of any one's attending the exercises, much less participating in them, without having the best feelings of his better nature deadened.

It is easy to show, furthermore, that where the foundation is laid in profanity, immoralities will thrive; for vulgarity, obscenity and profanity go hand in hand. The fact, also, that the audience are all masked, and the speakers are at the time, generally unknown to their hearers, is calculated to do away with the restraint that public opinion imposes, and thus, to give free scope to all that is low and base in man's nature. A man will do secretly, what he dares not do, when the eyes of his companions are on him. Under this state of things, the Burial of Euclid is, as its most earnest supporters wish and consider

it to be, a theatre for the exercise of all the species of immorality, to which students are addicted. While you can associate with classmates, the year round, and scarcely hear a single oath, one night's experience in the Temple, will show that among some, when restraint is thrown off, it is fearfully prevalent. Nowhere is so much drunkenness seen. The bottle is passed from mask to mask, with an openness, that shows that the worst passions have completely gained the mastery. No wonder, that, marching through the streets of New Haven in such a state, they should be considered rowdies and lawless disturbers of order, as they are. It may be said, that those to whom these remarks apply, constitute but a small part of the participants in the Burial. Whether this be so or not, it is certainly these persons, few though they be, that give character to the Burial of Euclid; and it is men of this stamp, whose influence predominates throughout. Attendance on such scenes cannot but be detrimental to the best interests of man's moral nature, and enervating to his character.

The question then is not, 'Ought the Burial of Euclid to be abolished?' but 'How can it be totally abolished?' It was natural to suppose, that if a class voted to do away with it, that, for one year at least, the nuisance would be abolished. The class of '62 did thus vote to do away with it, and by a heavy majority. This was certainly encouraging. They did themselves honor. The fact speaks well for the high tone of moral sentiment in the class. But this vote did not prevent the Burial of Euclid. The schemes moreover declared that it was the 'Burial of Euclid of the class of '62!' It is not surprising, however, that persons who could engage with delight, in exercises so disgustingly low, as those of the last Burial, should not hesitate to falsify. Yet we should have supposed, that even they would, at least, have left off the significant motto.

We trust, that henceforward college opinion will be pure enough to prevent any class again giving sanction to this disgrace of our college. Its supporters then, few in numbers, will find that the loss of popular support has taken from it the pomp and quasi magnificence, which, in some measure, have covered its defects. Its enchantment will be gone. It must, therefore, either die at once, or if it continues a few years longer, since no one who has any self-respect will attend, it will naturally grow worse and worse, till it sinks under the intolerable incubus of its own disrepute. Then, it can be said, that no longer does Yale College either sanction or permit, even in its recreations, what would cause an honest man to blush.

W. C. J.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

THANKSGIVING EVE.

The exercises at Linonia Hall on Thanksgiving Eve, were attended by a large, and on the whole, well pleased audience. The only real objectionable feature, was the delay between the performances: but as this was caused in a great measure by the impatience of the crowd to be admitted before the time appointed, and consequently before the preparations for the entertainment were entirely completed, an excuse for this delay will readily be granted. The performances compared very favorably with those of preceding occasions, and especially with that of the year previous. Comparisons are no doubt "odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop would say, but if we were to make any distinction, we should characterize the mathematical lecture by Mr. Brown, as the most complete and successful of them all. The acting in the Conjugal Lesson was exceedingly fine, while the "Prometheus" and "Spiritualism," in addition to their other merits, possesses that of being productions of local talent, the former being written by Mr. Boies, the latter by Mr. Champion, of the Senior Class. If the manager of the Panorama had only made some previous arrangement with his artist, it might have added liveliness to the affair. As it was, while the gentleman was lecturing on China, John Brown was being executed (by the artist) on the other side, not of the world, but of the canvass; and while he was drawing tears from the audience before him, by his descriptions of the sufferings of "Ossawatimie," his limner was "drawing" water behind him. The Negro Minstrels were good. The Torchlight Procession was well received, but as torches always do, they "went out" soon after they appeared. The audience departed at half-past eleven, apparently well satisfied. An attempt was made to get up a dance in the Brothers' Hall, after the exercises, but did not meet with much success.

BURIAL OF EUCLID.

The Burial of Euclid, by members of the Class of 1862, was feebly attended on Friday night, Nov. 18th, or perhaps we should say on the ensuing morning.

As a majority of a Class meeting, though not a majority of the Class, had somewhat egotistically, but still with considerable good sense, voted to "abolish" the Burial, the affair, conducted by individual members, who had nothing better to do, was exceedingly "slim," and as a natural consequence of the better portion of the Class having nothing to do with it, was more disgraceful and stupid than ever before. "Freshmen" was printed in green ink, and a number of old jokes retailed on a poor programme, and in poorer speeches—and the would be valiant Sophomores hooted out of the hall themselves had hired, by the somewhat less drunken and verdant Freshmen.

Verily it is a dastardly cock that won't "flight on its own dung-hill." So long as a degree of cunning was necessary to screen its performers from the punishment of the Faculty, and the espionage of such tutors as once disgraced Yale, (but do not now,) so long as a more or less brilliant plug muss with townies, gave spice to the interference of force committees, there was a degree of rude sport in the occasion; but the time seems to have fully arrived, when it shall be a bore, and not pay hearse and music expenses.

COLLEGE CHAPEL.

As we assembled in Chapel on Saturday morning, the 3d inst., for the purpose of worship, we found the pulpit and pillars hung in mourning; whether in imitation of No. 2's house, or to commemorate the execution of John Brown, we cannot definitely state, although we think the latter. It was soon removed, however, and prayers were concluded as usual. This was doubtless the work of some "very phunny" fellows, that exist in every College.

MISS DUTTON'S GATE.

This gate, which was stolen some time since and left in the College coal-yard, has been recovered by the rightful owner, after a long and diligent search. This is the *first* and *last* time that such an act shall be perpetrated!

MR. KILBOURN'S LECTURE.

No one who heard this lecture will ever forget it, and in order that all who shall hereafter listen to it, may know what Yale College thought of it, we shall give a brief summary of the circumstances which led to its delivery, and then offer a few remarks upon the lecture itself.

Mr. Kilbourn came to the Presidents of the respective Literary Societies, and desired and requested that they should present to their societies his desire to deliver a lecture before them. He produced recommendations from Hamilton, Union and Elmira Colleges, certifying his ability as a lecturer. These recommendations were from officers of high position in these colleges, and from men whom we thought good judges of an entertaining and instructive lecture. These recommendations having been read, the "Brothers and Linonian Societies" acceded to Mr. Kilbourn's request, invited him to lecture before them.

The Lecture, having been duly and extensively advertised, was delivered in the Linonian Hall, on Friday evening, Dec. 2d. There was a large audience present, and Mr. Kilbourn addressed them on the "Pre-eminent Influence of College-bred Men." The lecture consisted principally of facts, showing that the "majority of great men, in Science, Literature, and the Arts, Church and State, were all college-bred men," and from these facts he endeavored to prove the utility of a collegiate education. Now, was such a lecture calculated to instruct, amuse, or convince a college audience? This should be the object of every lecturer, and if he fails in all these, he should destroy his manuscript. Mr. Kilbourn's subject was an old and trite one, and its truths acknowledged by every collegiate student. Every student in this college, at least, knows that college-bred men have occupied, and always will occupy, the prominent positions in the country, and if we had not formed correct ideas in regard to the utility of a collegiate education, we should never have come to college; therefore Mr. Kilbourn had no necessity of convincing his audience upon this point. Whether his lecture was instructive, it is perhaps difficult to decide; however, we will say, that if Mr. Kilbourn would confine the delivery of his lecture to those communities which do not believe in the efficacy of college, then it would be both convincing and instructive. But in our college community, it failed in both these respects. It afforded us amusement. His graphic description of the American eagle, must have interested our sister Colleges. It surpassed any similar effort which we

ever heard, not even excepting Freshman Prize Debate. His allusion to the stars, lightning, sun and moon, were exceedingly playful, and we wonder that Hamilton and Union Colleges did not request a copy for publication. His puns were decidedly new and rich; such as the ship "Advance, being far in advance," and "Gen. Scott being in every sense of the word the *tallest* general in the world." It is needless to remark, that his lecture was warmly applauded from beginning to end, and at its close, college showed their opinion of Mr. Kilbourn's effort by a collection of \$3.00, fifty cents of which were in coppers; enough however to defray his expenses out of town.

For this imposition upon our college community, we censure the officers of those colleges which have given such complimentary recommendations to Mr. Kilbourn. They either never heard a good lecture, or recommended this for the want of something else to do. We will just remind them that the standard of literary taste at Yale College is considerably above their ideas.

OBITUARY.

The Wenona boat is gone. At the late fire at Brooks & Thatcher's boat house, she met an early and unfortunate demise. Her owners lament her loss, and have since held meetings for mutual consolation and sympathy. It was in vain that they expected to sell her to the "Freshmen" for double her original value. This boat had made, in her life, good time, but it is certain that in her dying moments she "went out of sight of the harbor" quicker than when she "rode the waters like a thing of life." Will the gentleman who wrote the "Wenona Boat Song," send in a Dirge appropriate for the occasion? We now select a verse of a "Dirge" in the K. M. I. Magazine, as the best thing we can find with which to close this obituary.

"Gone from the land
Of mishaps and mischances—
From this tear-beaten *strand*
Of sad romances!

Editor's Table.

ANOTHER college term draws toward its close, and, in the words of an unknown author, is about to be buried in the sepulchre of its fathers. We might, if necessary, pause and shed a tear of regret, but want of time prevents us. Examination approaches. For some it has its pleasures, for many its sorrows. To some it is the Pisgah of their hopes, for then they raise their stand; for many it is the Slough of Despond, for then they lower their stand. We recollect Freshman year how we crammed for examination. Sat up all night and drank *green tea* in order to keep ourselves awake, and studied to raise our stand. Went into examination the next day expecting to rush—made a dead flunk. Resolved

never to repeat the experiment of green tea bibations and nocturnal mental application. Sophomore year we crammed the "hard places" and "run our chance" on the rest. We usually drew a hard place we had omitted to cram. In Junior year we played the gay indifferent, and often found ourselves digressing from the ideas of the author. In Senior year we intend to draw largely on our general information.

Since our last issue, an explosion, not of gun-powder but of Hydrogen, occurred during one of the Chemical Lectures. With but a limited knowledge of Chemistry, it will be difficult for us to accurately describe the catastrophe; but throwing aside specific terms and scientific nomenclature, we shall endeavor to show that there was "the palpable evidence of the precipitation of a caustic alkali." Being chemically disposed, we shall consider and describe the explosion as a chemical reaction. For one member of the equation we shall take the handsome men of the Senior class, who, arrayed in their Sunday apparel, always occupy the front seats, for what reason we do not know,—Mr. Percival, like Peter, afar off, evidently smelling a rat, and last, though not least, the female portion of the audience, who by their presence lend additional interest to our lectures. For the other member of the equation we have our worthy Professor, inserting, with Shakspearian attitude, some sodium into a glass vessel filled with water, in order to generate hydrogen by the decomposition of the water. The reaction will be expressed by the sodium working vigorously, the vessel bursting, caustic alkali and glass circulating quite freely through the room, Mr. Percival still farther in the distance, ladies excessively frightened, holes burnt through the clothes of the handsome men on the front seat, and a general disappearance of the whole audience behind their respective seats. Was there ever a chemical reaction like that? In our mind it was one of the greatest triumphs of modern chemistry. What wonders the careful study of nature reveals! We always thought gun powder was the best explosive mixture, but it can't "hold a candle to hydrogen." What a deadly power hydrogen might be in the hand of the assassin. His victim cannot see it, nor feel it, nor smell it. His murderer stealthily approaches him with a bottle of hydrogen. He sees the bottle, as it were to him, filled with air. Oh, fatal mistake! What, oh wretched man, would you not now give for a knowledge of chemistry! The assassin strikes a match, it ignites, he uncorks the bottle, the hydrogen comes forth, he holds the bottle to the victim's head and applies the match to the deadly element; a report, mingled with a death shriek, is heard, and his victim lies dead before him; all because the hapless man omitted to study chemistry. Since that accident, we have been so frightened at our deficiency in chemistry, that we have hung our coat up in the laboratory, according to instructions, in order that our garment might gather any excrecence of chemical knowledge which might be meandering in the circumjacent atmosphere. It is needless to remark, that we intend to wear that coat into examination, and if any other member of the Senior class desires such an aid to knowledge, we will not lend it short of a heavy remuneration.

We haven't heard anything more from the 'News' man. However we do not flatter ourselves that he is not watching us with sanguinary eyes, and "treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath." Some day a clap of thunder will be heard in a clear sky, and our friend, opening his "flood of Billingsgate," will again

attempt to demolish this time-honored institution; but notwithstanding his deadly thrusts, she will come forth more glorious than ever, such is her power over her enemies.

To those who wrote for the Yale Lit. Medal, we say, with due pride and complacency, that we paid the successful competitor \$25.00 in gold. It was paid promptly, willingly, justly, and honorably. To those who did not write for the Medal, we would inadvertently remark, that "Medal man" treated the Editors to a supper. We truly "cast our bread upon the waters," and in ten days found it. We have not time to describe the festive occasion, or to dilate upon the delicacies and viands which allured us into the small hours of morning. We will not thus tantalize those who were not elected to the privileges of an Editor. To Mr. Dutton, the Board tender their thanks, and for unselfish reasons wish he had taken two medals instead of one. "See the point?"

Thanksgiving has come and gone, "just as it used to do." Everybody, we suppose, ate turkey to their heart's content. All the students went home except those who hadn't the money with which to go, those whose folks did not wish them at home, those who did not wish to be at home, those who had no home, and those who had neither home, money or inclination. The city looked sombre, and the college grounds desolate. The college-bell rested from its labors, and the oil of academic industry ceased to burn for a short season. Sermons on Harper's Ferry were the order of the day. Slavery was hammered as usual. John Brown and his wondrous works came forth in the "fullness of time," while some Ministers found more interesting topics for Thanksgiving sermons.

A meeting was held in the President's lecture room a few days ago, for the purpose of furthering the cause of temperance in our midst. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. Several songs were sung before the meeting was organized, the moral tone of which was directly opposed to the objects of the meeting, and evidently proving the necessity of a speedy temperance reform. However, the sentiment of all was in favor of temperance, and a motion being made that "we, the undersigned, abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors," was carried unanimously. From this motion a discussion arose as to what were intoxicating liquors. One Puritanic friend thought sweet cider came under the category of intoxicating liquors, but as he was a dyspeptic, the meeting excused his want of perception. Some skeptics on the subject wished to reserve their particular drink. Others wanted to thrust the vegetarian system upon college, and limit the diet of students to raw wheat and Bates' Tonic Beer. One radical philanthropist thought we ought not to drink anything except weak tea, or cold water filtered through charcoal. We do not wish the friends or the enemies of this college to think that because such a meeting was held, the college either has been or is now given up to intemperance. Such is not the case. We pride ourselves no less upon our principles, than upon our facilities for an education. We doubt if any institution of the same size in the country can boast of a larger majority who discountenance all intemperance. The meeting was called to reclaim the few, not the many. Not a word was said against the cause, but all expressed the greatest desire for its complete success.

We feel called upon to advise a few in our midst, who are disposed to childhood, to discontinue the crying of "charcoal" on rainy evenings. In the first

place, it is not witty. If it were so, then every charcoal vender is a wit. It is not gentlemanly, since it disturbs inhabitants of the city, and creates unnecessary noise. We think there is a tendency among some in our midst, to consider that they have a right to create a disturbance whenever and wherever they please. They should recollect that students have no more privileges as citizens than other residents, and that being a member of Yale College does not license a man to make a fool of himself, or overstep the bounds of propriety. We hope to see this tendency to rowdyism corrected, and all our fellow-students act like men.

We have heard nothing serious of late from our "Oberlin brudders." We hope the moral tendencies of the "Lit." are at present acceptable to the "Sen. col. Class." If not, then with unaffected sorrow and a due feeling of humility we cry out in agony of spirit, "Who yer shovin'?"

The college catalogues have been issued, and the usual number stolen from careless students who went to dinner with their fifteen catalogues lying on their table. They are gotten out in the Shakspearian style, "neat, but not gaudy." Printed on white paper, bound in buff. Printers ink, type and paper were called upon to assist in the issue, and they succeeded well. Catalogues can be procured at the college library for the privilege of carrying them away. "Limited number issued; send in your orders early."

We apologize for the mental heaviness of the present number of the "Lit." We could not get a witty man to write for us. We are not witty ourselves. Wit nascitur, non fit. Therefore we cannot manufacture any. If we should, nobody would laugh; and if there's anything which injures talent, it is non-appreciation. In fact we could hardly get anybody to write us an article, college not having yet recovered from the effects of Thanksgiving. One man sends us an "Ode to Turkey;" the sentiment is good, but the style a decided commingling of mental representations, and his distinction between the "Ego" and "Non-Ego" is very confused, although somewhat Hamiltonian. We think the "Lit." ought to have a more liberal number of contributors. We receive very few articles through the P. O. Do not be afraid, my college friend, to affix your thoughts to paper. But do for once show some patriotism, and send the "Lit." one of your effusions. If we do not insert, we will at least criticise it, and that perhaps would benefit you more than an insertion. Throw off that diffidence, and taking up your pen, write; and having written, send to us immediately.

The "class pictures" are no doubt being finished at that country-residence where the artist is not diverted by any eccentricity of genius which might come forth from the mighty throng of ye city. Just think of it! An artist leaving his home, friends, and all that he holds most dear, and secluding himself in a country residence; all for the class picture of the class of '60! Magnanimous and disinterested man! Who will repay thee for thy trouble, or what bard shall in the dim future of existence shout thy praises?

Will the picture committee call a class meeting and inform us how far into the country that residence extends? Just think of the homely men having their countenances beautified by the genial influence of ye country life! But really, if nature sees some of those "phizes," she will, "sighing through all her works

give signs of woe,"* for there are some men whose "glass pictures" are fit candidates for a comic monthly. This is not the fault of the artist, neither did the Camera lie. The homely men have the best likenesses, and the finest-looking have the poorest. He who has no brains appears like a giant in intellectual agonies, and the wise man has the expression of idiotic vacancy. It will be so PLEASANT to preserve these, and in after years notice the lineaments of each majestic "phiz." However, we don't object to each man looking as well as he can, but we do decidedly oppose any man stealing a Websterian expression, or endeavoring to imitate the "heavy sublime" with his nasal organ. Those who never had any whiskers, gave orders for a luxurious growth in their pictures, and those who had whiskers, ordered a more extravagant display. Some who had their pictures taken, looked as if they were going through the operation for the first time. Some looked frightened, others mad; some green, others blue; some proud, others humble; some neat, others gaudy; some old, others young; some well, others sickly; some smart, others lazy; and many were there, the description of which language is inadequate to accomplish. Well, we hope every man will receive his picture in due season, and remember, if his picture does not come up to his ideas of himself, that after years may improve his looks, and genius yet leave her impress upon his "noble brow."

For the benefit of our readers we have at a great expense procured sketches of objects of interest in Virginia, and more particularly in Charlestown. These were "taken by our own artist on the spot," and are considered by good judges as faithful and brilliant illustrations. We hope the illustrated newspapers of the country will not hereafter appropriate these costly designs to their use, or if they do, we hope to see them justly credited to us.



First we present a view of Gov. Wise's house. It differs from a great many houses, in having two chimneys. It is sufficiently large for domestic purposes, and no doubt, if set fire to, would burn. It has seven windows and a front door, which gracefully reclines upon its hinges during the Summer time, and in Winter it does the same.



Here is one of the Gov.'s eyes. What an eye that is! I wonder if he ever winks with it. This is the eye which has watched the interests of Virginia, and kept strict vigilance over Harper's Ferry, *since* the insurrection. This eye keeps sight of the Presidential canvass of 1860 and the chance for a nomination. Cyclops! go give the Gov. your hats, he has got the greatest eye.





Gov. Wise's shoes as worn by him since the insurrection. They are made of leather but are not mates. They are the last of an invoice from the *North*. These are the shoes that Douglass, Greeley and Smith would get kicked with, if they went to Virginia. They were worn by the Gov. during the execution.




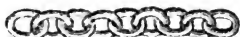
A view of Gov. Wise's hand signing the death warrant of John Brown. One cannot but perceive the resolute grasp of the pen, and the strong workings of the muscles. The ink used upon the occasion, is the blood of "Our Fore-Fathers."

* Not intended for a perfect quotation.

 The hat worn by John Brown at the time of the invasion. This hat is of modern style, and perhaps on this account increased the "Virginia Scare." John Brown bequeathed this hat to the U. S. Treasury.

 This is the pitcher and tumbler which John Brown used whenever he was thirsty. It generally contained water, except when it was empty, and then the jailer refilled it with water. These operations took place whenever there was any occasion for them. John Brown drank well-water, not rain-water, except immediately after his execution, when for the first time in his life he failed to be thirsty.


 John Brown's watch. He usually wore it when he had it about him, otherwise it was run down. This watch caused great excitement at Charlestown. The inhabitants thought it an infernal machine, and appointed three military companies to watch it closely. One of the sentinels, hearing the ticking, fired at it, but the watch escaped, being some ten rods out of the "line of fire."





Chains used by John Brown during his confinement; look like sections of the Atlantic Cable, but they are not. They originally belonged to Gov. Wise's front yard gate, and were presented to Virginia as a compensation for electing him Governor. Hereafter




they will be used to hold the Union together.

 View of the extensive preparations made to protect Virginia. This is a condensed representation of the military forces of the Federal Government. But it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. It took one thousand soldiers to manage and defend that cannon. That is a r-e-a-l cannon. I wouldn't like to try to rescue such a cannon as that. There's "The Star Spangled Banner." That is the same flag that John Brown saw after his execution, at least the star part of it. You may doubt whether such a large military force as this guarded Charlestown: but it did. While Virginia has that cannon, the North had better let her alone.

 The soldiers who defended Charlestown. Gov. Wise's body guard. My! don't he look savage? I wonder if that gun is loaded. "Say mister! is that gun loaded?" He is the sentinel that has walked around Charlestown once every minute, since the insurrection. He is the sentinel that shot the cow, mistaking her for a Virginian. I should'nt think Charlestown need be afraid with all this "milingtary."

 The cars which transported the above military force to Charlestown. It was in these cars that three hundred Virginians attempted to arrest a Northern traveller, but upon his showing an empty pistol with a cap on, they beat a hasty retreat. You don't meet with such brave men everywhere. These cars were built North.

 The students of Virginia University having gone to Charlestown to prevent a rescue, this is a view of the manner in which they defended that city, when they heard that Yale College were coming down to rescue "John Brown." It is said they were so frightened that they *walked* right home, and have not been heard from since.



Here we come to a mournful scene, one which will make Greeley weep, and cause large drops of water to issue from the optical organs of Phillips. This is the execution of John Brown. Look upon it my fellow countrymen, and if you can be so lost to sympathy, as again to desire the pitiful sight, look upon it a second time. We are all struck with the mournfulness of the occasion. Suspended between this mundane sphere and the upper regions, oscillates the body of John Brown. You are surprised, perhaps, at his apparel, but he was dressed in female garb at the time of execution, in order not to frighten the Virginians. Upon his head is the "cap of Liberty," which was bought by Greeley with the Bleeding Kansas Funds, and sent to Gov. Wise for this occasion and use. The rope used is made of South Carolina cotton, and sent by that state as its offering to the cause of Liberty. The gallows is made of Virginia Pine. It is decidedly primitive in its construction, but still it is a gallows. The sheriff holds in his hand the Tomahawk of Liberty, and, although engaged in the execution of his duty, his countenance is mournful in the extreme. He feels bad. The two men at the foot of the gallows we little expected to see present on this occasion, knowing as we do their feelings in regard to the justice of John Brown's execution. They are Gov. Wise and James Buchanan. Gov. Wise manifests that coolness which has characterized his whole course since the outbreak. In his mouth, elevated at an angle of 45° is a Connecticut seed-leaf cigar, purchased at the home manufactory of Peter Munoz, of this city. His hat sits carelessly upon the side of his head, and he evidently doesn't fear a rescue. We think the old gentleman's composure on this occasion is a fit subject for congratulation. James B., seems very much elated with the scene, and expresses himself in characteristic dialect, "Bedad ould boy, yer catchin it." Look at the statesman-like expression of his countenance; it will no doubt conciliate the North, and soon we expect to see the abolition element limping about the White House. In the foreground is a hat with which a collection was taken up at the close of the execution to defray expenses. Throw in your penny, Horace! Immediately under the scaffold, and excluded from view, are stationed the Virginia University students, evidently upholding the majesty of the law. The "military" of the occasion are not visible, but they are stationed within hailing distance. Even now you can see the flash of arms, and a "smell of cheese is heard." Since there is no fear of a rescue, and as John Brown, judging from his countenance, has given up all hopes of it, we draw a veil over the scene, and omit the usual dirge.

The execution is over; Virginia regains her former equanimity. Upon its completion, James B. made the following eloquent remarks.—!!!!!!!!!!!!!!—The following is a phonographic report of John Brown's dying speech—0000000

The appearance of Gov. Wise immediately after the execution. Now having fully illustrated the tragedy which has shaken this mighty nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and well-nigh caused the destruction of the Temple of Liberty, which our Forefathers built with their tears, and watered with their blood,—I cannot close without remarking upon the present condition of the "American Eagle," that



illustrious bird, born in the period of the Revolution, amid the struggles of American independence, and American industry; reared among a free and enlightened people, drinking from the perennial streams of human understanding, bearing aloft, as they do, the ensign of a Republic which, in brilliancy of conception and rapidity of completion surpasses all the republics which have flourished and fallen in the deep darkness of the dark ages, or which will ever perambulate the infinite fields of the unexplored and boundless future; a bird surpassing in its aerial flights, the widest scope of mortal imagination or human conjecture, and which basking in the eternal sunlight of human felicity, is yet destined to cleave the terrestrial firmament with the wings of the quivering lightning, and ascending into the interminable wastes of firmamental existence, shall soar and soar until the human eye shall fail to receive into its immediate perception, the least indefinable refraction of solar light from the essential constituents of this rare and remarkable undomesticated pilgrim of the American wilds. Since the execution of Brown, the eagle has been sick, troubled with its old complaint, want of room. She has plucked from her body her elegant and decorating plumage, and having wrapt herself up in the folds of the American Flag, she lieth down upon our western horizon, and like Rachel mourning for her children, refuses to be comforted,—a sad victim to Greeley's revenge.

New Haven "went Democratic" at the late election. We were apprised of the fact by being waked out of a sound sleep, by a company of Dutchmen serenading one of the successful candidates. The serenade consisted wholly of Dutch songs, and as we have never studied German, we enjoyed not only the music itself, but the sentiment also.

We give a verse of one of their songs, which in brilliancy of sentiment and patriotic spirit, we think has never been surpassed.

"Eke blinder wrichendender ack,
Belanger ung dider wasseen."

Not having any small *missiles* in our room the serenade went on undisturbed. At its close, the seranaders were treated to fresh bread, the party serenaded being a Baker.

The members of this college were very much interested in the New York Election. Some "staked their all" on Wood; others made Utopian bets on Opdyke, some became sanguinary in the defense of Havemeyer, some bet on the Tribune's views of the subject, and of course lost; others thought Raymond the most reli-

able judge and won. The Herald, we believe, nobody reads, except those who are not particular about "accuracy of statement."

It is very easy for a careful observer to tell who lost in the last election. The vacant stare and the still more vacant pocket, indicates the unfortunate better. The student who "bet on Opdyke's" leading the other two candidates, has left town, and he was last heard of in New York engaged with Greeley in getting up an indignation meeting. The student who "bet on Havemeyer's being elected," has been borrowing money ever since and boarding himself, while the more fortunate ones who "bet on Wood" have not been to a meal since, but have been hourly regaled with provisions at Eli's or at some less celebrated resort for the gastronomically disposed.

We feel in duty bound to give you a few remarks upon the weather. We have kept no record of the rainy days during the last week, but feel certain Winter is approaching. This year he is evidently coming a la Thomson,

"See, Winter comes. to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and clouds, and storms."

We here insert two sentiments proposed by Mr. Kilbourn at the close of his late lecture. They are evidently the productions of a versatile genius, and bear upon them the impress of a fertile imagination. This sentiment is one which he proposed for our Literary Societies. "The Brothers and Linoniah Societies of Yale College; two bright stars in the galaxy of intellectual and undying fame."

The following he proposed for the college. "Dear old Yale, the Alma Mater of us all; although placed in the midst of Elm trees and in this low spot, yet she stands so high on the Hill of Science as to be visible throughout this broad and enlightened land, in fact throughout the whole civilized and inhabitable globe, and *that too without glasses.*"

They were a capital hit for Mr. Kilbourn, and no doubt increased the contribution taken up for his benefit.

What a toast-master he would make for a 4th of July dinner, or a "Biennial Jubilee!"

In one of our divisions the following question was discussed, "Ought laws for the collection of debt, to be abolished?" One man in arguing upon the negative said, "that the opinion of great men was against such abolishment," and cited as authority, *Dea. Pond!* Good joke. The man who brought forward this argument, owe Pond only \$35.00! and from the tenor of his dispute, we think Pond will get his money at some distant period, in the dim future.

In a few weeks we shall be in the midst of our winter vacation, and we cannot close our editorial without wishing our readers the *ne plus ultra* vacation of their college-life. May there be no scarcity of young and merry damsels in the place where you sojourn. May the paternal mansion open to your soul a full fountain of terrestrial enjoyment. Having refreshed ourselves with a jolly vacation experience, may next term find us earnest, hard-working men. The editor now makes his bow,—reciprocate by paying your subscription.

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No. IV.

THE
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CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabant SOBLES, unanimique PATRES."

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

The English Language in Yale College.

WE are told that the English language not only contains already many of the most perfect productions of the human mind, but is capable of containing the most perfect; that, as a vehicle of human thought, it surpasses not only all living languages, but even those that were spoken and studied in the palmiest days of Athens and Rome; that it combines with the strength of the Saxon, the fluency of the Latin, and the terseness of the Greek; in short, that there is no thought, however intricate or sublime, which the human mind can grasp, no emotion, however subtle or overwhelming, which the human heart can feel, but what may find adequate expression in words and sentences of the English language. So we are told. As Americans, we are by no means inclined to disbelieve this testimony of high authority, to the worth of our mother tongue. It is no more proposed however, to attempt a proof of the statement, than to deny it. But, taking it as granted, we leap at once to the conclusion, that this, in addition to the fact that we speak the language, should incite us, as students, to perfection in its attainment. We shall content ourselves, in speaking on this theme, with an humble sphere; one, nevertheless, which is neither insignificant nor trivial,—its orthoëpy and orthography.

Let us first ask, '*Is there any necessity for a definite standard in pronouncing and spelling?*' Does not the barbarous phraseology of the backwoodsman and the forester sufficiently convey his ideas? Is not the end of language attained when thoughts are communicated from mind to mind? Is there, then, any necessity of that precision in writing and speaking, which demands that every word be pronounced and spelled according to an unvarying standard, when the idea intended, in a vast majority of cases, would be just as well understood without? No sensibly educated man can hesitate respecting an answer. In the first place, the inevitable tendency of a no-standard system would finally lead to so great a disparity, that the language would no longer remain a medium of thought; in the second place, supposing that persons could still understand each other, the difference of pronunciation would not fail to detract attention—a fact which would necessarily preclude success in oratory; and lastly, such looseness would prevent that discipline of mind in the acquiring and retaining of the language, which cannot but elevate every mental faculty we possess; a fact well illustrated in ancient Greece, where, whether it rose from a natural disposition or not, the refined sensitiveness which lead the people to hoot the orator that mispronounced the language, was accompanied by the highest refinement of taste, in every art. All this is axiomatic. There is a necessity that the standard should exist, and that we should abide by it. The fact that there is no particular standard, universally recognized wherever the English language is spoken, although it is to be regretted, presents no serious difficulty. There are standards; they agree in a vast majority of cases, and when there is difference, it is not difficult to remember and allow both authorities. The disagreement of lexicographers in a few rare instances, gives no one the liberty of disregarding all authority, and setting up one's own whims in its stead.

We do not fear that any will raise serious objections to the theory. In practice, however, among us the subject is considered of no importance. As students in College, we perhaps consider it below us to pay attention to it. We think it requires no patient study to know how to pronounce, or spell, or parse our own language. We have learnt so much Latin and Greek and Mathematics, that, even supposing we were not thorough masters of all English branches before we came to College, we expect to become so by intuition. In this way, we grow into our pronunciation, tolerably correct it may be, like great babies, by hearing others. The dictionary is not much used; and as to getting

an insight into the structure of English words, or into any rules upon which their pronunciation may depend, it is scarcely thought of, and then only to give it up as useless.

As a result of this loose system, there follows in the conversation of College, a hap-hazard pronunciation of all words of unusual occurrence. Mistakes are often made in the recitation room,—and not only by students—of which no notice is ever taken. And very often, probably, the instructor is as ignorant of the correct pronunciation as the student. A tutor, who has been himself through the same course, a few years previous, and whose attention is less likely to be called to this humble subject after graduation, than in his College course even, will probably care as little for English pronunciation as the student. The only case in our recollection, of an instructor's attempting to correct, was one where the word was rightly pronounced, and the correction made by the tutor was upheld by no competent authority whatever. We continually hear from our instructors such sounds as '*variegate*,' '*nomenclature*,' '*electrolysis*,' '*interesting*,' '*characterize*,' '*defects*;' obsolete pronunciations, as '*designate*' and '*corollary*;' the nouns rise and compromise, with *s* pronounced like *z*; and much else of the same sort.

In orthography, though not so apparent, the result is even worse. On account of the little attention paid it, it is possible that students may greatly violate the orthography of the English, and scarcely know it themselves. Nothing certainly is said of the matter; compositions are never corrected, in the first three years of the course. It is said, that a few years ago, one word misspelled threw a composition out of competition for the prizes offered. But now, certainly, this is not the case; furthermore, we know that a Junior Exhibition piece with over thirty violations of orthography in it, can be handed to the Professor of Rhetoric, accepted, and returned without comment. And this is not so very surprising, when tutors misspell in the official letters which they send to the student's parents. We have no doubt that a class of twenty-five can be picked in many a country district school, which, in a spelling-match, would speedily reduce any class in College to its own numbers, and then give the best of them a hard pull for supremacy.

The construction of words and sentences, where there is anything peculiar to the English, is also generally neglected by College students. It is supposed that the knowledge and discipline obtained by the study of the dead languages, will enable us to encounter successfully the difficulties of the living, changing language which we speak.

We once asked several members of the last Senior Class to parse the last word in a sentence like this : " the book is worth a dollar." Six different constructions were given ; some explained it by circumlocution ; some said ' price is put in the objective case', and one answered that ' is worth' is an active verb, of which ' dollar' was the object. Now in Latin, every common construction, even though difficult, is made familiar to the student. But here, there was great hesitation, and an evident disgust that the sentence did not easily bend to some rule in Andrews' Latin Grammar. In conversation, not only in College but in all society, the interchange of the cases of the pronouns seems perfectly optional and wholly free from grammatical law. *Me* for *I*, *who* for *whom*, are constantly and incorrectly used. If, for every noun, we had the six cases of the Latin, and treated them with this same carelessness, the vernacular would soon become useless as a medium of thought. Such being the state of things, it is very possible for a man to pass a satisfactory examination and enter Yale College, to pass with high honors over the curriculum of its studies, and finally to be pronounced, by men high in educational authority, a Bachelor and Master of Arts and Sciences, without knowing how to *pronounce*, *write*, or *construct* the words of his mother tongue more thoroughly than the average of boys when first beginning their classical education.

As a remedy, it cannot be seriously proposed that exercises in spelling and parsing should daily drill the College student, or even that much time should be devoted to examination on these points, at the time of admission. The Faculty of a College have a right to assume that all this is mastered long before coming to College. But the trouble is, the present system gives no means of testing the assumption. To effect this, every instructor should not only himself be thoroughly versed in all these points, but should be fully engaged in imparting his knowledge at every opportunity ; so that the student will find it as difficult to succeed without it, as to master Homer without the ability to decline a Greek noun, or to understand the Calculus without knowing the four ground rules of Arithmetic. And were our attention so directed, we would soon, from a sense of its utility, make the study of this subject habitual. In the Latin recitations, even of Junior year, we are drilled on the minutest points of pronunciation, according to a system, too, which is only accepted in England and America. But this drill is necessary, because it gives discipline, and affords the pleasure arising from, as it were, a natural love of system and order. A

corresponding drill in our own language would be as much more beneficial, as the English is more used than the Latin. The directors of every American University should see that this drill is obtained either before or during its course of study.

The higher theme of a thorough course of study in all branches of English literature well deserves immediate, thorough, practical attention. And here we would like to refer to a highly valuable article on this subject by Wolcott Calkins, of the class of 1856, entitled "A Course of Study in the English Language and Literature suitable for Colleges and High Schools," printed in the first number of the Undergraduate Quarterly. When such a course of study as is there recommended, is adopted, it will no longer be possible for a student to graduate from Yale College without a knowledge of, and interest in, the beauty and strength of his native tongue, and consequently in the humbler, but equally necessary principles, which teach him how to pronounce and write it correctly,—a thing which many graduates never learn.

W. C. J.

Cramming.

Time has wrought two changes in our American Colleges; it has made the course of study more difficult, and the method of study more slack. In the early days of this College, men came here to get knowledge; we come to get a degree. The zeal for information which made our grandfathers recite in the entries of South Middle, would be looked for in vain among the present generation of students.

The character of a nation, the philologists tell us, may be read from its language, and so in our College microcosm, the words we use tell the ideas we live under. Take the word *cramming*, and with the rest of its family, *rush*, *fizzle*, *flunk* and *pony*, it tells you at once the secret of College life. It tells you that, in College sentiment, how a man recites is everything; and how he studies and what he knows, nothing. We students have very clear eyes for the follies of the world; we read Carlyle with dauntless energy, and worship heroes and cry down shams; and yet, here we are, living and acting contentedly under a system which is the complication of the worst of shams. Look at our daily course of life. Instead of studying for improvement, we

study for recitation. The classics we prefer to cultivate through an English medium: our memory we strengthen by "skinning-papers;" and our examinations we pass by means of a stock of knowledge got in the day before, and to be got out the day after, as the Western banks once a year borrow a supply of specie for a few hours, to meet the visit of the Treasury Commissioners. But while all these habits of ours are bad, the worst—and indeed the foundation of them all—is our system of cramming.

If it were not for this, studying merely to make a good recitation, whether with or without ponies and skinning-papers, would be impossible; however well it might succeed through the term, it would fail at the day of reckoning at the end. But with its aid, the most superficial scholarship may come out best at the examination, as it often does in the recitation-room. Not that I would say that the practice of cramming is at all confined to poor scholars. I suppose there is not a man in College who would go into a Mathematical examination, at least, without special preparation of some kind. The better scholars will cram for an "appointment," and the poorer for "average." Besides its effect on the mind, again, and on one's habit of study, it is often of permanent injury to the health. In one of our last classes, I can think of two instances; one where the hair of the student, after a night of incessant cramming, turned gray, and another where, under like circumstances, a man was obliged to leave College with his eyesight ruined for life. And I suppose that every student can remember many similar cases.

Now, whose fault is this? Not that of the student, for every student crams, and what all do is a necessity, and not a fault. The blame lies with that system of instruction which necessitates it. No man can pass one of our Biennial examinations, as they are now conducted, without lowering his stand, unless he prepares himself expressly for it, or, in other words, crams. And about his stand, no student, whatever he may say, is indifferent. The men who talk loudest about their contempt of "stand," are the very ones to spend their nights cramming in secret. No man, after an eighteen months interval, can remember the demonstrations in Euclid, and the formulas in Algebra, well enough to have any assurance of doing well in an examination upon them. No man can remember, when Biennial comes, without cramming, the thousand and one dates he may have come across in two years' Latin and Greek, the situation of places, or who was everybody's (reputed) father. And in our Term examinations it is much the same thing.

We think it hard enough to have a lesson of twenty pages in review in mathematics, and how much harder is it to have a lesson of two hundred pages in review on examination. Even as preparation for these examinations, our system of reviewing is manifestly insufficient, while, as far as Biennials are concerned, it is practically useless. In mathematics, the examples, all that really fix the principles in the mind, are uniformly omitted, and in the languages hardly anything but the translation is or can be required in the limits of an hour.

Take the last set of Biennial papers. A year before, the Class had studied Greek history by the unique method of filling out a little synopsis as best they could; the synopsis running in this style:

"Clisthenes. Re-division, senate of 500 and its arrangements, heliæa, ostracism, strategi;" and the Classical dictionaries running each contrary to the other, and all contrary to the German work, from which the tutor drew his own information. Add to this that this history exercise was a very small part of the regular Greek lesson, and that only for a few weeks, and it is plain that the Class could not have finished the synopsis with any very clear idea of the nine hundred years of Greek history. And yet, in Biennial, the paper requested, among other things under the head of Greek history, an account of the "later changes in the Athenian constitutions made by Clisthenes." In such a case as this, special preparation, or a general flunk was, of course, inevitable. So in the paper on Sophomore mathematics, it was required to deduce certain Naperian logarithms from the expression:

$$\log. Z = \log. (Z-2) + 2 M \left(\frac{1}{z-1} + \frac{1}{3(z-1)^3} + \frac{1}{5(z-1)^5} + \&c. \right)$$

The significance of such formulas few men would or could remember without cramming. Such papers necessitate it, and indeed the whole system is virtually acknowledged by the Faculty. Many a Student, wearied out and sick with cramming the night before examination, has been told by one of his instructors that he had better prepare himself on this or that.

If, then, the system of cramming as here pursued follows inevitably from the mode of examination, the next question is, where is the remedy? Just here: Let all examinations be confined, as far as possible, to principles. These are all that we shall remember when we leave College, and all that we need to remember. Let all formulas be excluded, and all the regular demonstrations of every sort, leaving their place to be supplied with similar ones not in the text-book, though in-

volving the same principles. In the examinations on the languages, let few "dates" or "places" be called for—none which are not of the first importance; and in translation, let passages be taken, not from the work studied, but from some other work of the same author, or if that be not possible, of the same age.

And so in Philosophy and Rhetoric, ask merely for general principles without requiring precisely the expressions and illustrations employed in the text book.

If this were done, it would work a new era in College life. The inducements for cramming would be entirely removed, and in its place would come increased attention to the daily studies, and perhaps at the end of the term a review of the principles studied, than which nothing certainly could be more desirable. As things stand now with most, the object of each recitation, and in College ethics it is a legitimate one, is to cheat the tutors; under such a reform it would be cheating yourself.

The recent change in prayers, and the new gymnasium, show that our venerable corporation are getting at last fairly pulled into what our Sophomore friends would call the "march of civilization." Let us hope that they will go one step farther, and by thus putting an end to cramming, give the death blow to this worst of College shams.

S. E. B.

The Old Canoe.

In a quiet nook by the river's side,
'Neath a mantling cliff, where the ceaseless tide
Was forever sleeping, drifting by
With many a murmur, and many a sigh;
Where in Summer the lily and crocus grew,
Swung at its moorings my old canoe.

Idle and useless it long hath lain
Asleep, on the breast of the placid main;
The oars which so often the waves caressed,
Are folded, like wings of a bird at rest.
But still, in my dreams I long to woo
The laughing waves, in my old canoe.

How oft within it, at length reclined,
And wafted on by the whip'ring wind,
Have I leaned in reverie over its side,
Gazing far down in the crystal tide,
And watched the tiny fish at play,
At the sunset close of a summer day.

And oft, when the moon from her radiant height
Looked proudly out on the stars of night,
How many a joyous voice and song
And ringing laughter, has floated along
With the old canoe, o'er the rippling wave,
While distant mountains their echoes gave.

And oft, when the storm was gathering fast,
When threat'ning clouds o'er the sky were cast,
When the cold north wind, with its billowy train,
Was driving with fleet steeds over the main,
Then on through the waves, like a sea-bird, flew
The trusty prow of my old canoe.

But now, in the nook on the shady shore,
It rests from labor, its duty o'er.
Like as a warrior, weary and old,
Lays down his sword when his days are told.
Child from its mother such love ne'er knew,
As I e'er shall bear to that old canoe.

In sunshine and storm 'twas a friend to me,
Thrice sacred to mem'ry it e'er shall be.
I may wander far from that dear old spot,
From the river's brink, and the native cot,
But wherever in this wide world I go,
I'll love with strange sadness that old canoe.

G. L. C.

Why we should study Physiology in College.

There is hardly any subject of such vital importance to all men, and especially to the student, as Physiology. A knowledge of many of the sciences, though advantageous, is yet not necessary to a happy and useful life. We may be ignorant of Geology, Mineralogy, or Botany, and yet this ignorance may not interfere with our moral, intellectual,

or physical ability to discharge our various duties. Not so with Physiology. In whatever business or profession we engage, we must carry our bodies, and on the health of these bodies depends our ability to use our minds successfully. Physiology then, teaching us the laws of health, is of untold importance to every student; so that none, conscientiously, can like Gallio, "care for none of these things."

We know there is a prejudice against paying any attention to the subject of health. In the present state of society few ever read or speak on health, but those who are themselves suffering the consequences of its violated laws. The result of this is, that we very illogically associate a care of health, and perhaps a little knowledge on the subject, with poor health. The truth is, that these sick men, whose thoughts are running so much on their health, never allowed the subject to enter their minds, until disease had taken a firm hold of them. When the constitution is once greatly enfeebled, the little pains which these people take, is far from being sufficient to renovate it. The fact, then, that such men are unwell, only proves *that they ought to have studied and practiced physiological laws long before*, and thus avoided their unnecessary, and yet unfortunate situation.

We belong to a nation which is physically degenerated. This is its reputation among foreigners, and among physicians of intelligence and benevolence. Every variety of disease is rife among us, while he is fortunate, who is free from some irradicable hereditary complaint. No man drives such profitable business, as the patentee of some popular panacea. One of these venders of patent medicines, whose name is as widely known in this country at least, as that of Washington, expends sixty thousand dollars annually, in advertising his remedies. If he can afford to pay away sixty thousand dollars, simply in proclaiming the virtues of his medicines, what an income must he receive from their sale? And what a dreadful tale of American degeneracy in matters of health, does this deplorable fact prove. But this is one example only. It is one of a class, whose advertisements are displayed in the columns of every newspaper from Maine to California. "The retired physician whose sands of life have nearly run out," by the sale of a mixture of *liquorice, slippery elm decoction, and honey, for the cure of consumption*, accumulated a fortune in three years. Go into any drug store and the first thing you take up is a patent medicine. Take up any newspaper, almanac, city directory, or almost any periodical, and you see flaming accounts of some miraculous cure by

somebody's pills. The fact is becoming more and more generally realized, *that the American people are a nation of pill-takers and dose-swallowers.*

Now what does this flourishing existence of quack medicines prove? It proves that there is an incessant and excessive demand among Americans for medicine. Where there is a demand, there will be a supply. This patronizing of nostrums, shows of itself the universal prevalence of disease in the nation.

Nor are we students any exception to this characteristic of Americans. We may not all be in the *van* of this army of pill-takers, but it is too true, that the majority of us are either enrolled in some division already, or are at least in a fair way to be there soon. We are wrong in supposing that only uneducated men ever patronize these patent medicines; on the contrary, professional men not only use them but extend their circulation by newspaper puffs. What patent medicine cannot display testimonials from ministers, lawyers, and other professional men? The places of these men we shall soon occupy, and probably many of us will do likewise in taking and praising these nostrums. Few of us are now in *vigorous* health. Yet we are not at all alike unhealthy in kind, or in degree. Our deficient physical education has not been fraught with the same consequences in all. It has varied with the strength and peculiarities of each constitution. *Besides its prostrating influence upon the whole system*, it has resulted, in one, in the falling off of the hair; in another, it has hastened the decay of the already unsound teeth; in still another, in weakening of the lungs; while all degrees of dyspepsia run riot among us.

But perhaps the result of our defective physical training, *as far as yet developed*, is seen in the general weakening of all the bodily powers. We have an instance of this in the retarded growth of so many of us. Most of us are shorter, or thinner, or feebler than our fathers were at the same age, while our average height is below that of the generality of mankind. If we compare the height and development of our classes with those of any body of farmers, or other out-door laborers, we shall be surprised at the difference. Our vital energy has been so constantly expended in nourishing the brain, and much more in repairing the drains upon the constitution from our want of exercise, and want of sleep, and of fresh air, and from the presence of numerous bad habits, that we have none left with which to grow. Our constitutions have found it to be all, and in many cases more than they could do simply to hold their own, without having any energy

to spare wherewith to grow. Our stunted growth and development should thus be classed among the evidences of our physical degeneracy.

Now all this physical debility has been caused by a long continued violation of the fixed laws of health. We think any one is amply rewarded for the study of physiology, if he is only brought to a realizing sense of the great fact, that the normal condition of man is health; and that every departure from health proves of itself, a corresponding and previous departure from its inflexible laws.

We study the majestic laws which govern the revolutions of the planets around the sun. We are filled with wondering admiration at the regularity, uniformity and immutability, with which these planets obey the laws of gravitation. We see that they vary in magnitude, in density, in velocity, and in their distances from their common center, but we find none varying in their obedience to the great laws which control their every movement. Indeed, were they animated and reasoning beings, longing to burst away from the inexorable tyranny of their central master, we know, however strong in the inclination, they would be utterly deficient in the ability. So omnipotent are the laws of Astronomy.

In the same manner we find laws controlling all created existence. As far as human knowledge extends, we can discover no exception to the universality of laws.

Can we, then, for a moment believe that when all created matter is so nicely and beautifully regulated in conformity to fixed principles, that the human body, the master-piece of Divine mechanism, should be left to exist in accordance with no unchanging causes, but some ill-defined and mysterious chance? Can we suppose that when the Creator made man in his own image, as his last work in the creation, and the crowning glory of all; that he should make him alone without immutable principles to control his existence? How strange an exception! How inconsistent with his previous creations! It may seem foolish to illustrate so obvious a fact, yet obvious though it be, it is in reality doubted, or only partially believed by the majority of students.

In the beginning of this article we remarked on the prevalence of ill-health in college, at present. But it would be wrong to suppose that all the consequences of these violated laws would be manifest now. We have mentioned above a few of the physical results most apparent, but we must remember that there is a vast amount of seed

sowing at this very time, which will ripen and bring forth an abundant harvest, hereafter. Youth is the seed-time for soul, and mind, and body. We can no more spend our youth in undermining our constitutions, gradually and insensibly, though it may be, and yet anticipate a firm and vigorous old age, than we can debase our souls by dissipation throughout our early years, and sin away our day of grace, and yet expect an old age of purity and piety. "The debaucheries of youth," says Lord Bacon, "are so many conspiracies against old age;" and so these little violations of the laws of our being, each inconsiderable in itself, yet making up in number and frequency what they lack in individual strength, together conspire with an accumulated energy amply sufficient either to embitter with incurable bodily prostration, or to crush out of existence the last years of declining life. Those who are following such a course, are sowing the seeds from which sooner or later they will reap the harvest. The Scripture doctrine, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is true in a physiological sense, as well as in a mental and moral.

We have spoken of the prevalence of ill-health, and retarded, and puny, physical development among us, even though we are in that period of our lives which is naturally the healthiest. We have referred to the physiological truth, that the laws of life are just as inflexible, and as well determined as those governing matter, or mind; and that, therefore, poor health proves of itself, a violation of some one or more of these laws, either by the individual himself, or by his ancestors. Having seen, thus, the great need of health reform among students and literary men, the question is, how shall we induce such men whose business does not of itself necessitate it, to observe these conditions of life? We answer, the first step in this direction is the study of Physiology, inasmuch as we must always *know* a rule, before we *follow* it; must always *understand* a precept before we *apply* it. We know that every one on reading this, will say, "Why, students know enough about physiological laws, but they will not put their knowledge into practice." This we deny. The knowledge, which the majority of students have on Physiology, is very vague and indefinite, and obscured by an impenetrable cloud of theories and doubts. Doubts as to the utility or desirableness of any end, paralyze all exertion for the attainment of that end. No systematic and energetic conformity to physiological law will ever be made by those under the dominion of these enervating theories and doubts. We can find all kinds of theories in college in regard to health. One thinks an ablu-

tion of the *whole* body unnecessary during the *winter*, if he only performs it during the summer. Another believes, that want of sleep has no bad effect upon him. Still another, that he may diminish his exercise, if he diminishes the quantity of his food in the same proportion; so that he may leave off exercise entirely, if he will eat very little. We might mention many more, but these are sufficient for examples. Students have no belief in the reality of physiological laws. They think the rules admit of very many exceptions. Their knowledge is superficial, and like all such knowledge, it impresses its possessor with a belief in his knowing all that is worth knowing.

This, then, we think is the great reason for studying Physiology, that a thorough knowledge of it, is the first step towards practicing its precepts; and on the conformity to its precepts depend our health, happiness, and usefulness. We believe that this study will before many years assume its appropriate place among the most important of the college course. Poor health is becoming too general among literary men to be much longer regarded with indifference. Medicine has been found too inefficient, even to patch up that being in God's own image, so fearfully, and wonderfully made, to still continue worthy of our confidence. We are sorry the subject has not fallen into abler hands, yet we trust we have done some good, if we have only avowed our strong conviction of its immense importance.

D. J. O

The Deacon's Confession.

It is unnecessary for me to tell in what manner I heard this story. I give it as I heard it from the lips of the dying man :

" I am very weak, you must not expect me to talk fast, but I cannot die quietly till I have confessed my crime to you. Do not shrink from me with horror. Do not think the things I tell you the mad ravings of insanity. A man lying, as I do, on the verge of a mysterious and solemn eternity, has no desire to blacken his soul still more by inventing false stories. Improbable they may seem, but they are the solemn truth. Is any one in the room ? Well, listen then, and keep

these things locked in your heart. I have told them to no one before, but I must confess them before I die.

You know Lulu, my wife. I won her by a succession of terrible crimes. When I first saw her I was a clerk in her father's store, a large establishment in the city of N. Lulu had often stepped into the store to see her father, but always with a thick veil over her face. One morning she came while I was in the office, and then, for the first time, I saw her face. To say I fell in love, is tame. I adored her. I could have fallen at her feet and worshipped her almost, even then. But I will not pause to describe her, or my feelings. That day I made a solemn vow that I would win her for my wife. I, whom she did not know; whom, if she did, she would look down on as a menial; I would win her, if I lost my soul. There were two things to attend to. I must fit myself for her, so that she would feel it no degradation to love and marry me, and I must take care that no one should snatch the rich jewel from my grasp. To the first of these I bent all my powers. Night after night I studied and worked, so that when I became acquainted with her, it was as a wealthy and educated gentleman. I gradually rose from under-clerk to foreman, confidential-clerk, and partner. But during this time more serious business needed my attention. Lulu was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, but among them all was only one that I feared. Under a false name I obtained an introduction to him, and gradually insinuated myself into his friendship. Then I led him away from his usual virtuous life. I enticed him to drinking saloons and gambling hells, and worse places than these; and one night when he was deeply engaged in gambling, at my information the gamblers were arrested. Lulu heard of it and his influence was forever gone.

Her next lover was Mr. Harrison. With her other lover I had run great risk of being found out, and I dared not try the same plan again. In various ways I became acquainted with him, and he often gave me a sail in his own boat. One day we were sailing before a strong wind. We were the only ones in the boat, and I was at the helm. By a skillful maneuver I overturned the boat, and clung to the bottom. He was no swimmer, and quickly sunk. When I thought life was extinct I dove for the body and brought it up. I was rescued by a passing vessel in an hour or so, and taken back to the city with the body. As Harrison and I were good friends, the story I told was believed, and I was one of the chief mourners at the funeral.

The next suitors that I had cause to fear were two rivals, Hamilton,

and Butler. She seemed equally favorable to each, and for a long time I could think of no plan for removing them. At last I put in operation an exceedingly dangerous plot, but one which, if successful, would rid me of them both. I have not strength to go into details about it. I arranged everything, then had a note sent to Butler requiring his presence instantly at a distance. I bought a dirk-knife and had his name engraved on it. I met Hamilton the next evening, plunged the knife to his heart, left it there and ran. No one saw me, and when he was found, the name on the knife directed to Butler. He was arrested, tried, was unable to prove an alibi, was condemned and *hung*! The shock was great to Lulu, but she recovered after a while. She was not so gay as before, but that suited me as well. My passion for her had not abated. I had now risen to confidential clerk, and saw her often in her father's office, and at the house, where I often went on business, but as yet I had never spoken to her. My passion for her was a sort of monomania, or rather it crazed me wholly. I worshipped her, and anything that came between us was to be put out of the way. You ask me if I was not troubled by remorse. No, never till now. I adored Lulu, and never thought of any other deity. But I must continue. This pain warns me that I have not many moments more. For two years longer my idol was in no danger of being plucked from me by any one else. But then appeared the most formidable rival I had yet encountered. Mr. Maynard was a young man, of great talents, noble appearance, and christian virtues; in a word, just the man to engage the affections of Lulu, who was sobered down from her former gaiety. In spite of all my exertions I could oppose no obstacle. I could not gain access to him to corrupt him, and success in that way was by no means certain. I dared not try slander, I feared discovery. I dared not murder him openly, for it might break her heart. They were engaged, the day appointed, and it lacked but a week of her wedding day, when I thought of a plan. I had studied anatomy, and some reading in that connection suggested it to me. I procured a slender needle of tempered steel about three inches long, ran a thread through the eye, and with a mallet I was prepared. I gained access to his sleeping chamber after he had retired, placed the point of the needle at the inner corner of his eye, and struck the end with my hammer. The steel penetrated to his brain and he expired without a groan. I drew the needle out—it left no perceptible wound—and went home. The physician who examined his body gave it as his opinion that he died of disease of the heart, as he had been subject to it.

Lulu was prostrated at the news, and for a time I feared for her life; but she gradually recovered, even more beautiful than ever, from the pensive sadness of her face. She wore mourning, remained at home and saw little company. So long as the memory of Maynard remained, she was safe, and I devoted all my attention to myself. To shorten the story, I was at length admitted to partnership, lived in the house next to her's, was introduced to her, and saw her more or less every day. I joined the same church, though less fit than a demon fresh from torment, and played the hypocrite to success. When she recovered her spirits more, I was her constant attendant to church and all other places, and at last offered myself to her.

She accepted me, and we were married, and for fifty years we have lived happily together. Yes, *happily*! My heart is hard as a rock, and never has remorse troubled me. I have had high places in the church, and been honored by all, but they knew not whom they did honor to.

Now I am going to my long home, and I know that eternal punishment is near. Devils are waiting to carry me to torment, but I will not acknowledge it to others. Be sure you never reveal this that I have told you. Now "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," and then——call in the family, I cannot live long."

He kept his promise. No one ever suspected that he was not the exemplary Christian he appeared to be.

H. C.

A Glance at the Temperance Question.

To all the Students, and many of the friends of Yale, the existence of the new temperance organization among us is a matter of some interest. The fact that any such society was deemed necessary here at this time, startled us somewhat, for it would be difficult to find so large a number of young men collected together, who exhibit so few outward marks of dissipation as the Students of this college. We are told, however, that Yale is not alone in this matter; that most of the New England Colleges have such societies among their members, and indeed, as nearly as we could ascertain, this was one of the strong-

est reasons for organizing one here. What the prospects of this new birth are, or whether or no its parents expect it to survive the diseases incident to childhood we don't know, and really have no great curiosity to inquire.

With us, the principal result of this movement has been simply to lead to a few thoughts respecting the past and prospective utility of temperance societies, the necessity of legislation upon the subject, and the means which nature has herself placed in our hands for the proper gratification of stimulants.

Temperance societies, as permanent, living organizations, have always proved failures. We can just remember the days of the Washingtonians. They swept the whole country with a perfect flood of enthusiasm. There was scarcely a school district in the Union without its Washingtonian society. The number of reformed drunkards was beyond all computation. But, like all things earthly, the flood abated. The organization soon grew effete, and quickly died a quiet and noiseless death. It was destitute of any living principle. With the semblance of life, it had within it no living soul. It was soon followed by the Sons of Temperance, Sons and Daughters of Temperance, Knight Templars, and other societies of a similar nature, whose number is legion. All these societies had their day, but their course was short. There may still exist in the country some fragments of these once proud organizations, but the organizations themselves are dead, and exhibit no signs of any resurrection. The history of these societies may seem a mournful one, yet they have left behind them, especially the first, glorious memories. They did their work, and did it well. All honor to the old Washingtonian Society. It was the pioneer of a noble enterprise. All these societies have disseminated invaluable information. They have given facts and statistics to the people. They have shown the terribleness of the liquor traffic, and the fearful consequences which attend a life of intemperance. They have been teachers of public morality. In short, they have created a *public sentiment* against intemperance whose value is inestimable. Many young men, especially, have been warned in time. They have lived their life not in vain, but they died as they ought when their work was done. Their mission was the creation of a healthy public opinion. In everything else they attempted, they failed. The pledge they administered was soon broken, and the rumseller's den is still numbered among the things of the present. They have found it impossible to make any considerable part of the population believe in or observe a pledge of total abstinence.

Temperance societies are, at present, and will be in the future, superfluities. It is now disreputable to indulge in ardent spirits. The Students of this and every other College are fully acquainted with all the effects, physical, mental and moral, which follow hard upon the heels of the intemperate. No temperance organization formed here or elsewhere can throw any new light upon the subject. Its every phase has been presented to the public view. The bare mention of a temperance speech is sufficient to drive even those who claim nerves, into hysterics. Right and self-interest are the great motives of human action. When these are daily and hourly before a man's mind, and yet he chooses a course which will plainly lead him into snares and pitfalls, and probably end in total destruction of soul and body, candidly, we see little hope for that man. All the temperance societies in existence won't save him. Students, particularly, are well acquainted with the beginning and end of the career of the drunkard, and are aided by the cultivation of their mental powers in bridling their passions. If they fall when their capability of resistance is so great, and their knowledge so clear, their blood be upon their own heads. Little more can be done for them. The influence of association and example will, at best, be but ephemeral. While, therefore, we cheerfully admit the past services of temperance organizations, we consider that their day is past, and that any future similar ones will prove mostly, if not altogether useless.

Prohibitory enactments have shared the same fate of temperance associations. Public opinion would not approve them, or execute them after their enactment. Journals and magazines created for advocating the policy of prohibition have hopelessly failed. Prohibitory laws have either been repealed soon, or fallen into desuetude. Laws are nothing unless backed by public opinion. No such law as the Maine Law, for example, can, for any considerable length of time, be enforced. Men imagine they know what they want, how much of it, and how they should use it. That they are often mistaken makes little difference. Men think they are abundantly able to take care of themselves in such matters, and are apt to fancy, that when the law prescribes what they shall eat and drink, such law is a meddling usurpation. If prohibitory laws cannot be enforced in New England, they stand little chance of enforcement elsewhere.

Man's physical nature requires stimulants. Cold water theories and Graham-bread experiments don't suit him. They may be very nice to look at, but quite unpleasant in practice. The demand for stimulants

is as natural as that of hunger and of thirst, and though not so imperative, yet must and will be satisfied. No better evidence of this can be required than the fact that in every country, civilized as well as savage, stimulants of some nature have been universally employed. Their universal use is a sufficient proof of the naturalness of their demand. In this country, tea and coffee are articles of daily use in every family. Bayard Taylor is reported as saying that lager beer has done more good than all the temperance societies. If he had said the same thing respecting tea and coffee, we would have heartily agreed with him.

Climate, diet and hard work, have made Americans the most nervous and excitable of all people. They crave stimulants therefore, to an extraordinary extent, and this craving must and will be met by something. The question resolves itself into this: What shall this something be? Shall it be that which is highly intoxicating, poisonous to the system, which ruins a man's property and morals, and destroys his soul, or that which shall amply supply the desire of the body, without destroying health and injuring morals? Coffee and tea, useful in themselves, and by no means mere luxuries, have undoubtedly supplied the feverish brain and over-tasked body of the American, when he would otherwise have resorted to that which would have done him permanent and lasting injury. No doubt lager beer has done a great and good work in the same way, especially for the Germans. One hope for temperance in the future is found in the extensive and fast increasing cultivation of the grape in this country. The fact that the soil and climate of the United States are admirably adapted to the culture of the vine, is a fact full of significancy to the future morals of the country. The value of the wine annually produced in Ohio alone, exceeds half a million of dollars. Connecticut, this past year, has produced two hundred thousand gallons. This American wine, in no respect inferior to the wines of France and Germany, must undoubtedly lessen greatly the manufacture of distilled liquors. We cannot but regard the opening of this new field of enterprise as a harbinger of great good. Temperance societies have done all they could do for us, and their day is past. Maine Laws, from their very nature, cannot be enforced. All hail to the coming era of the vine.

x. w.

"Our Country."

A BILIOUS ESSAY.

There is, at present, a young and callow cadet eking out a saturnal existence in the Kentucky Military Institute, whither he arrived sometime since for the purpose of having his young ideas taught how to shoot, his juvenile hands to fire; and we are inclined to think, from several circumstances which we are about to mention, that the science of mental projectiles has received less attention from him than the art of gunnery. However this may be, he is evidently afflicted with that complaint which makes a man feel blue and look yellow, denominated the jaundice. We have not with us an accurate medical diagnosis of his present condition, but his strongest symptoms appear in an article bearing the title enclosed in quotations above, and published in a magazine, whose very cover is suggestive of carnage and bloodshed, being of the deepest carmine, and which owes its existence to the aforesaid institution of learning and shooting. Now, it has been said, and no doubt said truly, that the South can, if necessary, depend upon itself, not only for physical supplies, but also for intellectual culture. The latter point we think we shall prove.

The Esculapian Exodus, from Philadelphia, attempted to establish this assertion; their premises were fine, but unfortunately they vacated them too soon in terminating their medical Hegira by a speedy return to their senses and college. But let us listen, for a moment, to the incipient warrior of the Kentucky Military Institute, or to employ their own euphonious and elegant abbreviation, the K. M. I.:

"Our Country: Let us behold her as she is. Let us look at ourselves as others see us. And if it is necessary, let us make a mirror of the heavens, that we may behold our own workings."

At last, it seems, has the wish of Burns been granted, and "some power" has at length consented the "gifle to gie us," so that we may now enjoy the privilege of beholding ourselves in the light by which we are seen by others. Not a very enviable position for some of us we imagine, and, in many cases, a right upon which we should not strenuously insist. But who is the power who has agreed, for the nonce, at least, to be so obliging? It is our desponding cadet of the K. M. I. How is he going to perform this rather delicate operation of enabling us, so to speak, to morally turn ourselves inside out? By making a looking-glass of the heavens. We do not wish to be hypercritical, but we gravely question the propriety

of, and submit if it is not impertinent, in a little sphere like this earth, to think of thus casting reflections upon the heavens. "Money," we are aware, "makes the mare go," and consequently *quicksilver* is a most proper incentive to motion, but the application of it to the heavens, as our young friend proposes, which is a strange suggestion from one so little mercurial in his disposition, will not necessarily "take the shine out" of everything else that may happen to think that it can beat even the horses of Phæbus. However, we will not dwell long on this point, as we consider the whole thing impracticable. We fear this looking-glass operation will be found to be a *chi-mirror*. We do not wish our readers to suppose that the complaint under which our friend is now laboring is a chronic one; we are not disposed to assert this, for even if so, it is of an intermittent nature. He is at one time hopeful, at another, desponding; now exceedingly sanguine, and now excessively sanguinary; at one time he *limbers* his feelings, as he would his cannon; at another, a reaction takes place, and, like his unlimbered cannon, he is "down in the mouth;" now he is so jubilant that, like his rifle, he seems half-cocked, and again like his rifle he shows us a terrible bullet-in—a bulletin of disasters, sorrow and woe, of whose approach he has just heard, and which he foresees are about to destroy "our country." We have thus endeavored to trace the effect of a military education upon the minds of young men. Our lugubrious soldier, after the introduction quoted, proceeds to compare "our country" to several things which have heretofore never been suspected of having any remarkable resemblance to our native land. His forte seems to lie in the employment of astronomical metaphors, and planetary similes. He says:

"The nations of the earth remind us of the stars and planetary systems."

Afterwards, they are found, by this analogical Herschel in embryo, to resemble suns, stars, planets, comets, meteors, shooting stars, and fixed stars; and in fact, however obscure may be his meaning, he has certainly thrown enough starlight upon it, to render it clear to all those who have been so fortunate as to have a single beam in their eye. The fixed star we don't object to, for, according to our friend's subsequent jeremiades, this nation, at least, is in a most decided "fix."

Our masculine Cassandra of the K. M. I. further finds an affinity between "our country" and a sun so bright that the 'god of day' can't hold a candle to it; thinks that "our country" is own cousin to an electrical machine, "from which the oppressed in every land receive

the spark of liberty," while at the same time it is doing duty as "the Star of Bethlehem," for these same unfortunate "oppressed,"—(we hardly think he refers here to the North Star,) and such seems to be the versatility of genius and flexibility of body in "our country," that its ability to adopt any sort of shape is quite enough to fill Proteus with envy, and the Ravels with despair.

Upon this, our martial acquaintance becomes absolutely jocose; not hilariously witty, but intensely ironical. Hear him :

"And above all, throughout the length and breadth of her ['our country's'] dominions, every one can worship God according to the dictates of conscience, without fear of the bastinado or imprisonment."

On the whole he is not so funny as we thought. He is correct in one sense. For, let Dr. Cheever or any other abolitionist appear at the Kentucky Military Institute, and they no doubt could "worship God according to the dictates of conscience, without fear of the *bastinado or imprisonment*," for they would be immediately lynched at the most convenient tree; whether they would prefer the bastinadoing to the lynching, would be an entirely different question. Now however, the bilious symptoms seem to increase in our invalid militant. Thus he proceeds in his threnetic oration. "Our country's destiny, I fear, is suspended by a thread." We think he has some reason to fear, until those in whose hands our country's destiny now seems to lie, are suspended by something stronger than thread. When that is effected our "mournful Cassandra" in blue breeches and epaulettes, will no longer see blood upon the threshold, and cry, "Civil war is at our doors! Spain insults us with impunity! Mexico murders our citizens without punishment!" O, our poor, old country! See her in the weakness of her senility! How the asses are kicking the defunct lion! Now our lachrymose cadet waxes belligerent. England has to take it. We earnestly advise every Englishman, who is hoping that for him to enjoy there yet remains many a succulent joint of roast beef, and many a ravishing slice of plum-pudding, to keep away from the Kentucky Military Institute, else all his gastronomical performances on the above edibles may be suddenly terminated by a dissection of his esophagus at the hands of our bloody-minded friend. Let him speak for himself.

"England, like the cowardly dog which has found the noble deer tangled in the woods, lays himself down so as to quietly watch it tear itself with the cruel thorns which beset it, so that, torn and severed, it may bear it away piece-meal in triumph. Oh, contemptible and damnable nation! you who can read your

glory in the downfall of others! who can read your riches in the poverty of others! but, thank God, have had to bow thy proud head suppliantly to us twice in our infancy! I hate you with a holy hatred. It would be my delight to write your ignominious history in your life's blood."

We think that our readers will agree with us in saying, that if England never felt ashamed of herself before, she must now have a proper sense of her meanness and insignificance, and deprecate the day when fate shall appoint this aspiring and truculent Herodotus of the K. M. I., as her historian. We cannot but admire the graphic picture which he draws of the John Bull-dog, lying down and watching this country, lacerated by thorns, and from the uneasiness which the nation exhibits under the present Administration, we conclude that they must be Buck-thorns; hence, he compares us to the "noble deer"—and we can console our friend only by saying, that as this nation rose up against England twice, as he suggests, in its infancy, we are only reaping now the reward, for "every rose must have its thorn." But still more gloomy grow the prospects of "our country."

"I fear the days of my country's destruction will only be preceded by war and bloodshed." That, we believe, is generally the case. "Then will the despots of Europe, who have trembled on their ignominious thrones since the Declaration of Independence, rejoice."

"Uneasy is the head that wears a crown."

This sentiment must certainly be true, for here we see, that these poor despots have been shaking with a moral fever-and-ague for the last eighty-four years; and it would not be strange, if, in that time, and with such a disease, their heads did shake somewhat. It will also be a matter of general interest to our readers to know, that the despots of Europe are octogenarians. But our friend anticipates a jolly time for them yet. But still more doleful is the picture of woe drawn by our hypochondriacal warrior.

"When the government demands the bodies of the instigators of the late Harper's Ferry insurrection, and they are not delivered up, I fear the consequence. It will then be left to a few States to say whether the "irrepressible conflict" will commence or not. I see hemmed in by a single barrier, insurrections, incendiaries, murders, and everything which is horrible in the extreme; and if it must come, we should prepare ourselves for the consequence. What may have been prophecy a month ago may be stern history a month hence. I fear the time is not far off when the proud Southerner will see his wife, or sister, or even mother, dishonored before his very eyes. I shudder at the very thought, and my blood curdles in my veins. Yet my prayer is, that it may be hindered in its course; that some youthful David may slay the monster in his tracks."

The condition of our young friend is truly alarming; in his excitement he has forgotten the laws of chivalry, as we understand them. We have always been taught that it is cowardly to attack a flying foe, and that even if he is a monster, he has a right to immunity if he only yields; but our Kentucky cadet seems to have lost a nice sense of honor, and wants some one to destroy the demon, even when he is "making tracks." If it will quiet the young gentleman, we will inform him that a David, although not possessing any claim to juvenility, has been found to slay this Goliath. Mr. Extra Billy Smith proves to be the man. Unlike David, however, in the celebrated contest referred to, he has discarded the "sling" as a weapon, and employs egg-nog. But this is a mere question of taste.

And now that we have got the monster comfortably disposed of, let us return to the further mournful lucubrations of the gentleman of the barracks.

"We have been told that each crisis has its heroes; that there is always a man for the times; but now, alas! we look for him until our eyes grow dim, and he does not appear; and in the anguish of the moment, we exclaim, 'would to God there was some Washington, or Clay, or Webster, to lead our country back to the path of duty as a father leadeth his child.'"

It seems, then, there is at last a crisis for which there is no helper. But he must remember that the exception proves the rule. But why should he ask for some one to lead us back to our duty, when we as a nation are old enough to be out of our "leading strings." "We look for him till our eyes grow dim and he does not appear." This is rather ungentlemanly on the part of the "man for the times." Does he wish to afflict us with ophthalmia? Will he make us look for him till our eyes overflow with water, and a cataract pours over them? We protest against the obstinacy of the hero who refuses to show himself.

Next we notice our friend in the K. M. I. is of an enquiring turn of mind, and again introduces his astronomical rhetoric. He is very anxious to know if "our Constitution and the labors of our forefathers is a shining phantom, a comet with a parabolic orbit," which is about to take French leave of this mundane body, and go off on a cruise in search of some "brighter sphere." We are sorry that we can't satisfy the young gentleman's curiosity. All we can say is, that judging from the desire of the South at the present, for home products, the labors of the *present generation* need to take no more trips to the South, for the benefit of the health or the Constitution. They may

be obliged, therefore, to seek some "brighter sphere." There remains no other course than to present the alternative of our rapidly-sinking invalid.

"Rather than see this day arrive—this day of our nation's calamity—I would rather see this country *again* submerged beneath an ocean, that its wailings might mourn forever the departure of virtue; that the tall icebergs, with their snowy mantles, might again float above this land, as if they were sentries guarding the spot where a free and noble people once worshipped at the shrine of liberty."

It is a matter of historical interest to know precisely when this young man saw the country submerged in the frightful manner which he describes. We suppose that if it should thus sink, the climate would be colder, and the ice-bergs might sail around with perfect impunity. We think, however, they would make very poor sentries, for they certainly can't "stand fire." But then we believe that even in such an aqueous disaster, most of us would get on "swimmingly." The country on the whole wouldn't lose much. Its floating debt would compensate for its sinking fund.

But our friend is now going into the last stages of biliousness, and in despair he cries out, "Being as I am, the humblest of all her sons, would to God I could speak out with words so eloquent, that I could make my countrymen return to the harbor of conservatism." We presume that his countrymen will take the will for the deed; in the meantime what he lacks in eloquence is made up in modesty.

We come now to the saddest scene that it has ever been our lot to behold. It is the parting between this young patriot and several of his friends. Reader! "if you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now."

"But my country, if you will give heed to neither thy reverend father, nor to thy noblest son, [Webster,] in the bitterness of my soul I would say: Farewell society! farewell virtue! farewell liberty! farewell country!"

Why did not our dear friend pause before he depicted this sad leave-taking, and remember the words of the old song.

"Farewell, farewell, 'tis a mournful sound,
And always brings a sigh,
But give to me that better word
That comes from the heart,—Good Bye."

How much more cheerful would have been the parting, if subduing his strong emotions he had addressed them thus: "Well, my dear Society, you are going, are you? I feel very badly about it, but good-

bye, success be with you." "Well, Virtue, you and I never had much to do with each other, but let by-gones be by-gones. Good-bye! I wish you a pleasant time." "Ha! my friend Liberty, give us your flipper, old fellow! Don't forget to let me hear from you, from time to time. Good-bye." "And now my precious Country, we must part. It can't be helped; but then you'll come and see me once in a while. I shall never forget you. Good bye! Good bye!"

Now we submit if that wouldn't be a more sensible way of taking leave of them, and would prevent the harrowing up of feelings which must necessarily attend such a mournful parting.

If our friend had only left "our country" (not literally,) at this point, we should have been much better pleased; but not content with drowning it, he must needs go and bury it, and worst of all, write an epitaph. And this is it:

"Born from the womb of religious liberty; in your childhood you wounded the *God of despotism*! In your youth virtue, industry and greatness were your offspring; you *was murdered* ere the star of your glory had reached its zenith, by the hand of *political and religious fanatics*! and was buried in the grave of infamy, with the Angel of Liberty by your side, bright and lovely as the blushing bride, pure as the first rose of Spring."

It must be very pleasant for our country to have such an agreeable mortuary companion as the "Angel of Liberty," but we question the right and propriety of burying an angel, who is as "pure as the first rose of Spring," in the "grave of infamy." But "*Chacun à son gout*." Has not the South a literature?

E. G. H.

While I was a Freshman.

Who ever forgets the experiences of Freshman year? The man who does, is unworthy of collegiate honors. I believe that one cannot be a man, or ever come to be much anyhow, unless he has been a Freshman in an American college. Without the discipline of that year, he is almost sure to be an egotist, or a squirt. But there are a very few exceptions. I number such among my friends, yet I cannot but think that they are utterly ignorant of the best part of College

life, and that a certain something needs to be infused into them, which every Freshman knows and feels. Somehow a Freshman experience is easier thought of than written out. Very often it would hardly do to tell the whole story for fear of ridicule. One always hates to confess that he has been taken in. If he has been drunk, he loses character when it is known; if he gets "smoked out" it ain't pleasant to have others know it; if he gets "conditioned," he feels cheap; in short, there are a thousand reasons why the peculiar incidents of Freshman year are rather too personal to mention. But I am an honest, sober fellow. I didn't get "tight" but once Freshman year, and that was only caused by a fellow's betting with me, who could drink the most Lager; it was not from any deep moral depravity, I can assure you; my worst offenses in the moral line were "skiinning," and sleeping in chapel. In Freshman year, I sat on a back seat in the recitation room. I saw all the fellows before me, with their books lying wide open at their feet, and supposing that it was something in accordance with the regular rules, I opened mine and held it right up before me for greater ease in reading. The fellows all laughed, but I was so intent upon my book, that I didn't know what they were laughing at. At the close of the recitation, I was told by the tutor to remain. He began to talk to me in a roundabout way, of the necessity of cultivating moral habits; and finally, seeing I didn't take the hint, told me abruptly that I had committed a grave offense against the laws of College. He said that my case would be reported to the Faculty, and probably it would be necessary to inform my father of my conduct. He then gave me a copy of the College laws, adding that it was necessary that I should be familiar with them.

I went to my room. On my way, however, I met a Sophomore friend, who inquired how I was getting along, and when he saw the copy of the College laws, said with a smile, "I rushed 'em dead on my examination." That was enough for me. I spent all my leisure time for the next fortnight, cramming them up for Examination. My sleeping in the Chapel was simple enough. I saw the Seniors nearly all asleep and thought there could be no harm in sleeping myself, just as I always had done at the village church. I didn't sleep long, and when I opened my eyes and looked up to the gallery, I noticed the lame professor looking at me with a broad grin. The next day, I was told by the same professor, that he was very sorry to find me sleeping in church, and that it would be necessary to give me a warning, if such conduct was repeated. It is enough to say here, that I never

“skinned,” or slept in chapel again. But I am getting ahead of my story.

My soberness of mind and matter-of-fact character will of course imply the truth of what I write. But I was very “green” when I came to Yale, and to tell the truth, my chum was not a whit the better off. He always seemed to “forecast his years,” and was as sure, as steady, and as regular as an eight-day-clock. He had never shaven, and the light tender down upon his face was singularly expressive of his honesty of soul. We both had no mean notions of Yale College. Indeed, we had often debated the abilities of its professors, and had got the belief somehow, that they all had marvellously big heads. Our opinion of the College buildings was also very exalted. We supposed they must almost surpass in beauty of architecture, even the Academic retreat, the Lyceum, of Platonic Greece. We had neither of us ever been in New Haven, before we came with carpet bag and umbrella, to enter College. Inquiring at the depot, we were told the way to the Colleges, and with humble yet confident step, went towards the buildings which had taken such strong hold of our imaginations. Reaching the Green we turned into Temple street, and made our way to Dr. Dutton’s church, supposing it was one of the College halls. We found the doors fastened, and were somewhat piqued at not getting in. Seeing a man near by, we asked him if these were not the College buildings. He looked at us as if we had insulted him, and said not a word. We were at a loss what to do. We had already seen a long line of brick buildings ahead of us, and were wondering what they could be. On nearer approach, we found that they were nothing less than the Yale which for many months had been in our thoughts. The students were out under the elms, some lying about on the grass, others sitting at their base, industriously smoking. Several came forward when they saw us, and politely offered any assistance in their power. One was unusually gentlemanly in his conduct. He seemed to feel our situation, as strangers, and learning that we wished to pass an examination right off, showed us the way to the Alumni Hall. I need not tell how we fared there, but it is enough to know that we got through after a fashion. Our friend promised to meet us when the examination was over, and show us the Halls of the literary Societies. He seemed to be perfectly posted, and I noticed he was singularly fond of comparing the merits of the two Societies. He said they were each deadly hostile to each, and individual members would sometimes fight duels with each other, if they thought

they could escape expulsion. This was all new to me, but it made me feel that things of great note were done in them. I even wished to join one of them myself. He told us, too, how useful they were as a means of improvement; how the DeForest prize medal was almost sure to fall to "Linonia," and that I might perhaps get it in my class. (Here he said some things to me so full of praise, that I shall seem vain-glorious to repeat them. He seemed to know all about us, our position at school, and our special abilities. We were both surprised at such knowledge; but since then, a better understanding of things has cleared up the mystery.) We visited the Societies' Halls, and concluded we would both join "Linonia." This we did in the evening. As we stood up to receive the pledge, such a burst of applause greeted us that for my part I trembled down to my very boots, my face was flushed and I felt that I had met with one of the greatest of College honors. Very many came to us and shook hands over the matter. Indeed, we seemed to be surrounded with honors and friends. That night we put up at the New Haven House, at the Society's expense, I suppose, for when we was going to pay our bills the next morning, we were told that they had been already paid. Since that evening however, I have never had a chance to speak to any of the young men who were then so kind to us.

The next day, with much ado, we fixed upon a room in South Middle. We chose one in the upper story, because we thought there would not be so much danger of being smoked out. The room itself would have answered to the description of an apartment in a feudal castle. It was singularly antique. The beam running across the ceiling overhead was carved with curious carvings; the window-frames were notched, and inscribed with the names, ages, and homes of the former occupants; the doors were singularly strong and massive; and the plastering and the floor resembled in form the gentle undulations of the sea. The next question was how to furnish it. Chum and I differed. I wished a carpet; he didn't. We finally concluded to split the difference and get a carpet big enough to cover only half the room. We also bought a centre table, two chairs, and an old fluid lamp; the furniture was all second-hand, but had been nicely varnished and looked as good as new; we found out, however, that we had got cheated in our chairs, to say the least; for leaning back in mine, I broke off the back where it had been glued together after a previous break, and the rounds soon came out of the legs of my chum's. We "cursed" the furniture man (not blowing him up as

we should have done,) and went in quest of chairs again; but this time we didn't go to a second-hand store, and we didn't fail to get stout ones. For other furniture we ranged our trunks along the sides of the room, and (before our chairs broke,) bought a second-hand bed, which, however, was a rather unfortunate investment, for we soon found out it was the dwelling of living beings. We also bought a coal stove, —the first we had ever seen. Our efforts to build fires for a while were certainly amusing. We let the fire go out every night for fear of breathing the gas and it was a long time before we really knew how to burn hard coal.

We took our meals at a Freshman club. I have no desire to say anything against the lady who kept the club, but I never had such living before. Molasses and flap-jacks for breakfast, salt fish and soggy potatoes with the least possible bit of pie for dinner, hot biscuits and butter which had seen better days and was bought cheap for cash, for supper; these made up our diet day after day through the first term. The effect upon myself was an almost incurable dyspepsia, but a worse effect was visible in my moral character. It was customary to ask a blessing at the table. It was the duty of each one, as his turn came round. Now many of the boys were not what are technically called "pious," though they were all well enough disposed. At the same time, the grab law was in full force. The result was, that very often, while one was asking the blessing, the others were quietly disposing of the best things on the table. Our steward scolded in a mild way, but the fellows interpreted it in a quite different manner, as if he had said, "Go in, boys, and get all you can." On returning home, in vacation, every one was surprised at my rapid eating and selfish manners, and I was quietly advised to change my eating quarters. But a *poor* fellow has to live cheap. Now, I was a charity student, and desperately hard up at that. I made up my mind to board myself. I was the more urged to this by the example of certain indigent Sophomores, whose exclusive article of diet was bread-and-milk. If they could live on such things, I knew I could. So I lived on bread-and-milk nearly six weeks, until my face grew as peaked as a crow's beak. I then changed to bread-and-molasses; but it made me so bilious, that it had soon to be left off. I then tried beef-steak; but my steak was so tough, that I was kept constantly hungry, from the exercise got by chewing it. In short, such living wouldn't do. What under heavens to do next, I didn't know. But I was taught at least one lesson, which I beseech every Freshman, with tears in my eyes, to learn forthwith, nay, learn

from my experience; that is, *never attempt to board yourself*. If you want to feel lonely, mean, sick, poor, out of sorts with yourself and at sword's point with every body else, go and board yourself; live as I did, on the very cheapest food you can buy, and sneak around the city seeing where you can buy salt fish the cheapest; run around the streets, dickering with milk-men, and hail every baker's cart you can meet with for gingerbread; then, reckon up how much your expenses are, and compare your miserable, contemptible way of life, with a decent, honest, and wholesome way of living; in short, count the cost, and see if you are not the loser. Just remember, too, how I had to support all the rats in old South Middle. They used to come trooping into our room, even before we went to bed, and grew so tame, in fact, that they used to actually jump upon my chum's shoulders, and lick their chops by candle-light. It was wonderful how domestic they were. Now, I am a tender-hearted fellow, (though you wouldn't think it from my savage attempts to grow a mustache,) and the thought that those rats nightly came to our room from hungry motives, excited all my compassion. In spite of their domestic traits, however, hunger made them desperate. One night, not finding enough food on my shelf, they stole into our bed and wakened us by their attempts to draw blood. Chum started, frightened almost out of his wits. He had been dreaming terrible things, and it now seemed to him, half conscious as he was, that he had fallen in with the very devil. He jumped out of bed, trembling in every limb, and ran around the room in a wild frenzy, alternately swearing and crying from pain. I seized a pillow and went at the rats. They fled at once, and we took care to stop any further annoyance from them, by filling up every chink in the walls, at which they used to come in. It is enough to say, that we were never troubled with rats after that. Chum was both surprised and penitent when I told him the next morning how he swore at the rats in the night. We were not quite so bad off, however, as another Freshman who roomed near us. He also boarded himself, and even went so far as to lock up his provisions in a trunk. At this the rats grew angry, and in revenge, one night ate up the biggest part of his breeches. They were the only pair the fellow had.

My habits of study were quite as peculiar as any of my Freshman expenses. I used to sit with my body bent over my lexicon, the light right before my eyes, and my book somewhere beyond the light. In this position I studied eight hours every day. I was too honest to use a "pony," and never thought of asking any one a question. I was

also terribly in fear that I might get below average. My fear was, perhaps, increased by a private talk with our Greek professor. I asked him how I stood. He replied in his peculiar accent, "The average is two; your marks are above that; yet I would say that they are not very high; at least there is room for study." I concluded I knew as much before as after I had asked him, about my stand. But all this renewed my zeal for my studies, and I will only state here, that I stood in a fair way of taking the valedictory at the close of the year. I had hoped in this paper to introduce many other incidents, which come to me as I write, but I must wait till another number of the "Lit."

S. A. D.

Legendary.

" Well,

His legendary song could tell
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
Of towers, which harbor now the bare ;
Of manners, long since changed and gone ;
Of Chiefs, who under their gray stone
So long had slept, that sickle fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name."

We might almost say that Sir Walter is chiefly estimable as a legend hunter. It is the quaint traditions, gracefully intertwined, which give the pensively pleasurable interest to Woodstock or to Marion.

But however much we owe to him for this beautiful form of preserving them, there is another debt that he owes, as well as we, to older and more humble bards, who had handed them down from age to age in that weird minstrelsy of ancient Saxon or Norman strains, or in the wild freedom of those ballads, which are indeed the oldest histories of "Merrie England."

The most finished art, and most brilliant imaginations, have perhaps cultivated our tastes more, impressed us more with wonder at the poet's power, but have never given us what may take the place of Irish

ballads, or Vikings' war songs, whose pathos is more touching for their simplicity, whose fire is more soul-stirring that they are untutored and unrestrained.

We do not say that the grand efforts of master poets in those ages which cultivated to their highest powers fancy and song, are not superior to these lays. The liquid measures of the *Iliad*

"θεά λευκώλενος Ἥρη,"

doubtless surpass, to a literary taste, such rude melody as *Cædmon's*

"Streamas stōdon : Storm up-gewāt—

Weollon wak-benna : Wite-rōd gofeol."

But perhaps no farther than the language of the *Iliad* was that of a more refined and cultivated race. And even those grandest epics are only more finished and pretentious legend poetry, more historical, more national, selecting for their subjects a more dignified and more romantic or warlike class of legends, to

"sing achievements high

And circumstance of chivalry."

The noblest of German poetry is the "*Legend of Faust*," Catullus' most finished lines, the legend

"Devotæ flavi verticis exuviae."

In many cases, the most pleasing efforts of master minds are their simplest ballads. Witness Goldsmith's

"Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,

And guide my lonely way

To where yon taper cheers the vale

With hospitable ray."

The best of our living poets, too, have won by no means the meanest of their laurels in the rescue of Indian legends and Scandinavian myths, or in idyls of those who

"Fell

Against the heathen of the Northern sea,

In battle, fighting for the blameless King."

With numberless proofs before us in the poetry of every age, one cannot doubt that many legends are worthy to be enshrined by those whose powers are richest and rarest. Certainly, in the preservation of them, even in the roughest measures, no poet laureate ever stoops, but often, like a most skillful painter, shows his highest genius in a few bold unfinished strokes which are yet the more characteristic and spirited in effect.

But it is not the proper course of the great poets we would discuss. They are not many. Not every century produces a Milton. This cant about "mute, inglorious Miltons, in every church yard" is, to a great extent, the whine of the unappreciated; the masses are necessarily inferior, deserving, in most cases, the common censure which, from Horace to the latest newspaper satirist, flogs them out of the arena with the most cutting lashes of contempt. Yet this contempt cannot be lavished simply upon the poverty of their talent. There is something beyond this—a slur upon idle dreamers—a really candid hint toward proper improvement of time and ability. It is that they have flooded and cloyed the public taste with imitations and poorer productions on the very topics which their betters have already exhausted. Every young poet apostrophizes ocean and the light of heaven, forgetting that since Spenser, to write a "Fairie Queen," which shall be worth the reading, requires not only Spenser's equal, but his overmatch. We do not speak of those multitudinous love songs and sonnets, whose folly is otherwise easily explicable. But in that emulation of what it admires, which humanity always cherishes; many have admired the beauties of standard poetry, and, in striving to be poets themselves, have only remodelled the thoughts of others, and been original in nothing but their deficiencies. So have men condemned, utterly, the love of rhyming, and have said to all who cannot be best, "be nothing—those who are not laureate are worthless." Rather should words of encouragement be given them with this censure. As Horace—

"Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis aequam
Viribus, et versate diu. quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri."

There is benefit to a young poet, in his attempts, from the best of lessons in language, from the superior taste and refinement of pleasure he afterward enjoys in his reading, and sometimes in pleasure to his reader, if he will only confine himself to fit themes. If he knows his power, is certain of success,—originality, boldness, and accurate taste may produce something of real worth in the more difficult branches of imaginative and pathetic poetry, although such success is to be regarded as in the highest degree improbable, with the farther discouragement that such an attempt is an assumption, awakens expectation, and relies solely upon poetic power—a reliance almost invariably to be disappointed.

And there is a work for which he is needed. There are multitudinous legends, beautiful romances, strange myths, that cluster around every old place—even the humblest. These, are unrecorded, unsung, and die, for the very neglect of those who might and should revive them. And it is not a thing of little import that they should be thus forgotten.

“Call it not vain; they do not err,
Who say tall cliff and castle lone
For the departed bard make moan.

* * *

All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung—
Their name unknown, their fame unsung.”

To hunt out these legends and preserve them, is certainly not unworthy of the young genius, for herein was the noblest success of Homer and of the earliest bards. Nor is it yet assumption, for he relies not solely on his own beautiful expressions, but on the interest, the novelty of the legend he transcribes.

And there is enough margin left for originality, either in the choice of language, or even in the invention of entire romances, as perhaps in Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner.”

“Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia *fin*ge.”

There is almost an insurance against failure, a certain guarantee that time shall not thus be squandered, for he furnishes history with its ornaments, or at least awakens local attention.

Nor need we think his verse dishonored if, after furnishing the theme to some future Scott, it be forgotten—it has finished its mission.

The inspiration of legends, too, is more apt by far to fire verse with real interest, contrasting with the usual flow of sickly sentiment.

Massey, who in his attempts at pathos is guilty of such peurile sentimentalism as

“baby lips shall draw
My tears in milk, and suck my sorrows dry,”

wakes in his ballads, whose irregularities are forgotten in the bold manliness of his battle lyrics.

“Like the old sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash and foam despair
On ranks of rocks! and what a prize, for the wrecker Death was there!”

Not only is there thus afforded a field to poetical aspirants, wherein they may have reasonable hopes of success, and some surety of not disgracing themselves; but where there is so little assumed, one who

does not boast himself a poet, who does not even desire a poet's name, may cultivate his literary taste, and even please the literary world by a ballad or two.

Macauley relies on his prose for fame, yet his "Lays of Rome" are unrivalled, and Coleridge only found that he was a poet when he had versified the thoughts of a soldier, a traveler, and a philosopher.

There is room, too, for countless variety, for display of every taste, from the most subdued and sacred myths, to such rollicking fables as the almost blasphemous "Confession of Goliath," with its reckless drinking song:

" Meum est propositum in taberna mori."

What do we ask, then? Not indeed precisely the return of those days when every one must write poetry, to be a gentleman; when the lover was required to serenade his mistress with his own love songs, and celebrate her beauty in original sonnets; when knights must cheer the banquet with impromptu songs, and literati at the drinking bout impale each other with epigrams. But since there are some who must write poetry, we entreat at least our own contributors to abandon for a while the imitation of well known poets—especially to shun farther burlesques on the Byronic school—and try to interest us by some well selected traditions.

College poetry is held in bitter enough derision, but it might deserve a better name.

It was during his College course that Macauley wrote one of the noblest of his ballads, and Bryant has lent new interest to many a rock and glen near the walls of his College home.

To make the attempt here would be worth the trouble, in the folly avoided, even if it did not check the contempt of that very suggestive and frequent quotation,

" Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet."

And surely there is enough of former romance, dangers and quaint traditions elustering about our antique ruins, to be worth rescuing from oblivion. The sashes rattle, beams creak, and long oak-floored halls echo with the orthodox hobgoblin revelry. Will not somebody at least revive or invent a ghost story for North Middle?

C. H. O.

Book Notices.

The Undergraduate; conducted by an association of collegiate and professional Students, in the United States and Europe.

Printed for the Association; Heidelberg Univ., Germany; Cambridge Univ., England; Albany Law School, Amherst, Antioch, Andover Theological Seminary, Beloit, Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, Oberlin, People's College, State and National Law School, Troy Univ., Union Theological Seminary, Univ of Vermont, Williams, Yale; THOMAS H. PEASE, General Agent, New Haven, Conn. E. D. MCKAY, 155 D. C.

Such is the title of a new publication which now lies before us. Its purpose, as stated in the prospectus, is "to enlist the active talent of young men in American, and as far as possible, in Foreign Universities, side by side, in the discussion of questions and the communication of intelligence, of common interest to Students."

It is managed by the Undergraduate Association, consisting of Boards of Editors in the several Institutions. Its matter consists of Essays and News Articles, the former Educational and Literary—the latter Historical. The specimen number contains 153 pages of Essays, and 67 of News Articles. It contains, also, the most favorable testimonials from men of the highest reputation among American Instructors and Alumni.

In type, paper, and general appearance, it is equal, if not decidedly superior to any periodical we have ever seen. On account of their literary ability, their general interest, the news which they contain, the articles will be highly valued by every Student. The object of the magazine is well enunciated in the introduction, and well carried out in the whole of the specimen number. By restricting itself to matters of "educational and historical, more than to those of distinctively literary interests, it has made the subject of its discussions, those upon which the authors are, by their positions, associations, and sympathies, particularly fitted to write. It therefore seems, although it is conducted by men who, for the most part, have not finished their educational course, to occupy at once no insignificant place among the list of quarterlies. It appears to be a magazine of dignity and worth.

But it will be expected here of us that more than a passing notice should be given of a magazine which, as some have feared, will injure and finally ruin the "Lit." In the first place, looking at the design, and so far as we can, the character of the *Undergraduate*, in themselves considered, there is everything to approve. If it can be made

a medium of communication between the various colleges of our country, by which the studies, customs, advantages, and doings of every college shall be made familiar to every other ; if, moreover, this intercourse can be extended so as to embrace those European institutions to which now so many American Students repair, no Student can afford to be without it.

The feasibility of the enterprise is a subject upon which we need not have much to say. The difficulties consist in the complicated work, which the separation from each other of the many managers of the magazine, must produce ; the jealousy which may be excited between college and college ; and the obtaining of means sufficient to pay the cost of the enterprise. The first two have been sufficiently overcome, at least, to produce a number in which many colleges have willingly participated ; and the third, its friends are confident, will be effectually surmounted.

A question of more interest to us, in this connection, is what effect will its existence have upon the character and prosperity of the College monthlies, and especially our own ? Will it tend to injure or ruin the "Lit ?" Even if this should be the secret expectation of its friends, its proposed design is far from it. The fields of each magazine seem to differ essentially ; for while the one, by its profession, aims to be almost exclusively educational and historical, the other is more literary and local in its character. Being in different spheres, then, their interests will not clash. Again, the Undergraduate is published but once in three months, and a College, even so large as Yale, can at the most occupy but about thirty pages in each number, which is not enough to make any trouble whatever, in obtaining the usual amount of articles for the "Lit." Waiving the fact that many would write for the Undergraduate who would not write for the "Lit," and the existence of another magazine with which it could and would be certainly compared, would urge on the desire for improvement in its literary productions.

The only danger, then, to be apprehended, is that its pecuniary support will be lessened. It is difficult, of course, to tell what the result will be ; but why any Student in Yale College, as a Yale Student, should drop his subscription to the "Lit" for the Undergraduate, we cannot see. The local news concerning Yale in the Undergraduate must necessarily be more compacted, and not so fresh as it is or ought to be in the "Lit." He will certainly obtain it there sooner and better than anywhere else.

We know, also, by experience, that the establishment of new daily and religious newspapers and publications of all kinds, even when their fields are the same, and their object is to injure some existing publication, only tends to widen the field of readers, and cause both publications to flourish. Such was the case of the New York Observer, Independent and Evangelist; and also of the New York Times, in opposition to the Herald and Tribune.

If we saw in the rise of the Undergraduate the downfall of the "Lit," which for 26 years has been the chosen vessel to bear Yalensia's treasures down to posterity, we could not but grieve. But as we see it, in itself, a worthy enterprise, destined to accomplish good, and to acquaint college with college, and can see no probability that it will materially affect the prospects of the Yale Literary Magazine, but rather that it will prove a stimulus to its improvement, we wish it no harm, and welcome it heartily into the circle of American periodicals.

Reminiscences of Rufus Choate ; by EDWARD G. PARKER. New York, Mason Brothers.

A book of interest to every Student—of especial interest to all contemplating studying the law as a profession. It is evidently written by one who was on the most intimate terms with the great advocate ; and in it we find those off-hand expressions of Choate on every subject—politics, religion, literature, science, which will be read with peculiar interest. His remarks and criticisms on leading orators of ancient and modern times, the living and the dead, differ in many respects from those of most critics. The anecdotes and the letters contribute greatly to the value and interest of the volume. For sale at 155 Divinity College.

Tom Brown at Oxford : A Sequel to School Days at Rugby ; by THOS. HUGHES. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

This work is published in monthly parts, of which the first three are already issued. They give promise of a work invaluable to the Student of every grade; and no one who has read the author's 'School Days at Rugby' will fail to obtain 'Tom Brown at Oxford.' For sale at McKay's, 155 D. C.

Eclectic Magazine ; February, 1860.

This number of this admirable monthly contains steel portraits of

'Wellington' and 'Victoria.' The articles are, it seems to us, especially readable. That on "Earthquakes and their Phenomena," is somewhat startling in its statistics. "Bushnell on Miracles," and "Motley's Dutch Republic," should be read by all.

For sale as above.

Jacob S. Souder, a member of the Class of 1863, was drowned while skating on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1859. The following Resolutions of his classmates have been handed to us for publication :

WHEREAS, An all-wise Providence has, by death, removed from our midst Jacob S. Souder, a loved companion and respected classmate—

Resolved, That while in this affliction we recognize the hand of "Him who doeth all things well," we unanimously testify our deep sense of the loss we have sustained, our regard for the deceased in all the relations of our intercourse, our respect for his many virtues, and appreciation of his high abilities.

Resolved, That in the sudden removal of one in the midst of health and increasing usefulness, from our hitherto unbroken band, we acknowledge the solemn admonition which comes to us all.

Resolved, That in this our mutual affliction, we tender to the wide circle of mourning friends our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That as a simple token of our respect and sorrow, we, as a class, wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased, and be inserted in the Yale Literary Magazine, and in a daily paper of this city,

Class of 1863.

L. T. CHAMBERLAIN, }
JOHN S. FISK, } Com.
WM. C. WHITNEY. }

Yale College, Jan. 9, 1860.

Memorabilia Valensia.

On Wednesday evening, December 16th, the following election of officers were made by the literary societies :

Brothers in Unity.

President.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON.

Vice President.

MARCUS P. KNOWLTON.

Secretary.

JOHN B. PEARSE,

Vice Secretary.

RICHARD SKINNER.

Linonia.

President.

EDWARD G. HOLDEN.

Vice President.

JOHN M. MORRIS.

Secretary.

ALEXANDER P. ROOT.

Vice Secretary.

MELVILLE C. DAY.

The Junior appointments in the class of '61 were handed to the class on Wednesday evening, December 21st, 1859. It is needless to say they gave as much satisfaction, and that the class were as pleased with them, as is usually the case. The following is the list; those on the same grade being placed in alphabetical order :

LATIN ORATION.

Tracy Peck, jr.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS.

Simeon E. Baldwin,

Walter Hanford.

J. L. Harmar.

HIGH ORATIONS.

Hubbard Arnold,
Franklin B. Dexter,
Francis E. Kernochan,
John Mitchel,
Joseph L. Shipley,

James G. Clark,
Henry R. Durfee,
Chas. G. G. Merrill,
Charles P. Otis,
Gilbert M. Stocking.

George G. Bonney,
William Cook,
Anthony Higgins,
Harvey S. Kitchel,
Edward P. Payson,

Milton Buckley,
Wm. H. Higbee,
Jas. N. Hyde,
Nathaniel S. Moore,
Geo. C. Perkins,

John G. Tucker.

DISSERTATIONS.

John N. Brennan,
S. Arthur Bent,
Paul W. Park,
Winthrop D. Sheldon,

Geo. B. Beecher,
William B. Clark,
John B. Pearse,
Theo. S. Wynkoop.

FIRST DISPUTES.

John A. Davenport,
Alfred Hemenway,

Joseph N. Flint,
Oliver McClintock.

SECOND DISPUTES.

Hubert S. Brown,
Moulton DeForest,
Robert M. Fitzhugh,

Peter Collier,
Clarence Eddy,
Heber S. Thompson.

THIRD DISPUTES.

Albert H. Childs,
Charles T. Stanton,

Samuel B. Spear,
Geo. M. Towle.

COLLOQUIES.

Franklin S. Bradley,
John C. Kinney,

Geo. Delp,
Edw. P. McKinney,

John C. Tyler.

Ebenezer B. Convers,
Henry B. Ives,

Charles B. Hill,
Nathaniel T. Merwin.

The Senior Prize Debate in the Society of the Brothers in Unity, took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th, 1860. The question discussed was, "Is there more to approve than to condemn in the political career of Napoleon III?" Hon. T. A. Osborne, Rev. Edward Strong, and Lemuel S. Potwin, M.A., served as umpires. The disputants were equally divided on the affirmative and negative of the question. The umpires awarded the

First prize to

William C. Johnston.

The Second, to

{ Marcus P. Knowlton,
{ W. Walter Phelps.

The prize debate of the Senior Class in the Linonian Society, was held on the ensuing Monday evening, January 16th; the Committee of Award, consisting of Prof. Noah Porter, Prof. T. Dwight, and W. C. Case, B. A. The question of debate was, "Is the religious tendency of the 'Minister's Wooing' beneficial?" There were five disputants in the affirmative to four in the negative. The decision was as follows:

First Prize,

E. G. Mason.

Second Prize,

{ Lowndes H. Davis,
{ D. Cady Eaton.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held on the 18th of January,
JOSEPH LEONARD DANIELS,
was chosen class Orator;

CHARLES ALFRED BOIES
was chosen Class Poet.

There was an unusual degree of unanimity in the elections, both officers having been elected by more than a two-thirds vote on the first formal ballot. The elections were immediately made unanimous.

The Prize Debates of the Sophomore Class in Linonia, and the Brothers, occurred on the 18th and 19th of January, respectively.

In Linonia, (where, by the way, a recent change in the manner of the Bishop Prize Debate, separated the two classes, which heretofore have been accustomed to contend together for the Prizes,) the question was, "Ought a Lawyer to defend

a client whom he knows to be guilty?" the Committee of Award, consisting of W. H. Russell, Esq., Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, and Joseph Sheldon, Esq.

The first prize was awarded to Daniel H. Chamberlain.

The second, " " Franklin McVeagh.

The third, " " John P. Taylor.

In the Brothers, the question "Is the preservation of the balance of power in Europe a justifiable cause of war?" was discussed,—Rev. George P. Fisher, L. R. Packard, M. A., and L. L. Paine, M. A., acting as umpires. Three disputants argued in the affirmative, and one in the negative. The umpires awarded the

First prize to James P. Blake.

Second prize, J. F. Brown, H. P. Johnston.

Third prize, C. B. Sumner.

The Cockleureati for the class of '61 having been appointed, as usual, by the Cocklears of the preceding class, and objections having been raised against their system of appointment, the matter was discussed, fully and warmly, in a class meeting. It was finally decided that the class should elect a Spoon committee by ballot; whereupon the following gentlemen, who are the same as those appointed by the last committee, were elected.

R. S. Chamberlain,	H. B. Ives,	A. P. Root,
A. H. Childs,	W. M. Johnson,	S. Shearer,
W. H. Fuller,	S. Newell,	E. R. Sill,
		W. E. Sims.

The Class of '61 have also elected for Class Historians:

First Division,	Robert S. Chamberlain,
Second Division,	John C. Kinney.
Third Division,	Edward R. Sill.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 1st, 1860, the following gentlemen were elected, by the class of '61, editors of the Yale Literary Magazine during the ensuing year:

WILLIAM HENRY FULLER.....*Barryville, N. Y.*
 SEXTUS SHEARER.....*St. Louis, Mo.*
 JOSEPH LUCIEN SHIPLEY.....*Londonderry, N. H.*
 EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.....*Cuyahoga Falls, O.*
 RALPH OLMSTED WILLIAMS.....*Passaic, N. J.*

Editor's Table.

The last six weeks of time have laid upon our table several incidents in the routine of college life, but none whose discussion would be agreeable to the mental palate of our readers. One term has closed, a vacation has passed away, we are now half way into another term; thus time flies, even when it is loaded down with the pleasures it brings to us in our student freedom. Many have enjoyed the past vacation, unusual in the steady continuance of delightful weather; many have skated, and played, and sung, and listened to the music of home; one enjoyed the vacation, but it was his last as well as first. A fellow-

student has gone. Thus, one by one, monuments have been raised along the pathway we have traveled, telling us, in the hilarity of our youth, 'This world is not the end of all things.' Have we forgotten this?

But the winter term, with all its excitements, is upon us. Prize debates, class elections, social gatherings have given us material for gossip and diversion. The debates, as usual, have satisfied some, and dissatisfied many. The successful competitors have had their respect for the sound judgment of the gentlemen who have acted as umpires, immensely increased. It is to be regretted that so few take advantage of the opportunities offered them in the prize debates; and it is surprising that, when every inducement of self improvement, excitement and emulation is offered that, as in one of our last debates, only as many competitors entered the field as there were prizes to be distributed. Of course, such a prize debate must, in some respects, be extremely farcical.

The Senior class has elected its officers for presentation with singular unanimity. No personal rivalry whatever having entered into the contest. The meeting for election was consequently a scene of hilarity and spicy fun. The most important, though not remarkable, incident of the meeting, was the fact that each one of the honored Board of Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, received from the hands of their appreciative and grateful classmates, between one and two votes apiece, precisely, more or less, on an average, for the respective offices of class Poet and class Orator. We hereby, individually and collectively, publicly and privately, one and all, return our thanks to the class. But those who have once experienced the complex feeling of mingled honor and responsibility which animates the heart of an editor, above all, an editor of the Yale Literary Magazine, can look down with calm complacency upon the contests and struggles for minor offices. In confirmation of this fact, we appeal to the disinterested magnanimity of the editor who withdrew his formidable name from the contest after the first ballot, in order, we suppose, to give the rest a chance to compete with equals. During the progress of the election, one member, after expatiating eloquently on the "Impending Crisis," the "American Eagle," and the "Union," amid the wildest uproar and incessant calls to order, called upon the candidates to "define their position." When many members were finally able to gain their feet after bloodless struggles, and when partial order was restored, one candidate, amid roars of laughter, defined his position as between "two incomprehensible squirts."

We are sorry to say, that on this occasion a war of words occurred between the enterprising publisher of this magazine and that one of the editors who is especially conspicuous whenever personal bravery is involved. This ended in a verbal challenge from the aforesaid publisher to the aforesaid editor; and our brother editor, in the excitement of the moment, forgetting his dignified position, accepted the challenge. But the challengee, at request of the challenger, having named, as the place of meeting, "Mr. Sartain's country residence," the blood-thirsty spirit of the challenger was as much assuaged as was that of Brooks at the mention of Canada.

The Seniors have attended the annual levee, and have returned to their college rooms with far different notions of New Haven hospitality and New Haven society, than those which afflicted a desponding member of the last Senior class.

Many undoubtedly blundered, and the ladies wondered; but the class will not forget the night of the Senior Levee, nor the kind and pleasant—at times mirthful—countenance of our host, the President, during the whole of the glad reception.

The politics of the country, during the last month, have troubled this college somewhat, as usual. Many sanguine, ardent, but verdant ones, notwithstanding their last term's experience on Opdyke, have continued to trust in the New York Tribune, and placed high their hopes on John Sherman. The betting characters on that side—and we find, to our surprise, that Abolitionists do bet when they think they will win—have thought it a safe speculation to invest in Sherman stock. But alas! for human hopes! Sherman hasn't gone down, except in the most literal sense. We think, however, that there are indications that the Republicans of Yale College are going to improve. The lawless, and at the same time, puerile attempt to hang a few black rags in the College Chapel, in memory of Old Brown, must not be attributed to them, but rather to some few law-breaking individuals, probably of the same stamp as those who entered the Chapel and stole the bible to send to Harvard.

"The Old Violin," a piece of poetry by X, has been received. It was not too late for insertion. Its omission was owing to other reasons. X says, "Taking pity on your evident need * * * I send this." We should imagine that the working of his bowels of compassion had far more to do with his poetry than the inspiration of the muses. We are glad to learn that our persevering friend has been "undismayed by his many failures," and we hope that this, his last, may not discourage him. He continues, "if you publish it, I shall think that your judgement is infinitely superior to that of chum, who swears *its* the meanest, least poetical, spoopsiest thing I ever wrote." We are glad to hear the opinion of "chum," for we certainly hope this is not the best thing that X ever wrote. But we would advise him to go to school and learn to spell, before he attempts to write poetry, to say nothing of his punctuation and pure English. He concludes by asking us to reciprocate his pity by taking "pity on a poor *ass*-pirant for favor." It seems to us, after reading his communication through, that he has fairly earned the title which he has so felicitously applied to himself. We will say nothing of other indecencies, but advise X to request the publication of what, with a little improvement, would be a fair attempt at verse, in a more gentlemanly manner; and to remember that it is not every one who signs himself X that makes a ten-strike.

We must apologize for the late appearance of the February No. of the 'Lit.' The delay was owing to our inability to procure the reminiscences of our distinguished friend, S. A. D., in time for earlier issue. We suppose that the impaired health of the Senator from Illinois, in connection with his arduous duties during the election of Speaker, and the necessary labor with respect to the approaching Charleston Convention, has made it impossible to forward his communication sooner. We must say, however, that both, his article and the communication from the shades of Henry Clay, which will be found in this number, has very much disappointed the expectations which we had when we first applied for them. It is evident they consider their literary reputation beyond the possibility of waning.

NOV 22 '39

VOL. XXVI.

No. V.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBLES, unanimique PATRES."

MARCH, 1860.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT COLLEGE BOOKSTORE, 155 DIVINITY COLLEGE.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. *11. 11.*

VOL. XXV.

MARCH, 1860.

No. V.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

The Undergraduate as a Work of Fiction.

The College world was somewhat taken by surprise at the appearance of the Undergraduate, which, as far as our knowledge is concerned, sprang up like a mushroom in one night; or, like Jonah's gourd, grew up without warning, while honest people were asleep; or, to be more classical in our similes, like Minerva, sprang completely equipped from the aching brain of some College Jupiter. We are not informed who the Vulcan was that acted in the capacity of mid-wife at the birth of this grown-up magazine, but at the end of its advertisement we find a list of the sponsors at its baptism, consisting of a liberal quotation from the College catalogue,—with the exception of the freshman class,—to whom we are referred as vouchers for the merits of the pamphlet in question. But, humbly begging pardon of these gentlemen for our temerity, we have undertaken, in all proper humility, to trust to our own judgment in deciding the claims which it has to our sympathy and support.* In order, however, to forestall any im-

*We must here call the attention of the organization to the remissness of their agent. Not one of the editors of the "Lit." has been solicited to subscribe to the Undergraduate. This neglect has so deeply injured the feelings of some of the board, that from mere pique we fear that they will now refuse altogether.

putation of jealousy or prejudice, we will state that we most heartily commend the first number of the first volume of the Undergraduate. It does credit to its writers and its proprietors. Its articles are well written and interesting, and command, in most respects, our admiration. But we shall not here venture to predicate upon its excellence, its consequent success, any more than we should anticipate from its defects a certain failure. It is sufficient for us to know that it is an agreeable compilation of articles from those who are, or have been, students. We question, in our own minds, the actual need of such a magazine, and knowing full well that upon the demand for it must depend its circulation, we are not so sanguine in regard to its future. The case seems to lie just here. It is acknowledged by its friends, we believe, and, in fact, it is the basis of its operation, that its popularity as a College magazine is dependent upon the specific adaptation to the peculiar wants of students. We are not anxious to turn to its pages to read historical or literary essays on subjects which have been elaborated by wiser heads, and illuminated by more skillful pens. We are not even solicitous to learn the opinion of any man so inexperienced as we take for granted are the contributors to the Undergraduate, in regard to the passing topics of the day. What we do want, and what we must acknowledge the present number has in a great measure supplied, is a series of productions on collegiate matters, which shall be so general that they may be adapted to each locality where the magazine is read, and yet specific enough to interest each individual reader. The article in the Undergraduate entitled "An English University," the one on "English Literature," and the last article on "College Character and Characteristics," seem to us to fulfill this design the most perfectly of any. And this object is, as near as we can condense it from the long and quite diffuse introduction, the one proposed by the friends of this movement. And we presume every one will agree with us that such is the best object for a College magazine. But here, we fear, will be the great obstacle to its success. This aim, we believe, will soon be lost sight of, and *from necessity* will have to be laid aside. This result will be produced by two causes: the want of responsibility consequent not only upon the multiplicity of the Boards of Editors in so many colleges, but also on account of the great number of Editors composing each Board. The numerous ramifications of the controlling power of the magazine will, by producing jealousy among colleges and editors, and by dividing the responsibility into infinitely

small quantities, contribute much to disturb the consummation of that definite object which will alone, in our opinion, render its existence certain. The other cause is the limited field which this object affords. And we wish to propound the following inquiries to the gentlemen having this matter in charge. Will not, if you confine yourselves to this object, will not the sources from which you must draw these articles of local interest be soon exhausted? Will it not be difficult soon to find those who will undertake to write anything new on a "Course of Study in the English Literature for Colleges," or on "College Characters and Characteristics?" These topics, or topics like these, the introduction of which, be it remembered, we believe can alone justify any very great hopes for its future, are not excessively prolific. The consequences of which will be that its contribution will soon consist of articles entirely foreign to the wants which this magazine is intended to supply.

It was not our design in commencing this article, however, to enter into any extensive critique of the plan of operation adopted by the originators of the Undergraduate, and although we are not disposed naturally to croak, or despair of success where there appears to be the slightest chance of it, we have felt compelled to express our opinion a little more freely than we should have done, had it not been for the unqualified recommendation given to the *whole idea and scope* of the work in the last number of the Yale "Lit." Our real object was to show that the Undergraduate had overstepped in the very first number, the "five points" to which it was confined,* and had trespassed upon the domains of romance. We wish, then, to consider the Undergraduate, as it appears as a Work of Fiction in the article entitled "The Literary Societies of Yale College." We have read the article twice over, and have not yet been able precisely to understand the motives that prompted the author to write a piece that we consider has put us in a contemptible light before other colleges,—has done us injustice as educated men, and has denied to us the attribute of common honesty. To say nothing of the questionable taste in thus exposing our weaknesses and our vices, supposing us to possess such damnable traits as have been ascribed to us, we claim that we are misrepresented by the article under consideration, and we must hold this new magazine as responsible for the impression that has thus been disseminated

*We do not here refer to the residence of the greater number of its subscribers.

in regard to the corruption which is alleged by this writer to be pervading our community to such an alarming extent. If the writer believed that the statements which he made were true, and we do not at all question this *belief*, we claim that he had no right to make the Undergraduate a means of publishing that which should so degrade us in the eyes of other institutions, or of any one in whose hands this periodical might happen to fall. A feeling of pride, we should have supposed, might have induced him to throw a veil over such misconduct, rather than thus pitilessly expose it; to have concealed, rather than made known, the wickedness of those with whom he holds daily communion. We refer more particularly to the latter part of his article where, in our Society politics, we are represented as adepts in the art of cheating and bribing, where it is alleged that subornation and political chicanery are common sins, that the worst kinds of charletanism are rife among us, and that *we are in the habit* of practicing deeds which, if continued and detected after we have gone into the world, will send us to the penitentiary without ceremony.

In endeavoring to refute these statements, we shall presume, without being either presumptuous or vain, that we are as fully acquainted with the facts as the writer himself, for we recognize the circumstances (and more easily because they are so very uncommon,) upon which he has based such monstrous assertions. We shall defer, for the present, any remarks upon his argument in regard to the influence of secret societies upon our large societies, and shall examine only the mode in which, according to his representation, this influence is exerted. And here we will remark, that we cannot but admire the diverting but provokingly cool manner in which he makes his random and unfounded assertions. Nothing, he seems to think, is too incredible for belief, and gravely informs us that there exists there a scheme of partisan plotting and wire-pulling that would disgrace the most unscrupulous and unprincipled tide-waiter in the country. Let us examine a few of his statements.

"If the contest becomes close, no means are left untried. Bribery is *often* the resort. We know of *cases* where five and ten dollars have been offered for single votes."

We know of just *one case* during our college course, where a bribe of one-half the smaller sum mentioned was offered for a vote, and we honestly believe that the writer had this in mind, and can mention no other. He certainly cannot adduce instances sufficiently numerous to

permit him to make any such strong assertion in regard to the existence of dishonesty in college, as he has done in the remarks above quoted.

Again he says :

“ We hear it remarked of such a candidate for the campaign presidency, that ‘ he has spent *hundreds* to secure his election. And it is *often* literally true.’ ”

[The italics are ours.]

Since we have been a member of this institution no such remark has ever—to say nothing of often—come to our ears. After the election of a first president sometime since, a remark *was* made to this effect : “ His election has cost him *a hundred* dollars.” (Will the reader please compare the italicised portions of the two quotations?) But how? Did he spend money to this amount in bribery, as the writer would have us suppose? By no means; the remark amounted to this. It was a custom then for the newly elected first president to furnish an entertainment of ice cream, &c., to the society, (a custom which existed for only two years, and has since been happily abolished,) which cost at least between fifty and seventy-five dollars of the hundred, besides treating the society which nominated him, which must have consumed a large portion of the remaining twenty-five. It was in reference to these expenditures that we comprehended the remark when it was made to us. Expenditures made, not before the election, but after it; not as bribes, but as offerings; conciliatory to his defeated opponents, congratulatory to his friends. We honestly believe that it was this remark that the writer has reference to, when he so sweepingly and wrongfully asserts that “ it is *often literally* true that *hundreds* are spent *to secure* an election.” That is rather a formidable sentence when we consider the circumstances which gave rise to it.

Still farther on he says :

“ In voting, there are *many* who will not scruple to cast double votes, and use all manner of illegal means to accomplish their ends. A few persons are sufficient to do all this.”

We know of no better way of refuting such a wholesale error than merely to state it. Any one who knows anything of our mode of election knows that illegal voting, so far as it effects anything in the result, is simply impossible; that the method of checking the name of each elector as he deposits his vote, effectually prevents any stuffing of the ballot-box, unless through the connivance of the tellers, which is also prevented by the appointment of those who have conflicting

interests in the result. But what is the *fact* on the strength of which these statements are made? At the election held just previous to our entering college, we have heard that an attempt was made by one person to deposit two votes, but he was detected. This is the only instance within our knowledge. We are aware that there have been cases where the tellers have announced the ballot as being illegal, because the number of votes did not agree with the checked list of voters, and a new ballot has been taken. But which is the more charitable? To suppose that this disagreement arose from a mistake on the part of the tellers—a mistake very easily made in the confusion attendant upon our large elections,—or to believe that there are those among us who are dishonorable and unmanly enough to deliberately cheat their fellow students in such a disgraceful manner? We recommend to the writer the exercise of a little more benevolence, a little more confidence in our true manhood, for we believe that there is much, very much of it here among us, and beg him to believe that he is not associating with "*many*" of those who are on a par with pickpockets and cut-throats.

The writer has also made many other assertions in regard to secret societies, which we feel obliged to accept with many qualifications. We intend to resume this subject hereafter, and to give our opinion in regard to the real cause and the true remedy for the want of interest in the literary exercises of our large societies. We must be permitted to say, however, in regard to these statements concerning secret societies and their influence, that if their author has been a member of one he ought to know better; if not, he knows but little about them. It is, then, from such isolated facts, such exceptional cases which we have mentioned, that he has generalized such sweeping unnatural assertions, and laid down with such an *ipse dixit* his broad rules. It is upon such small foundations that he has literally *fabricated* his vast structure, leaving upon the mind of one who knows the real facts, the same impression as the pyramids of Egypt, turned upside down, would upon the natural vision. As we have said before, we cannot conceive of the motives which led to such statements. We exonerate him entirely from the slightest intention to deceive or misrepresent, and would be sorry to find that our remarks had been taken as having any intention of accusing him of wilfully exaggerating; we think, on the contrary, that he said everything in good faith, but was so anxious to prove his point that he forgot or

overlooked the legitimacy of the means. But, at the same time, we must protest against such injustice being done to our characters. We know full well that there is a great neglect of our large societies. That their magnificent halls, their drapery, their frescoes, their statues, the expense attending their continuance, are monopolized, so to speak, by a few earnest men who are resolved to enjoy the advantages presented to them. We know that this is all wrong, that common sense and practical wisdom are diametrically opposed to it; but we also know that this wrong is not to be righted by preaching a crusade against its supposititious cause, when the arguments advanced are backed only by reckless statements and detraction, which seem only to furnish a text for the meretricious denunciation of secret societies. His argument, however, the writer appears afraid to follow out to its legitimate consequences, for he says, "we do not say that secret societies should be abolished," as if there was any other sensible deduction from the careless statements which he has made.

As a Yalensian, as a Linonian, and consequently as an honest man, we earnestly protest against the use to which the Undergraduate has been put, as a medium for the expression of opinions which cannot be endorsed by any one here, for the simple reason that they are almost entirely unfounded. Until the effect of such an article as this upon outsiders has been neutralized, we feel under no extraordinary obligation to this new college magazine.

E. G. H.

The Want of Charity in College.

It is an excellent remark of the late Macaulay, that we are all inclined to judge of others as we find them, and that our estimate of a character depends much on the manner in which that character affects our own interests and passions. It is indeed hard to think well of those whom we conceive to have thwarted or injured us; and we are no less apt to excuse the vices and foibles of those who are useful and are agreeable to us.

It is a fact not to be concealed, that charity is not conspicuous among the social virtues of the student's life. In a community where a feeling of brotherhood is so universal, where the affections, if any exist, are so quickly and so strongly developed, and where generosity

—which the student too often leaves behind with his alma mater—is peculiarly conspicuous, it seems strange that the unamiable passions of jealousy and envy should also be so prevalent.

There is a radicalism in public opinion in college. The successful candidate for favor is placed higher in popular estimation than either his talents or his heart deserve. But he who falls under the ban of college censure, is depreciated with such earnestness as only a radical badness of heart and imbecility of mind would justify. Compare the popular feeling with reference to the “great man” of college, and the “squirt,” as he is dubbed, and note the different sentiments with which the very same acts performed by each are received. If the former performs an action which the heart of every one declares to be mean, what excuses, twisted and exaggerated, are not advanced to explain away, or even to justify his conduct? If he makes a ridiculous mistake in reciting, how facetious and good humored he is! If his stand is low, it is because he prefers the liberal and generous side of college life to the mere drudgery of study, and to mean hankerings for scholastic honors. If his stand is high, it is because of his superior quickness of mind, and his peculiar talent for the classics. If he be what is commonly denounced “hard,” it is because of his whole-souled, jovial, generous disposition. In fact, whatever vice or frailty may have entered into his character, it is so shaded off and glossed over, as that it appears rather a pleasing vice or frailty, if not a positive virtue.

But how are the very same circumstances of character and of habit regarded in the man who has not so far received the favors of fortune as to receive a prize, or conciliate the good will of classmates. If this one makes a dull recitation, though it be much better than that of his more popular classmate, he is denominated a regular “spoons,” a complete “squirt,” “anybody but an addle head would have known that,” If he stands poorly on the tutor’s roll, it is because he has not brains enough to stand better. If the contrary, he is an “unsocial, bigoted, Puritanical dig.” If the laugh is turned on him, it is not, as in the case of the more popular man, the laugh of approbation and applause, but the laugh of derision and contempt. If the popular man is eccentric, it is the eccentricity of genius; if the other is eccentric, it is the eccentricity of idiocy. What of the essence of good his character contains, is ignored and forgotten: what of the essence of evil, is magnified and paraded.

That this is a fair exposition of the case needs but slight observation to convince the most prejudiced mind. We all know it to be so.

We all feel that the popular man is too much applauded, and the unpopular man is too much censured. And when we consider for a single moment, how very trivial are the causes which have elevated the one and depressed the other, and how near to chance that fortune is, which makes a man a demigod or a fool, it seems strange that there should be so radical a line of demarcation between them. We are perfectly aware that men have stood high in favor here at college, and have rode upon the topmost wave of prosperity, who, after leaving these halls of their ascendancy, have become burthens, and worse than burthens, upon society. We need not go beyond the limits of New Haven, to find striking instances of this fact. Accustomed to the caresses and partiality of their classmates, they gradually become effeminate, and when going out into the world look in vain for like favor among the new classes of men with whom they are thrown in contact. Such early popularity and reputation have not unfrequently been atoned for afterward by a long life of drunken dotage and obscurity. These are extreme cases, but they serve to illustrate forcibly one of the many evils which cluster around the radicalism of college sentiment.

On the other hand, we have heard often of men who have gone through college without the esteem, and almost without the acquaintance of a dozen classmates, and who were only mentioned by their fellow students in a derisive and condemning spirit, yet who have developed sterling minds and earnest souls, and have been pillars of the race in intellectual and social progress.

Now, either in the case of the popular, or of the unpopular man, the absence of all feelings of charitableness are too glaringly manifest. For it is not charity which swells the voice of praise and honor to him whose fortune it has been to attract the favor of his mates. It is in part hero-worship, which is seldom lacking among students, and which seems to be quite characteristic of us here. It is partly respect for the man himself, as a man, which is highly honorable in itself. But it is also in part, I fear, an eye to self which creates such immense good feeling when a man rises in public opinion, toward his character and actions.

And it is a defiance to charity to paint in the foreground all the faults of the "spoofs," and to make dim in the confused back-ground all his virtues. In either case the sentiment is radical. It is bigoted: for it will admit no charge against the one, and no excuse for the other. It is prejudiced: for no argument or reasoning will lessen admiration for the one, or contempt for the other.

And why should we not exercise *charity* towards those with whom we are associated for a four years course, and the memory of whom will in after years be indissolubly linked with the memory of this happy period of our life? Why not endeavor to mitigate, or at least overlook the more obnoxious points in a man's character, and encourage his amiable traits, instead of kindling the bitter passions of his nature? Why not suppress the derisive titter, the sly remark, the scornful look? Why not temper the ecstasy over our intellectual and mental hero, and convert our superfluous homage into that true philanthropy, which John Howard never ceased to say, no less in his actions than in his words, is the "philanthropy of charity and of our love to fellowman."

Call this cant if you will, but it is the germ of true nobility of soul: it is the innate principle of greatness and goodness; for, only he is great and good who has been a student, and is an example of the philosophy of charity. If we are to be mere animate automaton, or, worse than that, burdens to society, after we shall have completed our course here, an absence of charity might not seriously affect the formation of character.

But we are striving to be men. We are striving to develop the heart, no less than the mind. We are endeavoring to acquire a moral strength, by which we may successfully oppose the barriers to a life of progress and of usefulness. If this be so, here is the place to throw off those passions in which we have heretofore indulged too freely, envy, jealousy, malice. If they are not discarded here, they will cling to us, as a millstone, through a long life: and they will not remain in that imperfect and unsettled state in which they now are. They will gradually insinuate themselves into our natures, and constitute a part of our being. They will not decrease with manly vigor, but will flourish in the aged form; and what is more shocking than to see a man bent with age, governed by passion such as is seldom seen in the youthful spirit? Thus, if not for the sake of charity, if not for the purpose of giving justice to the despised mate, at least for the sake of our own well-being, let us abandon this bad practice of "running down" every one, without discrimination, who lies open for general censure.

That radical feeling which, we grieve to say, daily displays itself beneath the walls of Yale, is deplorable indeed, and the sooner it is discarded, the better it will be for the true interest of him who cherishes it, as well as of him who is made the victim of it. G. M. T.

An Editor's Woful Experience on the Ice.

He entered his room one desperately cold December evening, in a very uncomfortable state both of mind and of body. There was a glowing fire in the old stove, which proved grateful to the last mentioned portion of his entity, but it failed to cheer the other. He lit a pipe, but even the rich fumes of Latakia failed to bring consolation. There was a sinking tendency in every portion of his mortal frame—a strange uneasiness and discomfort. The editor naturally began to speculate on the causes of this peculiar sensation. He generalized and abstracted, he appealed to theory and to experience, he brought all his great stores of knowledge and all his critical acumen to bear upon the point in question, and the result of the deep investigation was a conviction that a pleasing little affection, termed dyspepsia, had gained possession of him. A reference to the related experiences of seven dyspeptic classmates served only to confirm this conviction, and the editor threw himself back in his chair, located his pedal extremities upon the top of the stove, and in distressing despair puffed away at a little black pipe, repeating the while in lugubrious accents that cheerful gnome, "this world is a world of sorrow."

At this juncture two of the editor's friends entered, to whom he mentioned the harrowing state of affairs. One, an amateur M.D., knocking the ash from his cigar, proceeded with a grave face to a dissertation on the causes and nature of dyspepsia, and a description of its fearful results. After detailing a number of cases which uniformly proved fatal, he ended the consolatory discourse by the original remark on the necessity of carefulness. The other, after venting a series of favorite expletives, such as "gash," "jings," "by dad," and the like, informed the sufferer that exercise was the only remedy to be used.

It was a distasteful idea. For three years a tri-daily walk to his boarding club and back had been the extent of the editor's bodily exertions, and he was even then meditating a plan for obviating two thirds of this by instituting that uncomfortable, unhealthy and uncheerful practice styled self-boarding. The thought of congealing during long winter walks, of laboring at forty pound dumb-bells, and of breaking his back in a gymnasium, was too much, and he entered a solemn protest against the idea. But his friend suggested a plan

which seemed to combine the useful and agreeable, and described so zestily and ardently the rare pleasures of skating, that the editor was inspired with a sympathetic enthusiasm, and in an evil moment agreed to practice the graceful art.

That night strange dreams visited his pillow. Skates of every size, shape and color whirled about before him in a confused mass, threatening at times seriously to curtail his naturally small brain. Then he was transformed into one mighty skate, and felt himself gliding with inconceivable rapidity in a straight line for an open air hole. He made agonizing but futile attempts to stop; there was a loud crash and down he went into the deep cold water. The shock awoke him and he discovered that he had fallen from bed, and upset upon himself the contents of a pail of water which the sweep had maliciously placed in unnecessary proximity to the bedside.

The event was rather ominous, but an editor's determination could not be thwarted by superstitions which terrify the "*profanum vulgus*," and he sallied forth that morning to arm and equip as the law directs. Application to fourteen friends and a tailor gained for him the requisite amount of funds, and he proceeded with a most reckless disregard of expense. At the suggestion of his friend he purchased the best pair of "Boston rockers" to be found, as being the only style for a gentleman. It must be confessed, however, that a look at the editor's inmost thoughts would have revealed sentiments of distrust and suspicion—half formed fears which he concealed as far as was possible by a confident exterior and a knowing way of surveying the implements in question.

He entered, in company with his friend, a sorry looking hack, the driver whereof diffused around him a most ambrosial odor of "old rye," and displayed the neck of a black bottle protruding from his right pocket. By some special interposition of Providence, the skating ground was safely reached, spite of the eccentric manoeuvres of the Jehu. The view from a distance was very beautiful. Hundreds of forms were gliding gracefully over the broad blue surface. Here and there bright colors telling of the presence of fair forms and features, lit up the gray winter scene with a most pleasant contrast, and merry shouts and silvery laughter burdened the clear cool air.

It was natural that the editor should become inspired. He wrote three lines of a poem on the spot, and would probably have completed the fourth had a suitable rhyme occurred to his mind. Failing in that

line he betook himself to music and attempted to troll a gay ditty in honor of winter; but the quadrupeds around grew restive, and his friend persuaded him to leave the pursuit of the muses, and engage in the business of the day.

A closer view of the scene which seemed so beautiful at a distance, was rather detrimental to the poetical ideas which the editor had formed. The noses of all males were extremely blue, and their eyes extremely red. They did not seem to enjoy their sport with greatest possible gusto; as for the fairer portion of humanity, their evolutions had not that perfect grace which, to say the least, is a desirable quality. There was an evident want of freedom and ease of movement. They clung to their protectors with frantic energy, and not unfrequently made acquaintance with the ice in unpleasant, and sad to say, uncouth modes.

The editor was not discouraged, although he destroyed his unfinished poem, but proceeded to bind on his skates. With some difficulty he succeeded in gaining an upright position. A large crowd of spectators lined the shore, and it was his natural desire to appear advantageously before them. He struck out boldly and successfully with his right leg, and attempted to do likewise with the left; with strange perversity it refused to obey the impulse of his will, and slipped impotently about, seriously disturbing the editor's balance. He grasped convulsively at the empty air, struggled for a moment, and then assumed a recumbent position more forcibly than gracefully. The catastrophe was painful as well as embarrassing, and the editor with difficulty summoned sufficient strength to shake his fist at a dirty rascal who gave utterance to the following query: "aint them 'ere skates too much for you, old codger?"

By the assistance of his friend he regained his feet, and moved off amidst the jeers of bystanders to a retired spot where he could practice the graceful art unseen, and as he fondly hoped, undisturbed. After receiving some twenty falls in the course of a short half hour, he considered himself able to appear advantageously before the multitude, and was about so to do when he was startled by the shouts of small boys behind him. A glance showed that a regiment of little rascals had by some means inveigled a large animal of the porcine genus upon the ice, and were regaling themselves with its ludicrous manœuvres on the slippery surface. The editor turned away in disgust, and began meditating an article on cruelty to animals. He

was startled from his abstraction by a grunt and squeal at his rear ; with unmitigated horror he discovered the huge porker close upon his heels. The editor was too astonished for locomotion, the animal powerless to change its course, and to the disgust of the man, and doubtless also of the beast, a collision of direful force ensued. The two rolled over and over in unpleasant proximity, whilst the regiment of small boys indulged in long and loud applause. The editor and the animal gazed at each other in astonishment a moment, and then mutually displeased with their short though intimate acquaintance, parted to meet no more. The small boys fled from the editor's fiery glance, not, however, without giving vent to certain expressions insulting rather than sympathetic, and performing certain gestures unsuited to genteel company.

Although not highly pleased with his adventures thus far, the editor determined to try one more of the vaunted pleasures of skating, and proceeded to seek the company of the fairer sex. As he emerged from his secluded position, he perceived not far away a group in which she was, who for the last two months had been the "bright particular" star of his existence. Towards her the editor immediately turned his course, and her smiles seemed to beckon him on and applaud his attempts. Exerting every power he neared the group swiftly, and attempted to lift his hat in a graceful recognition ; the act threw him slightly from an upright position, and in his attempt to regain it he gave misplaced confidence to the heels of his skates. Owing to their infernal construction a strange result followed ; the editor's feet sought the starry spheres, his head the center of the earth, which it would certainly have reached had not the ice been of unusual strength and thickness ; as it was he found himself on his back moving with unexampled rapidity towards the group, and directly for her whom for the first time he would gladly have avoided. He made frantic efforts to change his course, but all were unavailing. He closed his eyes in agony. An instant after the collision occurred. He heard a loud shriek, felt a body strike him with great force, and then for a moment lost all consciousness. On regaining his senses he discovered the lady reclining in the arms of his deadliest rival, and casting angry glances at him from eyes which heretofore had only expressed sweetness and tenderness. Arising painfully, he made a few lame apologies which were received with anything but good grace, and then sought his friend with the firm resolve to leave the ice forever.

Nothing could exceed the exultation which he experienced on unbinding his skates and resting once more on those supports which nature intended for the human body. He rushed for the shore unmindful of the numb, frozen condition of his feet, and congratulating himself at being free from mishap and accidents. The editor was sadly mistaken. In the eagerness to reach *terra firma* he overlooked the broken space which lined the shore, and fell headlong therein, wallowing about in cold water, mud, and amongst the fractured pieces of ice.

A grinning Hibernian fished him out, and he was surrounded by a sympathizing crowd, whose feelings of pity did not, however, restrain their laughter. The editor made search for his carriage, which to his utter horror was nowhere to be found. His anxious inquiries elicited from a bystander the cheering intelligence, "If it's 'Tim Flanagan ye're after, he went home drunk a half hour ago." No other conveyance could be obtained, and the editor commenced a long and weary walk for home. After untold hardships he reached it, and sitting down before his fire formally resigned himself to the tender mercies of dyspepsia, accepting the disease gladly as much preferable to the remedy.

After long and careful thought he established firmly in his mind the three following axioms worthy to be received by all.

When women skate they are extremely ungraceful.

When men skate they are excessively foolish.

When an editor skates he is undeniably insane.

A pair of "Boston rockers," which have been used but once, are for sale at the "Lit" sanctum at a greatly reduced price. Has any one so perverted a sense of the agreeable and beautiful as to buy them?

W. F.

Who Wrote It?

Perhaps no literary questions have so exercised the minds of curious and learned *savans*, as those concerning the authorship of Icon Bariliké and the Letters of Junius. Each investigator may have answered the question satisfactorily to himself, while it still remains to tantalize other minds. But our college world is never troubled with the ques-

tion of the identity of any Junius, for our writers, in the course of college duty, read their essays and disputes. Still the question of the real authorship is not unfrequently fairly raised, to be answered at once, it may be, if, as is sometimes the case, the division officer discovers a "preëstablished harmony" between the thoughts of the trembling essayist and those of some author with whom he is conversant ; then the delinquent bitterly feels how very unfair it is that "the ancients have stolen all our brilliant thoughts." It is sometimes resolved too if our own course of reading has been upon the same or a similar subject to the one under discussion, and if it takes place in neither of these ways the literary character of the pretended author compels us still to doubt.

As students we expect little from each other that is original and suggestive in thought, and we know there are few topics upon which a student can write vigorous and exhaustive articles, yet the division room often witnesses bold and instructive compositions. Prize debates show learning, research and keen logic, and prize compositions, if we had access to them, would doubtless discover still greater depths of thought. From these sources we gather abundant evidence of the capacity of college to sustain a magazine which shall be interesting and valuable, not only to us as students for its discussion of local topics, and on account of our interest in the writers, but that shall be worthy of, and gain, a wider circulation. If we have such a capacity then that we do not exert, it proceeds from a lack of energy. If we do not possess it, then instances of those who have built a factitious reputation upon the thoughts of others, will suggest themselves to every mind.

It may be unfair to demand uniform success, if we accept that as a criterion of merit ; but if one's success has been uniformly brilliant in essay and debate, it is not too much to demand that his productions should be above mediocrity, when he seeks a larger audience through the printed page. It reflects upon no one's ability to do unless he makes the attempt ; but the attempt being made, we expect success corresponding to that which has attended his previous efforts in a more narrow sphere ; or else we are at liberty to suspect that in the former case there was an unacknowledged indebtedness. Success, if it has a firm and legitimate basis, incites to renewed effort and seeks a wider field for its display ; but if a reputation has been built upon the results of another's labor, it oftenest modestly declines more auditors

than the voice can reach; its constitution is too delicate to endure the jar of the printing press, for the heat of its enginery might volatilize all brilliant and original thought, leaving nothing but a base sediment of vapid common-place.

To discuss any topic intelligently, we must have had either experience or instruction about it. When the former is wanting, the libraries supply the latter; now a proper use of these aids is necessary and praiseworthy; but it is the abuse of them, of which we have a right to complain; for it cannot be questioned that this abuse is shameless and unscrupulous; one or more instances of this fact cannot be wanting to the mind of any one. A reform may be hopeless. The case certainly looks desperate, when one Professor unwittingly criticises Macaulay's grammar, and another awards one of the highest honors in College to an essay in which a profusion of ideas, and the substance, if not the phraseology of paragraphs, were transferred from a work upon which he had written a review. If it were made an indispensable requisite to taking a prize, that a speech or composition to which it was awarded should be printed, plagiarisms of any extent would be less common, for the danger of detection would be increased a thousand fold; the jealous watchfulness of a hundred pairs of eyes, would form a barrier too formidable to be carried by a shower of paper balls, fired from stolen ordnance.

The political economy of a college is yet to be written, but it is a maxim in the political economy of the world outside, that ideas cannot be appropriated; when once given to the world, they are the common property of all. It is evident this does not apply to college; we are a microcosm of our own, and the ideas of outside barbarians *can be appropriated*, and made to fill our pockets and enhance our reputations. "To take a phrase, or an inspiriting line," says De Quincey, "from the great fathers of poetry, even though no marks of quotation should be added, carries with it no charge of plagiarism." Here is authority of the greatest weight, from one of the masters of the English tongue; and let no one be so absurd as to suppose that induction too violent which would include the best thoughts of the best prose writers, nor wonder if it is extended so far as to include the works of more recent authors.

Lesser luminaries shine by reflected light, yet the heat accompanying even that, is so strong, that a second Icarus loses his Dædalian wings, and falls to his proper level. The wings might have been tested

by a flight less lofty, but impunity begets rashness; the difference between an essay to be read and one to be printed, is not carefully considered; a golden prize dazzles reflection, and the result is, a bold and unscrupulous foray into territories where careful and vigorous thinkers have raised a rich harvest of thought. With all such, the fable of Antæus is reversed, for they are strong only when held aloft from their native earth; or, as it is interpreted, their minds are arid sand deserts, until irrigated by the flow of another's thoughts through their mental wastes. We can discover but one reason why men who write themselves up, should print themselves down: in the former case, their authorship was pretended; in the latter, it is real; in the one, there was a reliance on *inspiration*; in the other, on reputation. Predatory incursions belong to a less enlightened age, though the West sometimes sends us accounts of them, and nearer home a bold foray is likely to rescue a prize.

If we are not satisfied with our present attainments, well-directed effort will better them. True manliness demands sincerity for its basis, and temporary success is but a poor reward for the violation of honest principles. Therefore it is not too much to ask of men, that when they speak, it shall be because they have something to say, and that they should say it in a bold and manly manner, neither sneaking behind the opinions of others, nor using words of their own to cloak the ideas of another: that they should give us the best results of their own most careful thought and study, and that they should not attempt to impose upon our credulity, by trying to pass off as their own coin, that which has been stamped with the seal of another's genius. If our age and cultivation is not sufficiently advanced to admit of much that is original in matter, let us have something fresh and vigorous in manner; if there is indebtedness, let it be acknowledged; let all garniture be genuine; let all learn to write well, but with native simplicity; and let no one think his reputation endangered by "a few brilliant flashes of silence."

O. L.

Travel.

"Home-bred youths have always homely wit."

SHAKESPEARE.—

"He foreign countries knew, but they are known,
Not for themselves, but to advance his own."

LLWELLIN.—

We are a nation of travelers. The world is before us, and into all its parts penetrates the mercenary or curious Yankee. Time and money, as necessary conditions, are the only checks, and these are not final. There is a middle ground between "the boundless continent" and "pent-up Utica" of the Poet. We are not obliged to stay at home, because we cannot wander, like the fool's eyes, to the ends of the earth.

It seems to us that the following is a correct summary of the workings of the American mind upon this subject. You will notice that the innate longing to see all lands, even the most distant, gives a very ambitious character to the earliest volitions, and also how quickly these sink under the dwarfing pressure of necessity to modest proportions, from the voyage to Australia to the trip to Haarlem. "I will eat Australian mutton," is the ambitious proposition of the Young American. "No you won't," say the checks we spoke of: there is lack of time and money. "I will eat Californian vegetables," is the second proposition; the checks operate again. "I will eat English beef," in open defiance of fashion, he is a third time forbidden. "At any rate I will suck Havanna oranges." Poor fellow! Horace's *res angustæ domi* keep you in the States. They have for you, filled the harbors of Van Dieman's Land, as was filled the harbor of Crissa, with impassable barriers; they have for you locked San Francisco's "Golden Gate," sunk the British Islands, and razed the walls of the Moro. They have checked, but take courage, not check-mated your travels. They have only compelled your journeyings, like charity, to begin at home. Since journey you will; for if you can get neither to Niagara, nor Trenton, nor the Springs, giving up broader and more comprehensive views, you pay your last quarter to bask in the sunshine of the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, or borrow a dime to muse over the waters of the Spuyten Duvel Creek at Harlem. It is this love

of travel that has striped our land with 25000 miles of R. R., and sends a thousand steamers from our ports.

In other nations a large portion of the traveling public comes from some single class—generally either the nobility or the traders. With us the passion is confined neither to class or condition. Any Saturday noon you can see on the deck of the Liverpool steamer, a most motley assembly, moved by most different purposes. Flora McFlimsey, going to get something to wear; Old Firkin, going to dispose of Erie bonds, the unpromising investment of a part of his 2,000,000; Mrs. Potiphar, having tortured old Pot into a reluctant consent, going to get position, or a new Poze Dieu.

Bayard Taylor, booked for the second cabin, and confident that courage, good-nature and \$500, will open Europe to his inspection; Seward or Sumner, to hob-nob with Russel or Brougham; college graduates, to starve and study; medical students, to starve and cut; drovers, to buy donkies in Sicily; men of fortune and education, to please and cultivate the taste. Curtis in his "Prue and I," makes his book-keeper say, returning home after he had been to see a friend start for foreign parts, "Youth and Beauty went to Europe to-day;" to his list he might with truth have added, and Old Age and Ugliness, Wealth and Poverty, Happiness and Sorrow, Wisdom and Folly.

We are then, as I said in the outset, a nation of travelers; we do travel; do we travel well? do we travel with the understanding? When Philip saw the Ethiopian was reading, he naturally asked further, "understandest thou what thou readest?" It is just as natural for us, knowing that the Americans travel more than others, to inquire if they reap proportional advantages. We need but little to rehearse these advantages. Shakespeare says: "Home-bred youths have always homely wits," a fact of which, if the biographer of Mr. Verdant Green is as veracious as humorous, we need no further testimony. Not less evident than his simplicity of character, is the benefit accruing to Mr. Green from his short and uneventful trips to Oxford. Although it must be confessed that the experience of other tourists, I except the immortal Pickwick, establishes the fact that such kind and communicative coachmen are rare. Mr. Guizot says, "that it is needless to remark that traveling gives freedom of mind," and this, it seems to us, is the most important and certain recompense of the pains and sacrifices of the journey; the most *certain*, for whatever the individual character, whether frivolous

and refusing all permanent impressions, or so firm and rigid in its narrow-mindedness as to stand against all other innovations, the influence of new scenes and new experiences is potent as a magician's wand; the most *important* for this phrase. Freedom of mind as used by the historian of civilization is pregnant with meaning, recalling the overthrow of an intellectual and moral despotism, and the creation of an intellectual and moral republic; contrasting the past condition, when the sympathies of the heart were imprisoned unless they flowed in narrow and prescribed channels, and the intellect chained, like Chillon's prisoner, to one dark and weary circle of activity, with the present condition, where heart and intellect are free, the one to back the truth wherever started, the other to bestow its pity and love wherever sought and appreciated; and we call this freedom of mind, at once *the most certain and important*, for never can a great traveler be found, however lacking in all other qualities, who has not lost or diminished that bigotry of feeling and belief that is as common as despicable. So much for the most certain and important of the moral influences. We turn to consider some other privileges of the tourist.

Of the many spoils brought home in trunk and mind, few are more valuable, or will prove, as years roll by, the source of a purer or more exquisite pleasure, than the remembrance of the beautiful scenes through which he passed. The Alps and their snows, the Tyrol vallies and their sunshine, the English gardens and their fragrance, the great cities and their varied humanity, all are hung like cabinet pictures in the heart, and memory is the curator who delights to exhibit them. More tangible trophies of foreign enterprise will fade and disappear,—these never. "Time's effacing finger" dims the glowing colors of our paintings; the modern vintage that sprung Phœnix-like from the ancient Cæcuban and Falernian has passed from our cellars, chance has broken the marble quiver of our pet Diana, or snubbed the Grecian nose of our Venus; the fellow travelers whose wit and kindness won our love, have gone upon their endless pilgrimage, or sadder yet, have forgotten us; but memory guards *her* treasures, nor does time dim, or accident mar, or faithlessness destroy them.

Again, consider the amount of information which the observant traveler acquires; and not only the amount but the quality. It is a species of knowledge which cannot be gathered from books, and which is most valuable. Among the ancients, whose want of literature

offered no other resource, traveling was the great means of education. We need not recall the wanderings of Homer, Pythagoras, Herodotus and other worthies. It is difficult for any student to acquire an appreciative knowledge of political institutions and their workings, if the study be not pursued in the midst of the people for whom these institutions were formed. This truth did not escape the strong mind of Peter the Great, who left his own country to toil in the navy yards of England and France, to acquire a cumulus of facts which no mere theorizings could ever have collected.

The cultivation of the taste by a study of the best models, is undoubtedly the privilege of one who visits Europe. There is but a single draw-back to the earnest man, who has the disposition to avail himself of these opportunities for æsthetic culture. We refer to the embarrassment of riches—certainly a pleasanter perplexity than the embarrassment of poverty. When you move reverently through the long and silent saloons of the Louvre, where the immortal creations of genius are so close—many around you—you are like the Apostle Paul, in great straits, having longings in either direction, to go, and to stay. To go, because you long to hide your own insignificance, and to escape the humiliating contrast of insignificance with greatness. Longings to stay, that you may feast on such treasures, and sate your curiosity with knowledge. The last longing of course prevails, and then it is that you are embarrassed by riches. Your sensuous nature urges you to view the Rubens'—whose muscular heroes and voluptuous dames remind you of the Antwerp artist, himself rejoicing in ruddy health, fond of scarlet cloaks, rich in money, friends and fame. That sentiment of repose in consciousness, in the breasts of all, though not always active—calls you to the golden sunsets of Claude Lorraine, where all is peaceful and happy. Next to this quiet picture, the chances are, that you will find the gloomy thoughts, that Salvator Rosa always indulged in over his easel—Night, or a Storm—Rocks and Brigands. Not for painting alone, but for all the arts, there are invaluable schools. The most indifferent person cannot escape all refining influence. There is something in the atmosphere that permeates him with an odor of taste and refinement. Just as is the case with many young men, who spend their four years in our University town, for no other purpose than, as Gordon Cummings says, when speaking of slaughtered *elephants*, to “bag” their Diplomas. They have smoked, lounged, flirted and danced, but they have neither read,

studied or thought; yet the chances are ten to one, that they will be recognized by an attentive observer as College bred men. And why? Like the bard of Avon, they "know little Latin and less Greek," and are never guilty—for very good reasons—of pedantic allusions or classical jokes. They are still poorer in the sciences, and know nothing of the moon, except as the source of a beautiful light, named after it, or of natural philosophy, except to change a motion rectilinear, to a motion curvilinear, according to the exigencies of the waltz; and if they take a pen, they, according to Dr. Johnson, write themselves down. If this be the case—and your own experience among the Alumni of our venerable Alma Mater must confirm it—how is it that the attentive observer makes his discovery? It is by peculiarities slight and scarcely noticeable, but the safe criterions of a College residence. In our College barracks, it is true, they neither wooed the muses, nor acquired knowledge, nor trained the judgment; but still, they carried with them, when they left, a literary taste, a respect for knowledge, and a judgment whose decisions were neither mean nor narrow. They carried these treasures away with them, not because they sought or expected them, but because they could not help it. A man cannot take pitch into his hand and not be defiled, neither can a youth go to College without acquiring a literary air, or a traveler move, however carelessly, through ruins and art galleries, without experiencing some result. If the careless traveler gleans some sheaves, how valuable the harvest to him who puts in an earnest sickle.

When we freeze our fingers at Saltonstall, before we can satisfactorily adjust our skates; when we have to ask the stern papa, before we can take the fair daughter to sleigh—and are, individually, obliged to pay nine dollars, lawful currency, to mine host of Savin Rock, before we can whirl her over the waxen floor of mine host's ball-room—we are apt to enunciate the startling proposition, there is no pleasure without its pain. Traveling is not, as we know, an exception. Rainy days, stupid inns, wet sheets, boorish companions, bad water—this is not, I learn from the editor of the present number, an annoyance to some—bad bread, impudent Jehus, these and the like are but minor inconveniences, and to be accepted with thanks; although often the gratitude is of the doubtful character felt toward the house thief, because when he took our cloak from the hall, he didn't take our coat also.

Sunshiny dispositions manage to consider these annoyances of travel as of no consequence; but we have not yet met the man; when we

do, we shall have to dip our pen in the sun-beam, to write of so joyous a character, who had the heart thus lightly to characterize sea-sickness. Washington Irving says, "to the American visiting Europe, the voyage is an excellent preparative," and we would not dispute. The regeneration it effects is moral as well as physical. By merely assailing the stomach, it plants a blow upon all pride and conceit, leaving the patient in a state of humility delightful to view. How foolish in the ancient king to salary a mentor to remind him of his mortality, when the Ægean was continually breaking on his coast, with the modern invitation, "Try me, and I will do you good." Who that has experience, can doubt the power of sea-sickness? That at its bidding, the proud become humble; the talkative become silent; the fashionable, careless; the well, sick; the sick—we will not trace them to their cabins. Over such scenes it is better to cast a veil. When we go to a city wharf to see a steamer start, we look hopefully on human hollyhocks and sunflowers, that bloom upon the motionless deck, confident that Sandy-Hook will rock them into lillies-of-the-valley; to seek retirement and eschew publicity, as the man of Uz eschewed evil.

We have seen in the vicinity of Hatteras, the sea-sick so generous in their Neptunian libations, that decency yielded to veracity, and we were obliged to parody Scripture, in thinking that while they brought something into the ship, it was very certain they could carry nothing out. Equally profane was the remark of a German Jew, who, having acquired a fortune in California, was determined to expend it in the delights of adventure. Leaning over the vessel's side, and in deathly sickness, leaving behind him—

(Not) foot-prints, which perhaps another—
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and sea-sick Brother
Seeing, might lose heart again—

in most dolorous and broken tones, he gave utterance to the following: "The man" — long pause, but not a rest—"who goes to sea for pleasure," — pause, fearful in its duration and unrest,— "would go to h—ll for pastime!" But such suffering must end, and your heart, like your body, is light and joyous when the green hills of England smile from beneath the vanishing fog, and the gun of your steamer startles the citizens of Liverpool.

The sensitive traveler finds a drawback to his enjoyment, in the poverty, suffering and brutality that must everywhere meet his eye.

Our education, in this fortunate land, has not given us that aristocratic indifference to such things, of which familiarity is a necessary element. We can imagine the feelings with which some of our class-mates, when, Hyperion-like, they seek next winter a cement for their broken hearts, on foreign experiences, will gaze upon such a spectacle as the salt market in Glasgow exhibits of a Saturday afternoon. Bailie Nicol Jarvis, little dreamed that the site of his comfortable residence would ever be the intensified Five Points of the Scottish metropolis. How it looks now, no pen but that of the Bailie's literary father could adequately describe; the street filled with dirty men, bonnetless women, children, hogs, pigs, and offal; the air, with curses, songs, laughter, and stench; in short—to imitate the frankness and condensation of *Micawber*—all is noise, dirt, and confusion. It is just here that we love to imagine some of our friends—say him from New York. How he would snuff the danger of the locality from afar, like the war-horse, and remembering the present help his legs had once been to him, in a memorable time of trouble,* choose the better part of valor; or the great Reformer of the class, with what sorrow and amazement would he look on a sight so distressing to the Christian statesman; or him of the broad and intellectual brow, the temporary President of Linonia—how would his disgusted nose seek the Heavens—so young, and yet so sensitive: while our Greek chairman, aware that “Athens is now free”†—how unable to conceive an adequate cause for such an assemblage of the *Polloi*.

But put all the annoyances of travel together, and they make but a poor show, in comparison with the pleasures and advantages of the tourist's lot; and these same friends, whose conduct and feelings at the salt market we have just alluded to, would not stay away if the stench of all foreign cities was that of Cologne—and the poverty of all lands, that of unhappy Ireland—and the dangers of all routes, that of the interior of Spain. It is natural to an American to travel, and he will travel, unless he is compelled to stay at home. We have no doubt that Sir John Franklin was induced to die where he did, in the Arctic circle, because he found there traces of a Yankee burying-ground, or, that the prophecy of the Seer will prove true, that when the North Pole itself is discovered, there will be seen the ubiquitous Yankee, sitting and whittling on the extremest point.

W. W. P.

* *Annals of the Firemen's row.*
VOL. XXV.

† *Larned's notes on Demosthenes*, 9, § 10.
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The Exile.

[The writer of this article gives the following account, as the generally received one in Smyrna at the time of the events. But as there were no reporters nor papers in Smyrna, it depends in part upon hearsay, and therefore some incidents and dates may not be given correctly. In the main, however, the writer is confident that the account is wholly reliable.]

It was the 25th day of June, 1853. The sun rose upon the city of Smyrna, to track, as usual, its heated way along a cloudless sky. The imbat which every summer's day blows regularly down the bay and harbor from the Mediterranean, did not fail to fan the city on this. The harbor is almost circular, the land appearing, as you look from the city, to run into the sea on both sides and meet. At the extremity of the southern promontory is a Turkish castle, glistening in the distance with a coating of white plaster, built to protect the loyal city of Ismir from the enemies of the One God and his Prophet. Back of the city, there are ranges of hills which nearly envelop it. Often while the thermometer is above 90° Fahr., and while the poorer natives are sprinkling heavy sweat upon the ground in their work, far away in the south-east can be seen snow-capped peaks of the Taurus Mts. As there are no wharves along the shore, the waves ripple, and roll, and dash against the low abutments of the streets and buildings. Hundreds of vessels swing at their anchors, and present a far more pleasing sight than the crowded docks, and the tangled masts, in London and New York. At one time or another, too, the flag of any commercial nation can be seen. To the boys, in the few American families who may be living in Smyrna, there is scarcely anything more inspiring than to see the superiority of the American clippers in gracefulness, neatness, speed, and the beauty of their colors. Then there is the caique, skimming the harbor, and the bulky "mahoona," "dragging its slow length along," as it passes from ship to shore, and from shore to ship. The sun is warm, but the sea-breeze is cooling, and all seems pleasant. Such was nature on the day mentioned above.

In the evening, an Hungarian exile, an aide-de-camp to Louis Kosuth, went to one of the many cafés that line the shore, and there in the twilight and in the sea breeze, he sat down to enjoy the smoke of his "argillai," as it gurgled through the perfumed water to his mouth.

He had crossed, with the rest of the Hungarian patriots after they found their cause there irretrievable, into Turkey. He accompanied Louis Kossuth to America in 1850, and during his two years stay in this country, he declared his intentions in the legal manner, of becoming a citizen of the U. S. At the time of which we are speaking, he was traveling in Turkey. Undoubtedly his motive was to be in readiness to aid his country in case the Crimean war should afford him an opportunity. Still, up to this time, he had done nothing more than leave his adopted country for a brief sojourn elsewhere.

Probably while sitting in that café he thought of his country, and as he had done before, he undoubtedly longed for a chance to risk his life for her again. But he was not allowed to rest long.

The Austrian brig of war "Hussar," of 18 guns, was in the harbor. By means of spies, probably, the captain discovered that the rebel Magyar was in the city. His mind became immediately bent on his capture; the plot which he had planned was to be executed on the evening of this beautiful day. As soon as it was dark, six hireling-ruffian-Greeks entered their caique, and rowed carefully to where their partners signalled them. Having rowed immediately under the café, they proceeded to ascend into it; their actions so far were neither unusual nor conspicuous, and no suspicion was awakened. To gag the exile, to throw him over the railing and into the boat, was the work of an instant. Before the other occupants of the café could tell what had happened, the caique was flying away as fast as six strong men, urged on by fear, could make it fly. The exile was taken on board the "Hussar," loaded with chains, and treated with every indignity. His name was Martin Kosta.

Smyrna was as quiet as usual that night. The officials may have heard an indefinite account of the action the next day, or they may not. The Hungarian and Italian refugees soon knew it; they told it with indignation to all they met, they muttered it to themselves and each other till their feelings were all a blaze. They petitioned the authorities, and no action was ever taken, or remonstrance ever made by that most contemptible, idiotic, superannuated, vacillating, irritating, and insufferable of all governments—the Turkish. They petitioned consul after consul; they, too, are cautious, and delay. Even the American consul (whose mother was a Greek and who himself was born in Turkey,) objected to doing anything. The English consul, I believe, was the most strenuous. By Monday morning, the 27th, all

except the Turks were talking of the capture. But nothing was done; the Austrian commander laughed in his sleeve at the petitions and remonstrances.

Monday afternoon the aspect of things changed. A ship of war was discovered sailing down the bay, and although no American man-of-war was expected, and one is rarely ever there, while it was yet many miles distant, it was known that an American war-vessel was bearing down the harbor. Many watched it as it rounded the castle, and finally anchored opposite to the American consulate. It was the U. S. sloop of war *St. Louis*, Capt. Ingraham. Capt. Ingraham, who was wholly ignorant of the events which have been mentioned, was immediately informed of them by the friends of Martin Kosta. With characteristic energy he is said to have exclaimed, "I'll hang every one of the rascals from my yard arms." Capt. Ingraham was a decided man, but there were many difficulties in his way. Had Costa been an American citizen, the only difficulty would have been a violation of international law in using force on the waters of a neutral power. But a government that could not, and would not if it could, avenge such an outrage committed on its own soil, may be wholly disregarded. This difficulty was quickly disposed of. The great question in the conclave of Consuls was, is he an American citizen, and can he claim American protection? Capt. Ingraham settled it to his satisfaction, in an interview he had with Kosta himself, on board the *Hussar*, the privilege of which, he finally obtained by peremptorily demanding it. In the interview, he told Capt. Ingraham what his political relations to this country were. Capt. Ingraham asked him, "do you claim American protection?" "I do," said Kosta, all manacled. "You shall have it," was the reply; thus the interview ended. But the Consuls had decided that he could not claim American protection. Capt. Ingraham could not act against this decision without incurring the charge of disobedience; matters were thus brought to a dead-lock for several days. The Italian and Hungarian refugees, who had to this time been expecting to see the injuries of their fellow countryman avenged, now knew no bounds to their frenzy and revenge, and in darkness they formed a terrible plot.

In the most fashionable and best finished café of Symrna, on Wednesday, the 29th of June, were sitting three Austrian officers, conspicuous in their gay and brilliant uniform, chatting pleasantly with their friends, as they sipped the rich Mocca coffee, and tasting their

ices. It was dusk. Several powerful men, all armed, approached them from behind; a dagger was plunged into the heart of one victim who died on the spot, another officer who was stabbed, plunged into the sea and swam until he sank from the loss of blood. The third was saved by the interference of his friends. The aggressors, either through fear, or because they thought they had satisfied their revenge, fled. Some of them applied to Capt. Ingraham for protection; but he told them that if they came on board his ship he should deliver them into the hands of the authorities. All of them escaped however. Probably, in disguise they made their way to other lands.

In the mean time, Capt. Ingraham had referred the matter to the American minister at Constantinople. But there are no telegraphic lines, no railroads, no daily steamboats in Turkey, and time was necessary. Finally, Capt. Ingraham, sick with delay and opposition, spread his sails early on Saturday morning, the 2d of July, to catch the land breeze that would carry him out of the harbor. But there was scarcely breeze enough to raise a ripple. The sails flapped idly against the masts, and the ship made but little progress. That very morning an Austrian mail steamer from Constantinople, steamed down the harbor bringing an important letter from the American minister. The *St. Louis* was, at the time the letter was delivered in the city, eight miles away; but the letter was immediately conveyed to Capt. Ingraham in a row-boat.

The letter left the whole matter to the discretion of Capt. Ingraham. He immediately sailed down with the imbat, which always commences about nine o'clock in the morning, and anchored his vessel exactly between the Hussar and the mail steamer. As may be imagined, the news spread like wildfire through the city. In a little while every marine, quay, and street, from which the vessels could be seen, was crammed with excited beings, watching every action with the deepest interest.

The mail steamer was to have left that afternoon for Trieste. Martin Kosta was to have been sent by it to meet a felon's doom in Austria, and therefore no communication between it and the Hussar was allowed to be held by the American captain. This was the first step. In the next place, Capt. Ingraham informed the Austrian commander that if Kosta was not given up peaceably before eleven o'clock that morning, he would be taken by force. He received as a reply, that on the firing of the first gun from the American ship, Martin

Kosta would be immediately taken on the deck of the Hussar and shot down. Thus matters stood that morning. The sails were loosed and both ships prepared for fatal action. Nothing scarcely could have exceeded the eagerness of the American marines and sailors to join the fray. The interposition of the Consuls finally effected that the time should be postponed from eleven A. M., to four P. M. But this only left room for the excitement of the inhabitants to grow. One little incident is worthy of mention. A young man by the name of Nelson, a son of an English merchant in Smyrna, went on board the St. Louis and volunteered his services against the Austrians. Capt. Ingraham laughed, but gave him a midshipman's suit with a sword. He put it on, and strutted up and down the deck; at the close of the day, as a reward, he presented him with the suit and sword. The missionary boys, too, hoisted their little flags, and sat down upon their kivoques to watch with deepest interest, the coming battle; and were almost glad that they were to be eye-witnesses of a scene which might go down in history, side by side with the glorious victories of Paul Jones, Hull, and Decatur.

The Consuls decided before three o'clock that Kosta had better be given up. But now the Austrian commander was stubborn, and would not yield; besides the Hussar, there was an Austrian schooner of fourteen guns, and four Austrian mail steamships of four guns each, making an aggregate of fifty-eight, against the twenty-two of the St. Louis. The guns of the American were, however, of larger calibre. The Captain of the Hussar thought at first he would fight, but he could see that the Americans were preparing to give him red hot shell, and his heart fainted within him. He sent over to Capt. Ingraham a sulky message, telling him to come and get Kosta. Capt. Ingraham replied that as they had taken Kosta from the shore, *they* should take him back. The Austrians may have thought this was adding insult to injury; nevertheless they still continued to think that discretion was the better part of valor. A little before four, Kosta, loosed from his chains, was let down from the Hussar into a boat, and rowed by six Austrian sailors to the landing place of the French Consul; immediately two American boats swept from the St. Louis, and flanked the boat on either side. The band on board the St. Louis struck up "Hail Columbia;" soon the three boats reached the shore, where thousands on thousands were gathered to welcome the rescued captive. As the American officers handed Kosta from the boat to

the shore, cheers after cheers went up from that great throng, such as never before had fallen upon the city of Homer's birth; and some voices were English, and some French; some were Italian, and some Hungarian; some were Greek, and some American; but they all joined in sounding the praises of America. The city rung with them, until even the Turks were awakened from their apathy, and asked what was the matter. This was Saturday: the next Monday was the Fourth of July. The St. Louis was decked throughout, with its richest colors. The Turkish battery fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of our American Independence, to which, of course, the St. Louis replied. The vessels of war in the harbor, except the Austrian, did the same. And even the Austrian finally, though late in the day, as if ashamed of its ridiculous appearance, hoisted the stars and stripes to its fore-truck, and gave the usual salute, to which the Americans promptly responded. In the evening, an entertainment and collation were served by the European residents, in honor of the American officers. Those who were present, during the occurrence of these events, and who were eye-witnesses of these scenes, can never forget them. Nothing was more calculated than they to fan to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, the feelings of patriotism which always animate the heart of the American who has been long separated from his country.

The sequel of these events is well known to all. Martin Kosta soon arrived in this country, Capt. Ingraham's action was commended by the government, and he himself, presented with a gold sword. But here we must stop.

A blush is deepening through the folded leaves
Of that young, guiltless heart, and far within
Upon the altar of her soul, a flame
Like to an inspiration, comes; she feels
That she has *learned to love* as e'en the heart
Of woman seldom loves.
She is a guileless girl—and sorrow's storm
With bitter breath, has swept her gentle soul;
But that was past—and fresh in purity

She reveled in a blissful consciousness,—
She *loved*, and *was beloved*,
She *knew* she loved—and when the twilight dim
Stole on with balmy silence, she would list
A coming step, whose music fall, kept time
To all the hurried throbbing of her heart.
And when it stayed, a softened glance would seek,
Her drooping eye, whose deepest faith had poured
Its dreamy worship forth so fearlessly :
Eyes that to *him* alone were never silent,
Whose glances sometimes sought for his, and threw
Their light far through his spirit, till it thrilled
To music every tightened nerve that strung
The living lyre of being.

At such an hour his burning passion slept
Before the portals of their azure heaven,
Like to some wandering angel who has sunk
To rest beside the glory-shadowed gate
Of a lost Paradise ; and when he bowed,
To press his lips upon the brow that lay
Soft pillowed on his bosom, she would start
Up from his half embrace, and then, to hide
Her sweet confusion, turn aside to part
With her white, soft fingers, tremblingly,
The golden masses of his waving hair.
An angel, bowed before the mercy seat,
Trusts not more purely in the changeless One
To whom his prayer ascendeth, than did she,
The proud, bright being, whom her deathless love
Had made its idol-god. She could have laid
Her soft white hand in his without one thought,
Except of love and trust, and bade him lead
Her to the end of life's bewildered maze,
Blindfolded, while her heart on his would rest
Without one care for Time, one lonely fear
For that Eternity which mortals dread.
Such, then, is *woman's love*—and woe to him
By whom her trusting nature is betrayed !

A change—a fearful, sad, and blighting change
Came o'er them—how or why it matters not,
Enough to know it came—enough to *feel*,
That they shall meet as they have met, no more.

Of *him* we speak not—but *we* know he lives ;
And she whose heart, whose very life was *his*,
Would tell you nothing more.
Lost, lost forever, and her life stands still,
And gazes upon the future's cold gray heaven,
As if to catch one gleam of hope's fair star.
Many envy that sweet, lone girl,
Her light and happy spirit—oh ! it is
A burning, bitter mockery ! while her life
Must be one continued struggle with itself,
To *seem* what it can never *be*—to hide
Its gnawing vulture 'neath a sunny smile,
You *cannot know her*—cannot understand
How one can live, and smile, and *still be cursed.*
Cursed with a “living judgment”—once to be
Beloved—and then to be beloved no more ;
And *never to forget.* Her life is like
Some pictured lily which the artist's hand
Gives proportion—shades its virgin leaves
With nature's beauty—but the bee can find
No bouquet there—the breeze waft no perfume !
And thus it is that woman's sacrifice
‘ Upon the altar of existence ’ is
(That pulse of life) her *warm and loving heart ;*
Far other tongues beside the poet's lyre
There are to teach them that they often *do.*
But, “ let their young affections run to waste,
And water but the desert,”—that they make,
And *idol* to themselves—they bow before
Its worshipped altar-stone, and even while
Their incense wreaths of adoration rise,
It crumbles down before their breath—a mass
Of shining dust ; they garner in their hearts
A stream of love undying—but to pour
Its freshness out at last upon a shrine
Of gilded clay.

The Thimble Islands.

Three years in New Haven, and have never seen the Thimble Islands! Well, a day or two on salt water and in sunshine, will do wonders for that dyspepsia of yours; so borrow a double barrel from somebody, and join Captain and the Doctor on a ducking party. Four of us will be merry enough for the Gem; there's a capital cold lunch in that hamper, and never mind what it is that clinks against the ice in the bucket.

Captain's portly form looks odd enough in his well-worn shooting jacket; which tells, however, many a tale of swift destruction to innocent snipe and plover, in its ooze-drabbled edges, and the evident traces of Charm's muddy paws. His moustache, too, takes a still fiercer curl as he carefully sifts the powder into his flask. One cannot look at him without thinking of Kingsley's ideal naturalist. "He must be strong in body, able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day, uncertain where he shall eat or rest; ready to face sun and rain, wind and frost, and to eat or drink thankfully anything, however coarse or meagre; he should know how to swim for his life, to pull an oar, to sail a boat, and ride the first horse which comes to hand; and, finally, he should be a thoroughly good shot and a skillful fisherman; and, if he go far abroad, be able on occasion to fight for his life."

Even the Doctor's impregnable countenance is lighted with a complacent look, not to accuse him of a smile, which reminds one of some old granite fortress, brightened by a ray or two of sunset.

You and I, unsportsmanlike in our boating flannel, wear perhaps too unsophisticated a gladness on our visages, though the well earned tan on our hands and faces, together with the patches on our fishing boots, will clear us from any sweeping charge of verdancy. But the tide has turned ebb by eight o'clock, and we cannot afford to lose this fresh south-wester, which every October morning does not give us, so pulling off to the stake in Brooks' diminutive scow, we are forthwith on board. Not a very bad twenty foot craft this; hardly celebrated, or likely to be, regatta-wise, but staunch, and a sufficiently good sailer. Haul away your throat halyards!—now the peak!—slack a little for boom lifts!—up with your jib!—lay her head a little more to port!—

and as the sails fill, we slip off easily toward the old fort, for we cannot quite lay our course, with the breeze in this quarter. As we get beyond the wharf we can take in New Haven at a glance, just astern. To port are the hill-barriers of Lake Saltonstall, dark with evergreens; Indian hill, crowned with the fort, which ancient settlers of Quinnipiac made good against the Pequots; and right over the bow, Fort Hale, round, wave-washed, and rugged in its ruin, not very formidable in look, and, even in its best days, less dangerous probably to an invading armament, than the crooked channel, and these mud shoals on which we shall ground if we do not come about.

The next tack disclosed the white shining crescent of the cove beach, with the country houses above it, and, once more on starboard tack, we leave the stunted cedars and barnacled rocks at the light-house; the flat beach, and creek outside, and are fairly into the sound. Now we can make straight sailing to Branford Point, and well beyond it you may see a cloudy something just above the water; that is the outermost island. Round we come, 'let her pay off a little more—slack your main sheet!' and we relapse into the most perfect inertness, until, with the thin jets of smoke from his hitherto compressed lips, the Doctor slips out a congratulatory "Ah!" and is again silent; but there are four muzzles pointed over the weather-bow, at a half dozen fishy, tough, black duck—and a simultaneous bang. When we get on shore we shall be more sportsmanlike, and not quite so inclined to broadsides. But here is the advantage of having a shot in the party; there is a dead duck without doubt, for there it flutters, and quite as undoubtedly, the Captain must be the successful marksman. But we are race-crew men, and he gracefully shares the glory; and lets the game go to the commonwealth, without grumbling; the epithet "beastly," with the accompanying "hem," referring, beyond question, to the prospective flavor of the duck.

Subsiding again into leisure, Captain regales us with a scientific account of his new invention for increasing speed in ocean navigation. The great mechanical and scientific minds of two continents have made this a principal object of inquiry for years. 1st. How to increase the speed of ships, by models securing a sharp run and light draught. 2d. How to steer a balloon, which is supposed to have sufficient speed already.

Truly it is real greatness that shows simplicity in invention, causing

to wonder, all those who had before perplexed themselves with intricate solutions of the same problem.

Captain simply combines steamship with balloon, lifts the sharp beautiful hull till only keel and rudder and paddles touch, and the nicely balanced fabric will slip from wave to wave, with the lightness and velocity of the balloon, and meeting the resistance of the air alone; but moving, nevertheless, with all the steady security of a steamer, finding propelling resistance and steerage way, in the denser medium of water. He grows eloquent as he expatiates on the feasibility, the economy, the safety, the speed. He gives us the cost in dollars, tells how beautifully the fair craft, Nautilus-like, shall fold the silky tissues of the balloon, when the storm is too powerful and head winds assail her, to come forth more beautiful, on, or rather above, the assuaged element. Finally, with formulas and stoichiometric deductions innumerable, he shows conclusively how little burden or expense to the ship would be the

$\text{SO}_3 \cdot \text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{Zn} = \text{SO}_3 \cdot \text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{H}$ or $\text{HCl} + \text{Zn} = \text{ZnCl} + \text{H}$,
 necessary to the production of hydrogen to fill the balloon, if once collapsed by stress of weather. Where is the Great Eastern?

Another hour and a half brings us to the islands. "Keep outside the spar-buoys," which the Captain facetiously terms "pugilists," and once by this confused jumble of rocks and sand bars, we are in the narrow channel, and what is worse, in a calm, with no means of determining what will come next, a puff off the land, or a white squall. The hamper and the ice-bucket are examined. Then we all join the Doctor in the tobacco movement; for, save while he was eating, his pipe has been between his teeth since we got under sail. Still nothing to help us in another mile, no motive power save tide, and Kidd himself never could have calculated the multiplicity of eddies among these countless rocks. So dreamily we puff the fragrant clouds, more dreamily gaze down into the placid wave—not the pure green of mid-ocean truly, but yet far other than the muddy brackish stuff in the harbor, and we look down

*"Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,
 "Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean,
 "Silvery fish, wreathed shell, and the strange lithe things of the water."*

Or as the Captain less poetically suggests, "we see sharks in the eel-grass."

But you were right; that cloud to southeast is rolling up a little and will give us a blow. There it comes, ruffling the smooth surface, now lashing it. Lucky it is that we have her head well up into it. Now make Pot Rock and the cove before we get the heaviest of it! or we shall be put to our swimming. Let the jib stand! Haul it a little closer with the main! She reels to it gallantly, but heavier comes the gale; we cling close to the weather gunwale, but are almost buried to leeward. Steady in this narrow inlet! that is a rock which grates the rudder, but we are already in the lee of the island, and now through between these big wave-worn ledges, and in Capt. Kidd's famous hiding place, quiet enough, deep and fair anchorage ground.

We thought it tried our nerves a little coming through here in this little thing, but consider the skill it would take to jam a heavy armed pirate through these windings. But here Kidd used to lie at anchor, concealed by the high rocks and trees of a perfect circle of islands, with more than one channel, dangerous and intricate to protect him. Hard up your helm! Lay her right into that smaller cove! Let go main sheet! Now we will make all ship-shape and see his look out, the top of this hilly island. Here is the celebrated punch-bowl in the rock, big as a barrel; and near by, his scarcely traceable initials. But how the wind beats this side of the island! We are fortunately out of it: it is grand to look at, this

"Crashing and lapping of waters, and sighing and tossing of weed-beds, Gurgle, and whisper and hiss of the foam, and thundering surges,"

but if the worst of it had come first, where you see are white breakers already, we should have had but an unseaworthy craft to get back in, at best.

These rocks, black and dirty at low tide, are broken by many a reedy inlet, where sea fowl love to hide, as close and cunning as so many pirates. We have a rendezvous for sleeping and eating, for Pot Rock boasts a hotel, very caravansary like, but yet a hotel. We shoot a great deal and hit some.

Captain explains the divers species of game. Doctor becomes hilarious, and talks up a camel store of conversational exertion. We have shot away all our powder—would that we had its equivalent!—and "want to go home," but there are white caps enough outside yet and it takes a good hand to keep a boat steady before such a fickle wind, gusty and strong.

However, Doctor *must* go home, for he is out of tobacco. Captain must go or the "Biddy" will ruin his aquarium again. You must go or you will not get "that Philosophical," and I must go or I shall be shipped from college. The tide is full and covers the rocks that were troublesome at ebb, we shall not handle the staunch little Gem very badly, and, if at worst, we do go over, we are all better at swimming, and far more likely to distinguish ourselves in that way. So furl your jib close!—reef the mainsail!—stow everything snug, and risk the wetting. All very pretty boys play till we run out into open water, but now how we pitch about! Nice work, but not so wet as might be, and cannot last long at this speed. How we leap through it! A half hour, and then another, still we are right side up and confident enough, now we are afloat. The wind has got a little northerly, and these chopping cross-seas off the Light, wash us beautifully. They are poor sportsmen, however, who cannot take a bath at any moment, and like it, or at least pretend to. We make Brook's with no accident more serious than the loss of the Doctor's hat, and dispose of the birds.

Reader! when you have nothing better to do, and that is often, make a short voyage to Thimble Islands, and if you shoot anything that will make a game supper, remember the editor. C. H. O.

Love and Woman.

Love, (L'Amour.) From the French of M. J. Michelet. Translated by J. W. Palmer, M. D. New York, Rudd & Carleton, 1859.

Woman, (La Femme.) From the French of M. J. Michelet. Translated by J. W. Palmer, M. D. New York, Rudd & Carleton, 1860.

Much has been written and said, in these times, of woman; much in all times of love. Thoughtful men are recognizing the great fact of the age, that woman is conquering for herself a proper appreciation and acknowledgment of her relative ability. She has been regarded

even by those races which have most respected her, as intellectually inferior to, and naturally dependent upon man. In consequence of this prevalent conception of her character, no people has in its laws recognized her jural equality. Until recently no one has ventured to raise his or her voice against this settled conviction of both sexes. Sidney Smith, indeed, believed that their difference in character was due to education alone, urging that so long as little boys and girls played in the dirt and trundled hoops together, no one could perceive any distinction of sex. Short-sighted man! had he lived in our day he would have seen that the trundling of hoops constitutes an essential separation of the one from the other. Yes, Mr. Smith! something stronger than education, even bars of steel, divides us from one another. On this subject, however, a great change, almost a revolution, of opinion has been compelled by the achievements of women in art, science, and literature. The searching analysis of Charlotte Brontë, the vigorous thought of Mrs. Stowe, the philosophy of Mrs. Browning, the rational sympathy of Mrs. Ellis, the descriptive power of Mrs. Jamieson, force the conviction that the intellectual equality of woman can no longer be denied. She has invaded those realms of thought which man has supposed to be peculiarly his own, and all intelligent men acquiesce in the new condition of woman and welcome her to her new sphere of influence. She has infused her spirit into literature by a host of writers; Rosa Bonheur has given her a new impetus in the direction of art; she even threatens to purify our politics. This novel spirit is also beginning to appear in the writings of the French.

We have chosen these two works, "Love," and "Woman," to inquire what will be the effect upon the American mind of their extensive circulation, and to set forth the woman of France, both actual and ideal.

M. Michelet is well known as a historian and as a philosopher. He writes upon a congenial subject. He has thought much of this matter. His own domestic experience has aided him greatly in the prosecution of his work. No other Frenchman has combined as he has the qualifications requisite to such a task. These books, then, contain the highest conception of woman possible to a Frenchman. In one of his inimitable essays Montaigne says, "I find after all, that love is but a thirst for enjoying the object desired." Until Michelet, this has been the French definition of love. Is his idea superior to

that of Montaigne? As man regards woman, is he himself worthy of regard. No one but a villain despises her. So as a nation loves will be its morality. What must be the society where such a notion prevails? It is a society where every man "hates his neighbor, but loves his neighbor's wife." Paris, the most civilized, is also the most corrupt city in Europe. Woman is regarded not as an equal, as a helpmeet, but as a toy and a plaything. Many of the choicest specimens of English poetry cannot be even understood by a Frenchman, from his entire ignorance of the position of woman in England. Compare these words of an English mother to her son about his wife, with any of Michelet's thoughts upon the same subject, and see how incomparably more noble they are.

"Sun her with your smile
When she is joyful: and whenever she stands
Within the shade of grief, stand you there too.
Pray with her, read to her, lead her gently on
Up the ascent of life, until you reach
The spot whence one of you shall be caught up
And landed on the golden steps of Heaven."

It is impossible for a Frenchman to conceive of such communion of spirit between husband and wife. Until recently, the only women of mark in French history have derived their fame from pandering to the lusts of a monarch, and it does not appear that the estimation in which Mesdames de Maintenon and Pompadour are held is lessened by their being the royal mistresses. To be sure, a writer here and there roundly asserts that woman is superior to man, but only in capacity for evil, as one from whom we quote. "Adam," says he, "was sublimely endowed, but woman humbled him; Samson was strong, but woman made him captive; Lot was chaste, but woman seduced him; David was religious, but woman disturbed his piety; Solomon was wise, but woman deceived him; Job was patient, but was robbed by the devil of fortune and family; ulcerated, grieved and oppressed, nothing provoked him to anger till a woman did it, thus proving herself stronger than the devil." Thus the Frenchwoman, unable to become famous except through self-degradation, too weak to rebel against public opinion, too shallow-minded to desire deliverance, has employed herself only in confirming her bondage by her contemptible frivolity and despicable love of show. Truly, of all beings, the most worthy of scorn and execration, is the fashionable woman, who flaunts

her finery in our faces, and knows not that she has a soul. For such women can there be any love but that which Montaigne defines? Can there be to them with their husbands any community of feeling and aspiration, which is essential to love as we understand it? Yet Michelet says, "if you desire a wife whose soul shall respond to your own by the sympathy of intellect as well as love—who shall renew your heart by a charming vivacity and gaiety, a helping wit, womanly words or bird-like songs—you must choose a *Frenchwoman*."

Now let us see what is the ideal woman, the "eternal woman," of M. Michelet. We quote: "she should be gentle, trusting, willing to be guided, and above all, fresh in heart. *All the rest is of trifling consideration.*" Again, "woman takes hardly any interest in the vain discussions which are carried on in her name at the present day. She troubles herself very little about the famous inconsistent debate whether she is superior or inferior to man." "She believes everything her husband tells her, and, confiding her body and soul to him, she is very far from discussing any differences of opinion which may in reality separate them; unconsciously, also, she even yields him her faith." This is the "eternal woman." Can it be that the historian Michelet, who has admired the characters of the noble women of history, has formed no higher conception of the true woman? Can it be that the philosopher Michelet imagines that an independent, large-minded man could be content with such a wife? Could she share in his joys and sorrows? Could she who "takes no interest in the discussions" of the day, which aim at an entire change of her legal relations to man, which are tending toward her emancipation from slavery to fashion, which are striving to enlarge her mind that she may keep pace with the other sex, be a fit companion for an intelligent man? This is the "eternal woman," the model woman, whose perfection we cannot expect to find complete in any mortal, the standard of excellence to our wives and daughters. She is gentle, confiding, virtuous, dependent, fickle, unintelligent. Is this the entertainment to which the fame of the author invited us? Ought such books to be presented to American women, as the product of the profound thought of a philosopher, "in the sincere belief that it will do good?" M. Michelet, consistently with his ideal, tells us that every woman must be continually guarded, for she is ever liable to yield to the slightest temptations. It would be very ludicrous, if it were not very sad, that the chapters in which this subject is treated, embody the convictions of the most sagacious

analyzer and enthusiastic admirer of the female character in France. If such are his *opinions*, what must be the *practice* of the nation? For the author is sincere; it is obvious that he writes with a purpose to do good; and if our estimate of French society be correct, his ideal is infinitely superior to the actual.

These books, therefore, may be hailed as the first movement in favor of woman in a country which, to our apprehension, has so miserably failed in all its efforts towards liberty, in a great measure because woman has not aided in the struggle, by her gentle, yet powerful influence. Her sympathies have been on the side of imperial magnificence, rather than of republican simplicity. No! not until the Frenchwoman has been educated away from pleasure-loving, away from her servitude to fashion, away from her sickly sentimentality, up to a supreme regard for virtue, up to a contempt for frivolity, up to a healthy mental development; not until she knows herself, her capabilities, her powers, will the man of France, from his new reverence for woman, cease to be a hero-worshipper, and thus obtain a well grounded hope of success in a new attempt at self-government.

M. Michelet's views of education seem to us radically defective, though entirely consistent with what has gone before. She should learn gardening and natural history for amusement, and should pay strict regard to health. She is not to learn history; it is too dry; by no means is she to meddle with metaphysics; it is too difficult. Is this enough? Is the "eternal woman" so poorly endowed as to derive no benefit from the examples of history? Is her soul so small as to be incapable of analysis?

"Woman" is much superior to "Love." It is more practical, less sentimental. Many of its precepts deserve to be pondered by all women. Its pictures of country life in France are terrible from their very reality. He says, "it is for this that he (the farmer) marries, in order to have a workman; in the Antilles, they buy a negro; in France we marry a wife."

These books will be valuable in concentrating thought and eliciting discussion upon their subject, rather than for any actual contribution to the cause which they advocate. They have indisputably aided to raise the French woman in her own estimation, and would be of service even to many American women. They fail of much they might have effected by teaching woman that she is created only to be married; that her education must have reference only to her relations

as a wife, that it is not necessary for her at school to love to learn, but only to learn to love. How truly might many American as well as French girls say,

“ I was little, and a fool,
When they sent me to school;
I was little, and a fool,
When they sent me to school;
But nothing there I heard,
Save a little loving word,
Which, now I have a lover,
I am always saying over.”

It is this idea, inculcated by so many mothers, which renders the manners of many, very many young women utterly disgusting to all sensible men; this it is which makes women forget her womanhood, which makes her an odious flirt, fickle in friendship, incapable of love.

The translator has generally performed his office faithfully; sometimes by being too literal, he has verged upon obscurity. What means such a sentence as the following,—“her destiny is such that the higher she stands *as religious poetry*, the more effective will she be in common and practical life.” Perhaps the translation ought in some cases to be obscure in order to fit the works for general circulation. Let us here enter our protest against the introduction of the French use of the word *lover*; the only word by which it should be rendered is *adulterer*.

The sentimentalism and extravagant statement with which these works abound are peculiar to French literature, and therefore excusable here. There is much in “Love” and more in “Woman” which is good, yet the pretensions of books treating upon such topics should be carefully criticised, for upon a proper solution of the questions—what is woman,—what are her rights,—what are her duties,—depends the moral life of the nations. Not until they are correctly answered can society make any great and permanent advance. S. T. K.

The Execution of Marie Antoinette.

There is a hush within the crowded streets
Of Paris, which no light illumineth,
For civil war is rife : and each heart beats,
Intent on cruel death.

A silence that tells not of fear nor awe,
But dreadful hate, that clenches every hand—
A silence like the lull in storms, before
They burst upon the land.

The air is clear. The sky its brightest blue ;
Yet there the guillotine can be discerned,
But men are too familiar with the view,
For now each eye is turned,

To that tribunal where the doom is sealed—
Of one, who wore a fairer coronet
Than ever France in brighter time did yield--
Of Marie Antoinette.

Who now comes forth with calm uplifted eyes,
And hair, bleached white with sorrow, scarcely seen,
And robes which e'en the peasant might despise :
Yet she was once their queen.

The lofty forehead scorns the ribald jest,
And cursing insults that might well appall ;
Her wasted hands are crossed upon her breast,
And still no tear-drops fall.

Until she sees as if all hope to bar,
(Who would not weep at such a sight as this ?)
Her little child, with streaming eyes, afar,
Wave with his hand a kiss.

One moment a strong sob of pain unseals
The mighty love upon the mother's part,
And then that face, so strangely fair, conceals
Her weary, broken heart.

The eyes are closed, she seemeth not to hear
The priest, who with the cross, beside her stands ;
Nor heedeth those foul words that strike her ear,
Like hissing fire-brands.

Mayhap her thoughts are busy with the past—
For even at the scaffold they will roam—
And she has wandered dreamily and fast
To her own native home.

Up through the chancel swells the bridal song,
And like a perfume onward floats to her;
While golden hopes, bright pinioned, waft along
The maid of Austria.

Where now are all the smiles that banished gloom?
The laughter-loving princess all did praise?
Perished, alas! within her prison tomb,
Fled with her happy days.

And will not one of all this mass reply
To her mute call, and her poor cause advance?
Will no one doff his blood-red cap, and die
For justice and for France?

Not thus doth revolution list to woe,
Nor lawless crime so steel the hearts of men;
That fearful engine in the street below,
Must to its work again.

And it is over—one revengeful shout—
One throb of pain that bears its own reward—
One victim more—the dense crowd rushes out—
And she is with her God.

But as the tide oftentimes recedes in waves,
That on the beach in angry force are hurled,
Leaving at rest amid the rocky caves
Full many a water world,

So yet there lingers where she proudly stood,
A soldier left alone of all the rest,
Who dips his kerchief in her martyr-blood,
And folds it in his breast.

Ay, Mingault! let thy tears their tribute rain,
And herald to the world for bitter scorn,
That she who was most innocent is slain,
And only one to mourn.

J. N. H.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Gymnasium proper was dedicated on Monday evening, Jan. 30th, to its peculiar divinity, whatever or whoever that may be. Neptune, we presume, he being the tutelary God of the ocean, and hence of the *muscles*.

We were not present, but the performances received unqualified admiration from those who were. It was, we hope, the commencement of an attempt at physical development, which, in addition to the sanitary advantages afforded, shall abrogate the cowardly use of the pistol and the knife in self-defense, heretofore so disastrous to our reputation for courage.

In accordance with resolutions passed by the Linonian and Brother's Societies on Feb. 15th, the Corporation are to be petitioned, through the faculty, that all Society taxes shall be assessed on the College term-bills, and that communication between the libraries of the Societies and the College be established, all three of which to be under the same supervision, the Societies defraying one-half of the expenses.

On February 22d, in the year of our Lord 1860, the election of the members of the Central Board of Editors for the Undergraduate, was held at 155 Divinity College,—which being the office of the Yale Literary Magazine, was, nevertheless, kindly loaned for the purpose. From the free and general invitation which was given to the College to participate in this choice, we were induced to believe that we should be permitted to exercise our elective franchise without being trammelled by the nomination of any one by any party, social or political, by any clique of friends or Society members. We soon found out our mistake, Nominations *were made*, and partisan feeling soon created rivals for our support. The result of all which was the following :

LUTHER M. JONES, JOHN M. MORRIS, EDWARD G. MASON.	}	<i>From the class of 1860.</i>
---	---	--------------------------------

SIMEON E. BALDWIN, ROBERT L. CHAMBERLAIN, WILLIAM E. PARK.	}	<i>From the class of 1861.</i>
--	---	--------------------------------

JAMES P. BLAKE, DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN, FLAVIUS J. COOK.	}	<i>From the class of 1862.</i>
---	---	--------------------------------

There were three tickets with the same five names on all of them. These five were consequently elected, together with one gentleman not a member of College; the other three gentlemen have always previously enjoyed the reputation of being respectable men. The result was announced the same day to a gathering of students, in the President's lecture room, numbering about thirty. A motion was made that "as has always been customary, the election of the Board of Editors for the Undergraduate be made unanimous by College." We are obliged to add that this motion would have gone by default had it not been promptly seconded by a Yale Lit. Editor. The *thirty* then agreed that the Editors of the Undergraduate were unanimously elected by the votes of *all College*. We extend our editorial flipper, and wish them much success. We should be

pleased to know, however, *how long* it has been "customary" to elect Undergraduate Editors by a unanimous vote.

As wild animals cannot be tamed after having once tasted blood, so the taste acquired for balloting resulted in the election of the following persons on the evening of the same day, (Feb. 22,) in the Linonian and Brother's Societies:

Linonia.	Brothers in Unity.
<i>President.</i>	<i>President.</i>
JOHN M. MORRIS.	MARCUS P. KNOWLTON.
<i>Vice President.</i>	<i>Vice President.</i>
EDWARD G. MASON.	WM. WALTER PHELPS.
<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>
GEORGE M. TOWLE.	JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY.
<i>Vice Secretary.</i>	<i>Vice Secretary.</i>
WILLIAM LAMPSON.	CHARLES B. SUMNER.

One of the lower rooms of North Middle College was discovered to be on fire about half-past one, Friday afternoon, Feb. 24th. The firemen were promptly on the ground and soon put out the fire and the furniture. We understand that the occupant is also much "put out" on account of the water, but he must remember that it was *pro bono publico*.

Again has Yale been called to mourn the loss of a venerated teacher and venerable disciple of religion. Prof. Chauncey Allen Goodrich, D. D., died at his residence at 4 1-2 o'clock, P. M., Saturday, Feb. 25th. He had not been enjoying vigorous health for some time previous to his decease, and ten days anterior to his death he had been suffering from a severe attack of bilious pneumonia, which caused no serious apprehensions for his life till it terminated in a paralytic stroke on the morning of his death. A second put an end to his existence the afternoon of the same day.

Prof. Goodrich was born in New Haven in the year 1790. Graduated in 1810, became a tutor in College, and three years afterwards became the pastor of a church in Middletown, Ct. He was elected in 1817 Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in this College, which post he resigned in 1839 for the purpose of occupying the chair of Pastoral Theology. This position he relinquished only in death.

His chief works are a Greek Grammar, "Latin Lessons," "Greek Lessons," Selections from the most eloquent British orators, and the various revisions and additions which he has made to Webster's Dictionary. We can here only drop a passing tribute to the benevolent and christian qualities of a genial and child-like heart. His experience as a christian guide, his strong faith in the persuasive power of the gospel, the high intellectual order of his talents and extent of his personal influence, will render his place difficult to be filled.

The following prizes in Mathematics have been given to members of the class of 1860.

First Prize,	Charles H. Vandyne.
Second Prize,	Clarence E. Dutton.

Prizes for excellence in English composition have been awarded to the following members of the Sophomore class :

	1st Division.	2nd Division.	3rd Division.
1st Prize.	Flavius J. Cook.	Franklin McVeagh.	George C. Ripley.
2d "	{ Frederic Adams, { James P. Blake.	{ Daniel H. Hemenway, { Cornelius L. Kitchel.	{ Richard Skinner, { John P. Taylor.
3d "	Daniel H. Chamberlain.	Henry P. Johnston.	Robert K. Weeks.

Mr. T. H. Pease has published a beautiful steel engraving of the late Prof. Goodrich. It is executed in the best style of art, and is a faithful likeness. No inducement need be urged upon all to purchase the picture of one whose benevolent countenance has been so familiar to us all, as we have heard his earnest appeals to us in the weekly lecture. The price of the engraving is fifty cents. All orders from abroad will be filled at this price, postage paid.

Editor's Gable.

We feel as much embarrassed in commencing our monthly talk as does the youth at his first party, on being introduced to some young lady who, from four or five years experience, knows all the colloquial ropes, but who maliciously waits for the sufferer before her, to stammer out "it's beautiful weather we have had lately." We are aware that "Winter has passed away and Spring has come." We know that "another vacation is at hand," but we also know that an average number of our readers have heard of these things before, and might be disposed to regard such statements as lacking in originality, and consequently, good taste. We will therefore pass over *these* common-places, and attend one called the "Atlantic Monthly," which our readers perhaps know is a yellow-covered magazine published at the hub of the universe; but we do not on this account feel bold enough to say that it is particularly *navish*. The Atlantic does know how to patronize. With a most benevolent smile, and in the most orthodox manner, it lays its hand upon the head of many a little pamphlet, or welcomes with a "I-like-to-see-you-try" sort of an air, the first literary baby of some unknown author. Well, the Atlantic has been stroking the hair of the Undergraduate a little this month, after telling us first that it likes to read college magazines, just to see how the young colts trot. We are not remarkable judges of horseflesh, but we do believe that it is preferable to see the spirited, though inexperienced, trotting of literary colts, rather than to look at the same old paces of literary hacks. And we believe that the former would bring the most, whenever they choose to sell their services. However, after currying down and polishing up the Undergraduate it suddenly proceeds to rub the hair the other way, having found, as it thought, a weak point in the orthography of the magazine. Here's the objection: "Traveller should not be spelt *traveler*, nor theatre, *theater*. These last provincialisms, particularly, should not find a place in a journal meant for students all over the English-speaking world. And if, as we hope, contributions shall hereafter appear in the new Quarterly from any persons

connected with our neighboring University, it should be a condition that the English standard of spelling should be adopted in preference to any local perversions.*

The Atlantic objects to "traveling," perhaps because it hasn't traveled; for it talks of provincialisms as if it had always lived in the provinces.* We fear this is the case, Monsieur Atlantic. We fear also that you will take advantage of any concessions we may make to you on this point. We have good reason to believe that if we give you an inch in "traveling" you will take an "ell," and if we allow you an ell, we should just as like as not be putting a foot in it. We are not so sure but that you are extravagant enough in your orthography to form a "house" with two *L*s, just as you want to see the latter end of "theater" turned hind side before. Had you had an opportunity to make any such criticism you would, no doubt, have considered it as sacriligious not to have put two *p*'s in worshipping, although you know that there is but one *p* in all forms of piety. Moreover, we desire to sympathize with the conductors of the Undergraduate upon the hard conditions to which they must submit, provided they desire any contributions from the good spellers in Harvard. The editor, we notice, has very modestly invited you to ask Harvard to share with you, your labors, and we suppose you will immediately request them to join your undertaking. But he does not wish them to sacrifice their principles—of orthography. What are you going to do, gents. of the Undergrad.? Harvard, we will suppose, tells you "you must plant more *p*'s, you must increase your *l*'s, change your meters, adopt these measures, or not a single syllable do you get from us. O, wicked and perverse generations of Yale, we will not submit to your "local perversions." Will you, gentlemen, be dictated to in this manner? Is this the liberty of the press? No gents. of the U. G., knowing as we do the fierce determination, whole-souled obstinacy of your characters, we feel assured that you will suffer the rich fields of literature in the Undergraduate, to run to waste, (paper) or let them "go to grass," before you will prove false to your colors, or desert your standard (Dictionary).

Hitherto the world has been much puzzled by the difficulty found in determining the present habitation of the Hebrew children, and has not been satisfied in regard to the identity of the individual who was guilty of an assault upon Wm. Paterson, Esq. But these questions have sunk into insignificance in comparison with an inquiry which has lately shaken the Senior Class to its very foundations, if we may use so strong a metaphor. This question is, "shall we have a levee on Presentation night." Perhaps it will be interesting to trace the history of this agitation. As many as twenty-five years ago it was customary for the graduating class to furnish some entertainment of this sort; and it occurred to some party-going Senior that the restitution of this*principle would be pleasant, as well as somewhat expensive. He communicated his ideas to others of sympathetic natures, and the result was a Class-meeting, a motion

* Its talking about provincialisms, reminds us of the Hoosier, who on a visit to New York, exclaimed, on being asked "what he thought of the city," "Oh New York is too far from La Porte ever to come to much."

made in favor of the levee, an affirmative vote taken, a committee ordered and appointed. But some of the knowing ones the next day discovered that the committee had been packed, and that the motion had been carried over the heads of the Class. A meeting was again called, and it was proved clearly that there had been no opportunity given to the negative to vote: the committee then resigned. At a third meeting the class decided that the plan was feasible. We have not, we hope, been a resident of the Queen City of the West for nothing; we hope that our juvenile experience there has not entirely been thrown away. We think that it has not.

Having therefore seen, however paradoxical it may seem, at various places, and on various times, many hogs-heads packed in barrels, (illustrating the motto of *multum in parvo*;) we feel ourselves qualified to declare that this committee was packed, and like the commodity above referred to, soon found itself in a most decided "pickle." For the class for sometime refused to listen to any of the arguments in favor of the above, because they thought that the plan should have been made known before by this committee, and discussed previous to the meeting. As the ayes and noes had not been called the day previous, it had not been legally decided, but we noticed that although this question was not supported on the strength of the eyes and nose, the members of the committee went in for it head and ears; at least, these seem to have been the chief features in the case. But we are to have a levee.

The ten-pin alleys of the Gymnasium seem to be as popular as ever, and are splendid adjuncts to a proper cultivation of our physical powers. Though strictly temperate, we occasionally stop and "take a flowing bowl" and then "go rolling home."

As our circulation is not as extensive as that of the Undergraduate, we were pecuniarily unable to send any of our contributors to Labrador, though perhaps mentally despatching them all to Halifax, but we were able by extraordinary exertions to post one of our Editors to Thimble Islands, an account of whose journey will be found in the present number.

Some of our Southern cotemporaries are very indignant over the illustrations of John Brown's invasion, in the December number of the "Lit." Some of them go as far as to reprint the pictures as long as the cost does not exceed their limited means. When this happens they suddenly discover, and gravely announce, that the rest of the illustrations are too disgusting or shocking to be printed. But we must refer all these irate friends to our fighting Editor, who is also the author of the illustrations, assuring them that from what we know of him they will receive satisfaction at his hands.

We would respectfully remind some of our subscribers who have not yet paid up, that the Magazine soon goes out of our hands, and we wish to make an adjustment of our affairs. All those whose names are on our books as subscribers, we hold in all honor bound to remit the amount due, for it was upon the basis of these subscriptions that we made our expenditures. We earnestly desire, that, if convenient, all subscribers would hand the amount to our agent, without waiting for him to call upon them.

Yours Truly.

VOL. XXV.

No. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1860.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

APRIL, 1860.

No. VI.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

Changes.

IT is said that there is a romance in every one's life. Although scarce a man can be found who does not consider himself an exception to this rule, it holds true nevertheless. Cold realities and repulsive minutiae spin a thick web over one's experience, and it is hard to look through it and find romance there. Still it is so willed that all of us shall see something new and strange, and pass through some wonderful changes, and these are the essence of romance. We live in it always, although seldom appreciating it. Only an eye which takes in the old and the new at a glance, which looks at events rather than causes, sees the wonders of every day life. We must look back through many years, to a "distance which lends enchantment," before we can know the marvels and the beauties of our own experience.

Some of us stand now almost at the door which opens out from College life. The memory of the four years which have passed with dream-like speed, is but slightly tinged now with anything of romance, and the changes which the short time has wrought in both College and students, are but poorly appreciated. They caused a little wonder and a little excitement at first, but the novelty soon wore away and the days passed as dully and monotonously as ever. We must look back over the years and bring their events together in our thoughts,

and then an unusual variety appears. Many an old custom has died out, and many new ways and new things have been born to fashion a new student character far different from that of the old time.

The tendency of almost every movement has been for the better. This is seen especially in the abolition of some heathenish and barbarous practices, which were recommended to favor, only by their age. And that very age served merely to cast the greater stigma on those who suffered them so long. The old foot-ball game first yielded. The class voted in its favor, indeed, and a fiery and blood breathing challenge made its appearance one day on the Lyceum walls. The immediate cause of its demise was a prohibition from the higher powers of College, but among the students themselves, a strong feeling existed in opposition to it. In a few more years it would have died naturally, giving way to the better civilization and truer ideas which are beginning to hold sway now.

By strenuous exertions Euclid was buried with a good degree of *éclat*. The Temple walls echoed with vile jokes and drunken shouts, as loudly as in former times. A long line of torch lights gleamed beneath the old elms. The slumbers of dreaming citizens were broken by the music of as poor a band, and the shouts of as drunken revelers, as ever before followed the hearse of Euclid, and mocked the most solemn and holy rite that men ever perform. The common sense and self-respect of many condemned the affair then, and the feeling opposing it grew until one class, which deserves honor for the act, voted against it by a large majority. The minority made a desperate but painfully poor attempt to keep up the old custom. It is hardly probable, however, that any coming class will disgrace themselves by repeating it. College sentiment opposes such things too strongly now, and they cannot live against it.

The present Senior class suffered all the rigors of a Freshman initiation, with no hope of escape from the ordeal, and no alleviation of its miseries. Since then a humanizing influence has been at work in this particular institution also. The last one was adopted after much hesitation, and attendance upon it was made voluntary. Symptoms of the same decay which proved fatal to the Burial of Euclid are visible here also. The custom is beginning to be regarded as barbarous and ungentlemanly, and all things prophesy for it a speedy end. No one who thinks of the matter soberly and honestly can fail to condemn it.

The changes which have taken place during the past four years, in

the three old customs which have been mentioned, give a clue to part at least of the revolution which has been wrought in student character in the same time. It seems to have become somewhat less barbarous and outlandish. The time was when the name of a student was regarded as a cloak for an eccentricity and rudeness of conduct which would have been utterly unpardonable in any other class of men. The idea that studies which ought to refine, should form boors instead, was strangely anomalous, yet it prevailed very widely, and what is more, was very widely put into practice. It is, indeed, almost a necessity that some peculiarities should exist in student character. They are a class by themselves, with distinctive pursuits and under distinctive influences. They must have their own characteristic modes of acting and speaking, some of which cannot fail to shock the tender sensibilities of persons utterly unaccustomed to them. So long, however, as these are harmless and the natural results of surrounding circumstances, few will find serious fault with them. But when they are carried, as in past years they have been, to an unwarrantable extent, there is little to be urged in extenuation. Nothing can palliate flagrant violations of law, religion or humanity. They are as unpardonable in one class of men as in another. The three old customs which have been mentioned were guilty in all these respects. Yet not long ago they were all supported, and that nearly unanimously. Whether they violated sacred or civil institutions, the same plea was always urged in their behalf. They were mere "student scrapes," and as such not only pardonable but worthy of support. Now, a different idea is beginning to prevail. Student's acts are no longer regarded as venial merely because they are student's acts. We are beginning to look at things as they are, and to condemn disgraceful deeds committed in our own midst, as well as those which take place elsewhere. We look at things in the light of reason more than of prejudice. We think more honestly and truly than before.

As a natural result of this, the spirit of College is somewhat reformatory now. Old evils and abuses are sought out and corrected. The age of a custom is no longer regarded as an incontrovertible argument for its continuance. A man can set himself in opposition to an evil practice which boasts long years of existence, and not be hooted at for want of College feeling and spirit, though the time has been when such action would have been a death blow to all hopes for popularity. Even now, prejudices have much effect, but they exist

chiefly in certain cliques of men, and even these are perhaps more influenced by motives of interest than aught else. It is only natural that this spirit of reform should be sometimes carried too far, and serve as a cloak for other and lower motives. A few such cases have already occurred and more may follow. They are however only small imperfections in a large mass of good. There is little danger that such innovations will outlast the College life of those classes whose jealousies have introduced them. The great changes which have been made for the better far more than counterbalance them. Men can trust to the goodness of their cause, and disregard factions and cliques with much greater hope of success than formerly. We can even look forward now with some degree of hope to the time when elections to offices and honors will be less a matter of society influence, and more the result of a candid comparison of the real merits of candidates. Vigorous attacks are aimed at this and similar abuses. Their corruption is becoming more fully recognized and admitted, and it seems hardly possible that they can long withstand the general current which sets against them.

Changes have taken place in the internal economy of the College, and the actions of the Faculty as well as in the students. One of the pleasantest thoughts we can have on leaving College, is that we have found humanity in the bosom of a College Faculty, and what is better, have experienced its blessed effects. The epithets of old fogyism and tyrannical are no longer applicable. It has been our good fortune to see the College change from a mental hot bed to something more like an institution for education. Health and comfort are no longer sacrificed for the sake of an hour more of working time. The cold, cheerless, sleepy, *ante breakfast* prayers and recitations, are matters of memory only. A gymnasium has been erected, and what is most wonderful, a bowling-alley is attached thereto. Although at present the most evident results of these two institutions are a number of broken limbs and heads, there is strong hope and faith that a year or two more will see better effects attending them.

Altogether the "Old Yale" of to-day is far different from the "Old Yale" of four years ago. If we do not experience the full fruition of the change, it is at least pleasant to have seen the end of the old and the beginning of the new era; to have had personal knowledge of manners and institutions which are rapidly becoming subjects of tradition, and about which, notwithstanding their many evils and faults, passing years are weaving a veil of romance and even beauty.

But strangest of all changes, is that which the College course has wrought in the thoughts and characters of those who have nearly finished it. The long, evening conversations of Senior year, turn to far different subjects from those of days gone by. There are more sober and earnest and eager glances cast forward, better and more comprehensive resolutions formed. Should all be fulfilled, there will be wonderful men in the world before long, wonderful deeds done and successes gained. Our best wish is that they may be, and that the improvement of four years may continue through all the years of life which remain for each of us.

W. F.

Visionary.

WE do not wish to recall incongruous day-dreams from the musing moments of indolence; those were pleasing fancies, and may have made purer some wilder moods, or rendered less despairing some gloomy forebodings; but, as we stand almost upon the threshold of our College days, it is impossible for youth not to indulge in more serious contemplations, and it is wistfully gazing into the future, that makes us visionary. Real as has been much of our life here, it has borne but mimic proportions; however pleasurable has been our stay, how dear soever its associations, we have not been free, our purposes of life and the necessities of education have chained us here, and made others our leaders.

Restraint, even the gentlest, has grown irksome, and, though we dread the responsibilities of liberty, we are nevertheless eager to face them, and like the prince Rasselas, escaped from his valley prison, the beautiful and long-loved home of his happiest days, and yet a prison, we cast one look of fond regret upon the scenes of our captivity, and go forth to make our "choice of life."

We do not, indeed, all start alike. One has marked out for himself, long ago, a profession, to which his imprisonment has been but preparatory; it is as if he had, without entering a definite path, set his face toward the East. Or he has chosen a companion for the journey; with doubled responsibilities, he *may* have alleviated their weariness.

Another has fixed upon nothing, waiting for all the experience and wisdom of his education to aid his decision, or perhaps postponing, as long as possible, the crisis from which he has hitherto shrunk irresolute; while too many began a course of instruction, only as a fashionable pretext for intentional idleness.

But to all alike returns the problem. Ennui oppresses the idler, and novelty is his necessity; if he be not stung out of his inaction, another pretext must replace that which time has exhausted; fate demands an ultimatum from the undecided, however wavering or unfitted; and he, who has planned already his career, must now trace its more intricate perplexities. It is a stout heart, that in view of these things knows no misgivings—a stout heart, or an unthinking one. For however resplendent with ethereal hues are the misty turrets of ideal beauty, they are treacherously fair, delusive phantoms that defy approach.

We may not be worse for having fondly gazed upon them; they may have given us celestial models to be cherished, but never to be realized, and only to be approximated by exertions manifold and wearisome. Perseverance does not always conquer, nor industry invariably win success; virtue goes often unrewarded; and human perseverance, industry and virtue, will sometimes waver. More buffets than caresses are in store for us. The world is not waiting to receive us. It may be in need, terrible need, of the right men and the right leaders, but it does not stand ready to acknowledge them; they must win that acknowledgment through many a repulse. Nor can we blame the world for incredulity. It is its only safeguard against impostors and fanatics, deceivers and self-deceived; its favor is given too indiscriminately, not too reluctantly.

There are few of us born to the highest places, few fit for leaders, fewer who shall be known to another country or another age. The most unflinching toil cannot gratify such aspirations, unless combined with such talents as perhaps not one of us possesses. Even if some whim of fortune should give us fame, it is the success of actual and well-earned superiority alone, not the mock honors of an intellectual lottery, which can afford complacency to a really honorable ambition. Shall we then let greatness go and seek merely mediocrity and prosperity?

To keep position, and not be crowded down or left behind, is only less difficult than to lead. Competence is hard to win, and when won, unsatisfactory; for if wealth buy leisure, it cannot buy place or influ-

ence ; certainly not among those whose approval a scholar could desire ; while those to whom wealth is an inheritance, may find that its advantages have been more than counterbalanced by habits of luxury.

Political economists confirm our forebodings,—it is quality, not quantity, that is wanting. Our pulpits, whose special destitution is so much lamented, are already crowded with innocent dullards, to swell whose ranks appeals are circulated, and the bribe of free instruction offered, and not to him alone whose talents and worth deserve the cultivation, but more frequently to those whose heads, if not their hearts, are emptier than their purses, and who can but, by their multitude, shut out from their proper spheres those who are really needed. The churches might well deplore a spiritual famine, but if nothing less to be dreaded, can teach them to leave husks, they may perhaps be better left to seek pastures for themselves, than to trust longer the guidance of incompetent and often unfaithful Shepherds. To be a successful minister is indeed as noble an end in life as any to which we could look forward ; but to add to the number of worthless is more than failure ; it is to become, wittingly or unwittingly, a stumbling block and a rock of offense. You tell us that herein we may trust all to Divine instruction. No more in this than in another calling. Divine instruction manifests itself through enlightened human reason. If we fail to consider the multiplied chances of failure, we are hardly wise as serpents.

In other things the odds of success are almost more against us. To judge by pecuniary profit, in which alone statistics may be collected, not one in twenty of us shall ultimately so triumph over the knavish pettifoggers who overrun our courts, as to pay the expenses of his education by the proceeds of legal acumen.

The event of commercial undertakings is no less problematical, and it is only in those employments which we have been accustomed to regard as less inviting, if not positively degrading, that risk is reduced below formidable proportions. There is evil in everything before us. We can trust nothing among men. This is not merely the conclusion of misanthropy, or a philosophy too mundane ; it is the guiding principle of those who are wise in their generation ; it is the rule of action to those who win success. The world will be slow to give us justice—worse, even, we do not know that justice would favor us ; it is the darkest shade of the picture that we cannot trust ourselves.

Shall we then repine at a gloomy future and envy the laborer's security? That were but a pusillanimous evasion and a refusal to face our trials. Shall our determination be rendered the more persistent by the obstacles it encounters? That were the blind fury of the tigress dashing out her life against the bars which encage her, courageous but very unphilosophical. Shall we steel ourselves to despair, and fortify us in impregnable Stoicism? The tigress, which growlingly refuses food and dies, is a more sullen and unflinching Stoic. Shall we conclude, as did Nekayah the princess, beneath the pyramids?—"To me the choice of life is become less important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity." The present choice becomes, in such a view, still more imperative; the problem yet is before us.

The choice of eternity must govern its solution, and the noblest philosophy; for it, untiring courage shall find enough to battle against; for it, every labor become honorable; but each one for himself must solve it. Then, with the right purpose once set before him, all these doubts, that befog his way, shall begin to clear, and show the worst hindrances were visionary—not giants, but the mirage. Success will be by no means easily attainable, yet no longer impracticable, when we rightly conceive what is success, what is to be really great. Fame makes not greatness, for history consigns most to infamy while many world-known men are wild fanatics, political jugglers, regal idiots. Crazy George III. by the accident of royalty, is famous throughout the borders of Anglo-Saxons. Contempt of popular favor philosophers have taught, but to be ruled by the approval of the crowd, they never have defended.

Professional eminence is not success. "The successful pursuit of a single art, or of the fraction of a single science, is but poor compensation for the loss of all versatility and alertness of mind, and for allowing most of the faculties to rust by disuse. A man may become an expert mathematician, and even a skillful lawyer, without being anything more than a fraction of a man." And, says the most learned of the Scotch metaphysicians, "Man is by nature necessarily an end unto himself; his perfection and happiness constitute the goal of his activity." It is thus only that he can fulfill the "chief end" of the orthodox.

Division of labor has favored the men of one idea; and the intellectual monstrosity, the erratic genius, incomplete and one-sided, has become the type of greatness to vulgar eyes; as though men were to

be judged by oolitic criteria. Many who would be great, seek eccentricity, project useless baneful reforms, Utopian theories. They fight phantom wrongs, and advance the claims of minute rights which they never can defend; they generate numberless impossible schemes for the attainment of acknowledged desiderata, fearful lest they be not the leaders of every enterprise; what little good they do accomplish, they make the result of as much noise and trouble as can be, and by being continually in the way, they succeed in becoming conspicuous. Such men may leave "foot prints in the sands of time"—the widest, the most frequent, the strangest, and the most likely consequently to attract present and future attention; but a man's greatness can scarcely be measured by his tracks, and he who walks life's sand with no better purpose than to make them, may well envy the club-footed, and know that the end of his life is lost when the first wave smooths the beach.

But if we will disregard false standards of success, and seek not that greatness which is disproportionate even to deformity; if we will make symmetry of character our choice of life, subject only to the choice of eternity, and with it coincident; if we will engage in business or professional duty as in a means to that end, never refusing the conflict with error, but esteeming not so much advancement in the ranks as the success of the cause; if we will endeavor to supply in some degree, what our country so much wants, the influence of cultivated scholars and gentlemen, the conservatism of refinement, our visionary moods may be less poetic, but shall be more real, and we may bid our farewells with less misgivings.

C. H. O.

Haughty-crat of the Breakfast Table.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOARDER.

There is but one thing worse than eating too much, and that is having nothing to eat. But you may set it down as a maxim, that a man who goes away from the table with a terrible sense of fullness, does not depart with an awful fullness of sense.

[I made these remarks more especially for the benefit of the fat, invisible Freshman, who consumes the imperceptible viands on the ideal

table of my imaginary landlady, in a manner that would astonish all right-minded persons, besides rendering extremely uncertain the chances for any one else to obtain his or her full share of the meal. He would have been just the one to have carried out the literal idea at least, of John Brown's Provisional Government. In fact, the invisible Freshman has acquired quite a notoriety in this respect, and the amount which he is in the habit of eating daily, may very properly be said to be "in everybody's mouth."]

The Freshman looked mad—and being a good liver, and not a dyer, he couldn't have looked *madder*, although he turned very red in the face, as much as to say, "I'll pay you." And he did.

How?

By asking one of those questions, the answer to which depends upon the double meaning of a word which I so much dislike, and in this case by mispronouncing the word. He had the impudence to ask me this question:

"Why is a poor attempt at a hurrah, like three persons sitting in one chair?"

Of course I didn't know—an ignorance of which I am happy to say I feel proud,—so he told me. "Because there are too many 'hips' for one cheer,"

I would not give much for the reputation of this Freshman now, among all persons of any ordinary claims to intelligence. "The Father of his Country was a fleshy man," said the visionary daughter of my landlady, who had been reading an account of the weights of the Generals of the Revolution, in that remarkably weighty paper—the Ledger.

—I don't know about that, I said Clark Mills has cut him down to one stone, (and only one, thank Heaven,) though I am afraid that Washington would be much cut in the opposite direction, if he were able to see it. And that reminds me of the new Argonautic expedition: what you might very correctly call the Modern Golden *Fleece*, viz: asking the 7th Regiment to Washington, and making them pay their own expenses, and although we have no doubt at all of their courage as a general thing, yet in this case it seems that they were not able to meet their fête like men. It is said that James B. is quite repentant of having inaugurated this statue, and thus offended all the little ones who went to see it, and thinks strongly of hanging this Mill's stone about his neck, and drowning himself in the depths of the sea, leaving the loaves and going to the fishes.

[Here I found that I had trod upon the toes of somebody else. The intangible Sophomore is a Democrat, and for once he seemed "touched," intangible as he is.]

"I should like," he said, "the privilege of knocking down a few of *these persons* (put in the plural to obviate personalities, and hence to avoid unpleasant consequences, as well as to throw more sarcasm into the tone,) who say what they please about public men."

O, that, I said, is *Capitol* punishment; at least they practice it at Washington.

"O, well, you needn't try to make me believe that you think so much of the 'niggers;' they themselves don't believe it. I heard a barber say 'Pshaw,' to everything one of your abolitionists was telling him."

"O, well," said the invisible Freshman, "he was only *sham*-pooing; there's the rub."

The intangible Sophomore collapsed for a season. Freshman ahead.

—You remember that Senator Toombs bragged, or at any rate is alleged to have bragged, that he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. His threat reminds me of the following passage in Shakespeare.

"*Owen Glendower*. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

"*Hotspur*. Why, so can I: or so can any other man.

"But will they come when you do call for them."

We do not assert that such a doleful sound ever came from the Georgia Toombs; the report is not authenticated, for you know that much of the Presidential *canvass* is "made out of the whole cloth."

"Have the hands of Lynn stopped striking?" asked my imaginary landlady; (evidently thinking that Lynn is a pugilist; whereas the truth is that although it is much concerned in manufactories, it has nothing to do with mills.)

—Some of them have struck their last, I said, while others are yet obstinate enough to declare that they will not "stir a peg."

"There's another instance, said the Democratic Sophomore, of the result of your doctrines,"

The Order of the Garter, was never so extensive as the Southern Order of Shoes is now, I replied. At any rate the Southerners needn't stand on the same footing with us if they don't want to. They can soon learn to make a moccasin.

"Fools, the Bible says, make a mock o' sin," was the commentary of my imaginary landlady, unconscious that she was guilty of that in-

sult to the English language, ycleped a pun. I think that the whole company at length forgave her.

[I discovered a still more lamentable deficiency in the intangible Sophomore. He is in the habit of consulting Worcester's Dictionary. It is bad enough for him to be a Democrat, but a Democrat who uses Worcester's Dictionary is, of course, regarded by civilized men as only a little better than a Democrat who uses no Dictionary at all. And so I told him.]

"O yes," he said sneeringly, "I suppose you think you've got the best of it in having your pet Lexicon. All this boasting is nothing but Webster's sheer impudence."

"I prefer Worcestershire sauce," said the invisible Freshman, "and will trouble you for it."

[Sophomore again in a state of collapse. Freshman triumphant.]

—All these prejudices will finally go to sleep, like all crying evils, in the lapse of ages.

"You gave some hints about music some time since," said the unseen young lady. "What is its present condition?"

—Well that which is exciting the most execration from everybody, is the music of the Union as performed on the President's organ. But I would like to have you notice the meteorological tendencies of the National songs of this country and England. We have "Hail Columbia," while they possess "Reign Britannia." Between them both there is a great deal of water.

"Are you going to be married soon?" was the impertinent and ill-timed question of some one at the table, (who do you suppose blushed?)

Not till I have traveled, I replied. Not till I have lived the life of a harem-scarem Turk, flirted on the prairies with grass-widows, so called because they don't have weeds when the husbandman has ceased his care; not until I have climbed the volcanoes in Italy, and drank a little of the *crater* in Ireland, or the "mountain dew" in the Highlands; not until I have accomplished some few of these exploits, will I consent to enter a Church, go up a nave, and come back an honest, though a married man. It is generally supposed that a man, in nine cases out of ten, is most thoroughly taken in whenever he marries. Now I read a marriage of a Mr. Phipeny, the other day, in the paper, and I am anxiously waiting to see if this is going to be a Phipeny 'bit.'

Before, however, I undertake anything of the kind, I shall wait to see the results of a benevolent Society, just formed, which has for its

object, the extermination and abatement of that nuisance denominated "small boys;" who differ so little from lunatics in every respect, that you might very properly say that they are to be distinguished only by the fact that the one wear "*round-a-bouts*," and the other, *strait-jackets*.

"Of course Freshmen are to be included in this category," said the intangible Sophomore.

[Somebody said something about Secret Societies, which led to some reminiscences of my Freshman year, which I imparted to the company.]

To say nothing of the terrible anticipation of that ordeal, the initiation, how several days beforehand we talked of its horrors, and how each conversation was terminated by the consolatory remark, "Well, I guess we shall get through it." I remember very distinctly the awful sense of responsibility imposed upon me, with a terrible secret to keep; and when a day or two after the initiation into the Society we told a Sophomore friend, without thinking, that our exercises consisted of debates, compositions, &c., how I went home and asked myself if I wasn't mean and despicable, and a perjurer; if I hadn't forfeited that "honor" which I, "as a gentleman," had given, to be true to the interests of my Society. And then when one of "our fellows," by skillful management, "pumped" a class-mate belonging to a rival Society, how exultant we were over the knowledge of its president and other officers. And how, when that Society found it out, we expected nothing less than to hear some cold morning that the body of this weak brother had been found at the end of Long Wharf, a victim to the terrible Nemesis of secrecy, while perhaps the member of our fraternity who had elicited the facts, indeed if not the whole society who were in possession of them, were to be offered up as a quarter of a betacomb to the angry gods.

But Senior Societies! ah! yes, Senior Societies! Here is the extent of our knowledge of them, 0,0,0,0,0,0,0.

However they seem as united as they did at first. The skulls are as hard as ever, and the scrolls roll tight together, (not very complimentary to their morality).

[I never like to say farewell to any one that I appreciate, and therefore I shall not in this case; but if I have made any enemies, I ask their forgiveness. If I have lost no friends I shall esteem myself happy.]

Our Matriculation Oath.

It were unreasonable to expect perfection in our Alma Mater—since such a character pertains to nothing human. And in the love and reverence we bear her, we might gladly overlook her lesser failings, were they far more numerous than they are. But she has one custom so useless, so farcical and so evil in its tendencies, that neither her age, her sex, or her many virtues can excuse it;—that, namely, of a compulsory matriculation oath.

Sometime in the winter term, group after group of Freshman stand beaming with new importance, in some grand tutorial presence, awaiting their turn to be matriculated. To each a chosen youth reads with sonorous voice the required pledge: "I promise, on condition of being admitted as a member of Yale College, on my faith and honor, to obey all the laws and regulations of this College; particularly, &c." Now there is apparently much significance in that. Covering a period of four years, pertaining directly to one's daily life, it would seem to be an obligation which no man of honor could lightly take upon himself, and by which he must feel sacredly bound. And yet we venture to say that there is not one in a hundred who does so. A strange state of things surely! For there is not in all the land, a class of young men who have a nicer sense of personal honor than these same reckless individuals. How is it to be accounted for?

In the first place, what are the laws referred to? One might suppose, on first perusal, that they were the collected results of antiquarian research, originating perhaps, in a benevolent desire on the part of the faculty to furnish a source of amusement to the students. They certainly do serve that purpose. For while there are many which express the true principles on which the College is governed, there are also many which are so entirely disregarded, so dead, that they have all the ludicrous character of a burlesque. For instance, Cap. 6th, Art. 10th. The students are required not to be absent from their rooms unnecessarily, within the hours of study. Cap. 8th, Art. 9th. No student shall make an excursion in a sail-boat without permission. Art. 22d. No student who shall have received any College prize or appointment, or shall have been elected into any society or to any office, shall for such cause, or under any color thereof, be concerned in giving any treat or entertainment to any portion of his fellow-students, &c. And many others of a like nature. Now it is perfectly evident to every Freshman when he crams these enactments,

for his first examination, that nobody obeys them and he cannot. But he is a man of honor and how can he avoid it. He carries his case of conscience to his more experienced friends, and each with a smile of superior wisdom, points out the loop-hole through which he crept out of his obligation. These will differ according to a man's metaphysical acumen or the liberality of his conscience. One says, that when he promised on his faith and honor to obey, there was a mutual understanding that he didn't intend to do anything of the sort, which is perhaps true. Another says, that he obeys the laws except those which he regards as defunct,—which is a very convenient way of disposing of each case as it occurs, instead of taking them all at once. Another affirms that his pledge was compulsory and hence not valid. And by this time a youth of ordinary genius has managed to develop a comfortable little theory of his own, from the material thus gathered—on the strength of which he easily takes the pledge.

Now why should such a thing exist. For it is not merely farcical, it is hurtful and wrong. There is no more noble or admirable characteristic, than that of perfect good faith, and nothing which tends unnecessarily to bring this virtue unto light esteem, should be for an instant tolerated. A solemn promise has a sacredness which ought by all possible safeguards to be preserved. Where its possible results for good are small, and the temptations to its violation almost irresistible, it should never be imposed. Even were the fulfillment quite possible, it ought not to be forced upon a body of young men, among whom the violations of any College code will inevitably be so numerous. But when it is only an impracticable form, it is surely worse than useless and doubly wrong. Its only effect is to diminish the power of his solemn pledge for every one who takes it, and to place him in a position which every honorable mind revolts against. For, explain it as he will, there is the deed recorded in black and white; "I promise on my faith and honor to obey the laws," and he never has done it, and he never intends to. He may have committed no wrong, but there is one somewhere.

Far be it from us to speak a word in disparagement of those wise regulations which constitute the actual government of the College. Let the strictest obedience be enforced and the highest respect for them created by all legitimate means. But let them not be brought into contempt by association with the old dead forms referred to, or by a method of inculcation so ineffectual and demoralizing as this Matriculation Oath.

W. T. S.

The Deserted Castle.

'Tis an old and noble castle,
And the turrets towering high,
Cast a long and gloomy shadow
On the waters gliding by.
Over darkened wall and pillar
Creeps the dark-green ivy vine,
And the moss is veiling softly
Every loved and hallowed shrine.

Oft in bygone days, have echoed,
Through that now deserted hall,
Songs of glee and joyous laughter
And the merry huntsman's call.
Where the wailing of the night-bird
Shrilleth harshly on the breeze,
Once the lute's low murmurs mingled
With the rustling of the trees.

Fairy were the forms that sported
On that gently sloping lawn—
Soft the brow and cheek, all glowing
As the roslight of the dawn;
And the wreaths were fresh and blooming,
Twined by yonder water's side,
Of the snowy petalled lilies
That lay sleeping on the tide.

But of all amid the greenwoods,
That were wont to daily roam,
One alone is calmly resting
By her childhood's happy home.
Slowly from her dark eyes faded,
All the liquid beaming light—
From her cheek the rosy shading,
From her lip the crimson bright.

One is sleeping 'neath the waters,
In the rosy coral caves,
Where the only requiem chanted
Was the music of the waves;

Where the dark sea-flowers are springing
With a never-fading bloom,
And the star-ray of the jewel
Sheds a soft light 'mid the gloom.

One amid the works of genius,
'Mid the beings of the mind,
Where the dreams of older beauty
By the sculptor are enshrined.
Softly as the veiling twilight
O'er him gloomy shadows cast,
As the statue caught the life-look,
His life into darkness passed.

One is laid where vines are drooping,
'Neath the sunny Grecian sky,
Where the 'rainbow clouds are floating
Like a gorgeous drapery ;
'Mid the flash of falling fountains,
Gleaming through the olive shade,
With a low sweet music thrilling
Every sunny hill and glade.

As those forms of light and beauty,
From the earth have passed away,
So, that old and stately castle
Sinks to slow and sure decay.
'Tis a type of man's existence,
Sporting sunny skies beneath,
Basking in the rays of pleasure,
Mouldering silently in death.

c.

A Legend.

A writer in one of the past numbers of the "Lit." asked some one to "revive or invent a legend for North Middle." During the last summer vacation, my lot was cast for a time in a very pleasant New England village. Many of the houses there bore unmistakable marks of old age, and some were made doubly interesting by quaint stories

of the men and women who inhabited them in days long gone by. The old mansion in which my habitation was fixed, had its romance, strange and weird enough to satisfy the most devoted lover of the marvellous. It was connected with a man who dwelt there a long time before, and whose eccentric habits attracted, of course, the wonder and curiosity of the good old gossips of the day. It was one of my chief pleasures to hear the worthy matron who held possession then, tell these old reports and traditions; and almost insensibly, I became interested in the person who gave rise to them. One day I set myself resolutely at work to search the out of the way nooks and corners of the house, for papers, which by chance might have survived through the years, and which might give me some authentic account of the strange being who lived and died there. A search in the lower part of the house proved unsuccessful, and towards evening I reached the garret—one of the true old New England garrets, filled with the lumber which had accumulated during years,—a repository for almost every species of domestic article that the mind of man can conceive.

The great dormer window was covered with dust and cobwebs, and most effectually intercepted the light it was intended to admit. But the sun-rays came in through many a chink and crevice in the wall, and fell upon the floor in masses of round golden spots, as if the hidden treasure of some former householder had been discovered and scattered there in careless profusion. It was too dark in the place for a search, so I threw open the window and a flood of sun-light poured in, gilding the time-worn and blackened beams, and revealing to view old boxes, and desks, and furniture, which had been hidden in the corners of the spacious room.

Here I found my treasure in an antique sort of secretary, filled with the papers and letters of its strange owner. He had committed many of his experiences to writing, and most were wild and fanciful enough. The one here transcribed attracted my attention especially, because it related to College; it seemed to be the earliest of a long series of unusual adventures.

"It had been raining, and the street lamps gleamed dully through the fog upon the wet flags, as I entered the College Yard. It was late too, very late. I had been listening to the splendid voice of Miss D——, who kindly sang for me after the rest of the quartette had gone. Strange, wild, German airs, have always possessed great influence over me, and that evening some of them had been executed with

unusual skill and expression. The effect had not yet passed away. I stood in the dark entry and almost believed for an instant that the old legends of compacts with the Evil one were true. It seemed impossible for anything but supernatural power to give birth to such weird, unearthly, yet strangely sweet melodies; I smiled at the idea the next moment, and then opened my door. The smile died away then as quickly as it had arisen. Not a gleam of light shot from the old stove; the fire had all gone out, and the room was dimly cold. At every movement a chill circled through my whole frame, and my hand trembled as I reached for a match. It was not all from cold, however. A sensation stole over me which perhaps every one has experienced at some time in their lives. Then it was overpowering and crushing in its strength; I *felt* another presence in my room. What it was I could not tell, but it filled me with such an agony of fear that I scarcely dared to stir. I strained my eyes to every corner of the room, but it was densely dark, and silent as the grave, save the steady and solemn ticking of the clock, and the beating of my own heart, which I could hear as well as feel.

By a sudden and great effort I lit a match; it sputtered, turned blue, and gradually expanded into a generous flame. Not until it had burned nearly to the end, did I dare to look up, but then holding it high above my head, I gazed fearfully around the room. Nothing was there but the furniture just as I had left it, and my slippers just where they had fallen.

I was utterly ashamed of my cowardice, and tried to imagine it the effect of the thick darkness, and the memory of that wild music. So I lit a small lamp upon the mantel, and sat down. But the awful sensation would not depart, and I sat fearing to move, until the chillness became unendurable; I tried to reason and to laugh away the ridiculous but uncomfortable feeling, and started for the bedroom door. But the terrible dread came then with redoubled force; it seemed as if worlds could not induce me to open it. In a fit of desperation I took hold of the handle, but the very creak it gave, froze every drop of blood in my veins. I looked steadily at my lamp and tried to reassure myself in the steady ticking of the clock. The attempt was partially successful, and once more I reached for the handle; at that moment the clock stopped; the little companionship it had furnished was gone. I was more alone than ever, and the chilling creeping fear grew until it entirely unnerved me. I tottered

to a chair and stared out of the window. The street lamp was burning on the corner, and just then a solitary man passed through its light and disappeared beyond. The sight of a human being encouraged me somewhat, and I turned, walked firmly towards the bed room door, and summoning all my resolution, wrenched it open.

The terrible agony of that moment has burned itself into my memory; it will never pass away; it will thrill me when I am dying. For a heavy body, a human body, fell into my arms. I dropped my lamp; it went out and left me there in the darkness, alone with a corpse. As I crept in mortal terror towards my room door, I stepped upon its hand, and heard a hideous crunching of the fingers beneath my boot. I tried to wrench the door open, but it was locked, and I had neither the strength nor presence of mind enough to unfasten it. Then I attempted to shriek, but only a gurgling noise like a death rattle issued from my dry, parched throat. And so I stood still and waited hour after hour. The silence was horrible, but I dared not break it. I bit my fingers until they bled. I could cry or pray, but it must be still, down in my heart, for there on the floor was Death. Some one was dead, *dead*, and I repeated the words over and over again. So I stood while ages seemed to pass away, until at length the first glimmerings of the cold grey morning light began to steal into the room, and fall upon the black, still, lifeless remnant of manhood that lay there. Then my senses gradually returned. I lit another lamp and went up to the body. It was a young man, thin, and evidently worn out by dissipation. I did not know him, but my sweep came in shortly, and recognized the features of one who had disappeared from the city a few years before. He went immediately to his family, the body was removed, and the affair hushed up. Very few ever heard of it. As for myself a sickness of many weeks bore testimony to the sufferings of that night. Immediately after recovering, I left College. Since then I have seen many strange sights, but that first awful experience has never been equalled. I hope and pray it never may be."

A. B. C.

The "Literary Societies."

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE LIT.

As the author of the Article in the Undergraduate, entitled "The Literary Societies of Yale College," which one of your number has been pleased to criticise severely and at length, I ask as a matter of courtesy, if not of justice, a little space in your magazine for a reply, and hope, if you have room, that it will be granted.

Of the article in the Lit. the first two pages, we must admit, seem to be an attempt, upon the whole, at serious argument. But the rest of the article does appear, in most respects, so much like an extended joke, that we have had some fear of falling into a trap, if we answer it in a serious light. A practical joke, however, is never relished by the victim, and at the risk of being further victimized, we shall try to answer seriously the personal charges of the piece. The editor to whom we have referred, first complains that our article is in the "domains of romance." His criticism, nevertheless, does not sound as if he felt that he was dealing with anything very romantic. He meets with bare, naked, statements, and answers them as we shall prove, with bare-faced assertions. He anticipates his argument and gives us over a page of fore-drawn conclusions, for which afterwards we anxiously, but vainly, look for some foundation. But every one will see that the issue rests upon the truth or falsehood of the statements which he quotes from our article. In passing, we would draw attention to the fact that he mis-quotes and changes the meaning, and furthermore, italicizes exaggerated ideas, (if the expression may be allowed,) without telling his readers. But let us proceed to the issue.

What our critic first quotes, correctly printed, reads thus; "If the contest becomes close, no means are left untried. Bribery is often the resort. We know of cases where five and ten dollars have been offered for single votes." The editor in quoting, italicizes "often;" he does it afterwards, in another sentence; and also the word "many," still further on. He seems to think that these constitute a great slander. A single explanatory remark will be sufficient. The meaning of such words is always relative. Should a student murder a fellow-student every two years, on an average, who would not shudder at the frequency of the crime? If a destructive earthquake, destroy-

ing lives and swallowing cities, should occur regularly once in ten, twenty, or thirty years, would it not be very often indeed? Yet things may occur every hour which cannot be said to be frequent. Now bribery among young men, who have but just left the influences of home, is monstrous, since it shows the loss of every honorable feeling, and the probability that the parties engaged will stop at nothing, short of murder, to accomplish their cherished plans. Instances of such a base crime, though they be few numerically, may well be said to be "many" and to take place "often." If a thousand voters had been bought up in the late election, in this state, we presume they would be called "many." But we know *personally* of a sufficient number of cases of bribery in one society, in a single close contest, to make their ratio to the whole number of voters greater than the ratio of a thousand to the number of voters in Connecticut. In addition to this we have heard others say, that they *knew* of cases of bribery in this same contest. And, from certain circumstances, we could tell that the cases were not the same. Again, there were cases in which the circumstantial evidence was so strong, that they were publicly talked of, and all who talked of them, seemed to be convinced. Finally, when we think of the secrecy with which bribery would always be attempted; when we see rich candidates, all lost to modesty, spending hours with their fellow-students, (and generally poor ones,) in advancing their own claims; when we see strange and unaccountable changes in the views of certain voters; when we *know* of cases of bribery, it is impossible for us not to be firmly persuaded that "*in close contests bribery is often the resort.*" The editor, in answer to what we have just quoted, virtually denies what we stated, and that is all. We can only say, we knew whereof we were writing. We reiterate it just as it stands. We can prove every statement with names and places whenever it is necessary. But the way in which he denies it, is so queer, that whether intended or not, it is really quite a joke. Hear him. (The italics are his.) "*We know of just one case during our College course, where a bribe of one-half the smaller sum mentioned, was offered for a vote, and we honestly believe that the writer had this in mind and can mention no other.*" That is his argument. Now the beauty of the whole thing lies here; we *never* heard of such a case, and it only adds something in proof that "bribery is often the resort." But the editor *could not* and *did not know* whether we knew of the case and had it in mind, yet upon that supposition he

found his argument. But we forgive him on account of his simplicity. How unaffected is his "we honestly believe!"

Next is quoted the following; "We hear it remarked of such a candidate for the campaign presidency, that, 'he has spent hundreds to secure his election.' And it is often literally true." The first sentence is a matter of personal veracity. We repeat it. The second assumes more. Now we did not mean to say that we had seen any first president give away "hundreds of dollars to secure his election." And no one would expect that our evidence was such. But we have circumstantial evidence of the strongest kind in one case, of a candidate spending money for very base purposes, and of spending more, almost openly, in ways which were not so dishonorable. We were told by persons who ought to have known, that this same candidate would spend three hundred dollars, if not five hundred dollars, on his election. Many with whom we conversed on the subject, at the time, believed, as it seemed to us, that he spent over a hundred dollars, to put it at the lowest. On moral evidence, therefore, we said it was true. We will refer to this again. Taking some interest in the subject, we have often asked graduates, younger and older, concerning the condition of our societies when they were in College. Thus we have obtained evidence and authority from two different sources concerning two different cases, similar to the one that occurred since we have been in College. And we were told, if not in just the words, nevertheless with the same meaning, that it was the general impression, and from what they knew and saw, they felt convinced that the candidates we refer to, spent hundreds to secure their election. (Our proof is on hand for all those that "honestly believe" we "have in mind" something very different.)

We now turn to the arguments by which he refutes what we last quoted. His first argument is terse, embodied in a single sentence; "Since we have been a member of this institution no such remark has *ever*—to say nothing of often—come to our ears." Every one that has read the article will evidently see that this is the minor premiss; the conclusion and the major premiss are left to be implied. The conclusion (if his argument is to be made out,) is; Therefore nobody *ever* had such a remark come to their ears. And if we are to be logical, inevitably the major premiss will be: Our ears are long enough to hear every remark that is made. We will not stop to deny this, as it may require some proof, but pass to his second argument, so-called.

It seems that this ubiquitous italicized "*we*" with his omnipresent "ears," while at his usual business, as we must suppose, of catching the slightest whispers from the College walls, did hear a remark. It happened that in this remark there was one important word which occurred in our remark. "Ah!" says he at once, "I know; that is the remark he meant. Of course it was." Therefore he draws his conclusion, "we honestly believe, that it was this remark that the writer had reference to, when he so sweepingly and wrongfully asserts," &c. It is the same beautiful logic that he uses before. But as we come across his "honestly believe," we would inform him that his rhetoric is about as miserable as his logic, unless he has sunk to such a state of moral decrepitude and incomprehensible insanity, as to be able to believe dishonestly.

We will now consider his next argument, which attempts to refute a third statement of ours which we re-quote. "In voting, there are many who will not scruple to cast double votes, and use all manner of illegal means to accomplish their ends. A few persons are sufficient to do all this." His first refutation of this statement reads thus, "We know of no better way of refuting such a wholesale error than merely to state it." Why then does he immediately proceed to use half-a-page more in refuting our statement? Another argument is this; "But what is the *fact* on the strength of which these statements are made? At the election held just previous to our entering College, we have heard that an attempt was made by one person to deposit two votes, but he was detected. This is the only instance within our knowledge." If this is serious talk, it is really somewhat provoking. Hitherto, his language has been such that, while it cannot help, in our view, to convey the impression that, at least, we have made many willful exaggerations, *he* skulks away behind his "honest belief." But here he is bolder. He asks what *fact* our statements are founded on. He answers the question, and states the *fact* in a positive, unqualified manner. It is merely an *assertion*, in the first place; for there is no attempt at proof. In the second place, it is a *bare-faced* assertion. For unless he is gifted with the power of knowing our inmost thoughts, the sentence, on the face of it, shows that he could not have had the slightest proof of it. The editor *knows* that he never had the least ground to *suspect* that we knew of the fact, or if we did, that we based upon it a statement which, were all this true, would be a willful falsehood. Yet he boldly says it is so. In the

third place, since we never before heard of the *fact*, his assertion is *utterly false*.

We, ourselves, will now proceed to state the *facts* which *we* had in *our own* mind, when we made our statement; and these facts will disprove another bare-faced assertion of his, when made to Yale students, viz: that illegal voting, so far as it effects anything in the result, is simply impossible." In the year 1851, a very close contest for the campaign presidency occurred in one of our societies. The parties were equally balanced. The society was canvassed thoroughly, and one party went into the election confident of having a majority of two or three on their whole ticket. The result gave the same majority to their opponents. Confident that they had been cheated, they immediately commenced an investigation. The list of voters was obtained, and then as far as they could without exciting suspicion, asked those whom they suspected of not voting, whether they voted for this man or that, &c., until their opponents discovered the plan, and they could proceed no further. But they had procured sufficient testimony to prove that in the case of the librarian, the whole number of votes cast was less than that announced. College being fully aroused, the next meeting was the fullest ever known—and the stormiest—to those then in College. The result was that a committee of three resident graduates were appointed to investigate the whole matter. Testimony being taken, the ballot was pronounced illegal, and at a new election the defeated party elected *their* candidate. The impression left on reasoning minds is that the ballot-box was stuffed to the amount of, say, five votes, and that the tellers by intentional carelessness connived at it. The circumstantial evidence was strong that the whole ticket elected, was elected illegally. But we must be "charitable." We must "honestly believe" that three tellers *accidentally* counted wrong every time, and then *forgot* that the votes were five more in number than the voters. Of course. We mention this with its minutiae, because it shows that illegal voting that effects the result greatly *is* possible in our elections. As to the tellers, when appointed, it is not necessary, though usual, that they should "have conflicting interests in the results." ("Is not this point which the editor makes, rather dependent on the principle that "it takes a rogue to catch a rogue?") Again, in one society at least, certain officers are tellers, *ex-officio*, and only when they are absent are others appointed.

But it was not such wholesale illegal voting that we were thinking

of only. In fact we made no charge that illegal voting was ever successful. We only intended to show that there were enough who would attempt it. But there is another way in which it affects the result. Has the editor never heard a remark somewhat like this: "If this ballot is illegal it will save us." All our readers will probably remember a case, where, if a ballot had not been illegal, one candidate would have been elected, but, as it was, another was successful.

But there are other things which impress the belief on our mind. We have mingled in many elections. We have seen case after case where, now for this side, and now for that, it is plainly to be seen that an illegal ballot would be extremely serviceable. Now if in almost all these cases there is an illegal ballot, what are we to think, especially when it is so comparatively easy to cast a double vote? There was one election that occurred not long since, in which, on the first ballot, as there were three candidates, there was not much danger of an election. But three subsequent successive ballots were illegal. It was the only way of stopping an election. One party or both probably desired time, and to know how the vote stood, without risking themselves.

One word more about the "*hundred dollars*." We can prove our case from the very instance he refers to. For this entertainment *was promised before-hand, on condition of his election, and then only to his friends*. Our authority for stating this, is, that though nothing was said publicly, that we know of, it was known to many sometime before the election, that one wavering member remarked to us, "*If I do not vote for — I shall not have a treat*;" that, after an exultation—amounting to insult—over his defeated opponents, the successful candidate publicly invited "*his friends*" to an entertainment. Now we submit, if all this might not have some tendency to secure an election, and does it not look as if intended to secure favor and popularity? The editor makes out this custom to be perfectly harmless, if not beneficial, in his description. Yet he says, it is "*happily abolished*." However, it is not abolished, and the next rich and unscrupulous candidate will probably do the same. We had this entertainment in view, also the one to his political society, and many supposable expenses which increased his popularity, and some money spent in bribery, when we made our statement; and why may this not amount very easily to two hundred dollars or more?

After knowing all this, it is impossible for us not to believe that there are many, far too many, cases of intentional fraud in our society elections. We are now through with the issue. We have stated

many particulars and enlarged on them in order to enable our critic to "recognize the circumstances" more fully on which we based our statements; to disprove his assertions, and not to strengthen ours.

But he goes on. Thinking that with his "honest beliefs" his flat denials, his tremendous assumptions, he has cut away our foundations from beneath us, he asserts that, we have "*fabricated*" our structure like an inverted pyramid, on "small foundations." But as we feel as if we could still stand, we will take a look at another pyramid.

any one here, for the simple reason that they are almost entirely unfounded."

of secret societies;" he expresses "opinions which cannot be endorsed by detraction, which seem only to furnish a text for the meretricious denunciation the means;" his "arguments are backed only by reckless statements and literally *fabricated* his vast structure;" he overlooked the legitimacy of

"He has generalized such sweeping, unnatural assertions;" he has

Also he makes "monstrous," "random and unfounded assertions."

ascribed to us damnable traits," "corruption to an alarming extent."

light before other colleges;" "has done us injustice;" "has

Consequently, "the author has put us in a contemptible

"OUR

EARS."

of which these statements are made."

knowledge." Therefore it is that "on the strength

to that. "This is the only instance within our

"we honestly believe" he had reference

"A remark was made." Therefore

believe he can mention no other."

Therefore "we honestly

of one case."

know

"We

Any one will see that we have built it correctly, taking first his argument in his order, and then his conclusions. We must say also that it does strike the "natural vision" as being very unsafe. For in case it could hold together, its equilibrium on account of the fineness of the apex, could not be maintained; and in case its equilibrium was maintained, it looks very much as if the slight foundation would be crushed in by the enormous weight of the frustrum above.

So long as we can prove our statements true, we care little for imputation of want of "taste" and "pride." But where will the principle of hiding the "weaknesses and vices" of communities carry us? In the state of Ohio, state officers have been defaulters to the public treasury. Hide it! Tell it not in Gath. Let them go acquitted. Hurrah, for the Buckeye State! In the United States of America there exist national sins; slavery, polygamy, treason, corruption. Say nothing of it. Let not the nations of the earth know it! Three

cheers for the red, white and blue ! In Yale College too, there is sin, and part of it is in the form of bribery and corruption. If you know this fact, as you value the honor of Yale, keep it sacred to yourself. Overlook it. No matter if meantime the sins spreads, and takes courage, and corrupts and festers. Cover it up tastily. Let it be our pride, that others say, What tasty fellows those Yale fellows are ! Now three time three, for Alma Mater Yale !

He who holds such opinions is no good citizen, no patriot, no true Alumnus. To a single individual we can have access, and there is no need of publishing his sins; but even then is not public ridicule, or a threat to 'tell of him,' the strongest incentive to good action ? But in communities you not only cannot get personally at all the criminals, but you must rouse public opinion, and let the truth be known to effect anything. Not till then, is there hope for successful reform. Let no one make our vices public, let unprincipled persons feel that they are not known, nor cared for, nor suspected, and under the mantle of secrecy, they will continue their crimes and increase their baneful influence until comparatively, cheating and bribery in our elections will be as common as that mean crime of *cheating* one's instructors, and *wronging* one's classmates, which we call "skinning."

There is much, very much in Old Yale to be proud of; but let us not be proud of our Alma Mater merely because we are her sons. Let us suppose that truth is the basis of the *truest* manhood. There are evils in Yale; and every time that one is abolished, we can feel *prouder* still. Then let not corrupted taste prevent us from bending all our energies to accomplish such noble results.

Finally comes a mis-quotation: "we do not say that secret societies should be abolished." What we did say, was, "We have not as yet said that therefore secret, &c. One implies 'we won't say it;' the other, 'we probably will.' Our critic has read our article "twice." But nevertheless, although he must have been on the look-out for something of the kind, he entirely overlooks our conclusions, which read thus: "considered in this light, (of the lit. soc.,) it cannot be denied that the secret societies are the great obstacle in the way of the advancement of the literary societies, and that the prosperity of the latter demands the destruction of the former;" and again, "we come to the conclusion that the utter annihilation of the whole system of class societies in Yale College, would be a blessing," &c. These are the deductions from what he calls "careless, reckless statements," but

to disprove which he has tried, and only shown his utter impotency. 'We recommend to the writer the exercise of a little more' *carefulness*, "a little more confidence" in the eternal power of truth, 'and beg him to believe' that if he is associated with *any* "who are on a par with pickpockets," it is the truest manhood to endeavor to put all on their guard, so that the evil may be the quicker exterminated. 'We exonerate him entirely from the slightest intention to deceive or misrepresent.' 'We think he said everything in good faith, but was so anxious to prove his points, that he forgot or overlooked the legitimacy of the means.'

J.

Vagaries.

Rollicking sprites of the merry breeze
Bend no longer the sighing trees,
Rustle no longer the fading leaves,—
But cease their play,
And come with me,
Far, far away,
Above the sea.
We leave the coast,
Leagues, leagues behind,
So lightly tossed
Upon the wind.
We gather force
Of Storm-King's cave,
And tempest's hoarse
O'er the oceans rave.
Wild waves rush black
As shrouded night,
Swift crests curl back
With foamy fright,
We've rent the sail
Of the storm-wrecked bark,
Bronzed sailors pale
At the tempest dark.
In the wild wind's whistling, roaring,
Loud its many voices moan,
Maddened surge crests, ceaseless pouring,
Bury surge-lashed rocks in foam.

Again shall lull
The gentle breeze,
To gently lull
The Indian seas.
Silent, at rest, on the glassy deep,
The lightest zephyrs float and sleep,
No ripple stirs the surface still,
Save where the sea-gull dips his bill.
The timid Nautilus loves right well
In the dream-like calm of these seas to dwell,
Steering unharmed his fragile shell.

Hasten again,
Away—afar—
To the Arctic Main,
The Polar star!
Glittering ice-cliffs, snowy white,
Gleam in the wild Auroral light.
Ever in solitude proudly roar
The breaking waves on that desert shore,
Terribly beautiful, gloomily piled,
With crystal crags and snow-bergs wild.

Ever is changing the sea of life—
Changing the storms of passion's strife—
Fleeting the calms of the peaceful breast,
Untroubled hours of the soul at rest.
Visions of Fame are but ice-crags bright,
That gleam afar in the frosty light,
With hues of beauty; glistening fair,
With gem-like sparkles of lustre rare.
Nearer there's death in each chilly peak,
Slippery, lonely, drear and bleak.
Shunning the heights I sought before—
I trust to the calms of life no more;
But fear no longer the biting blast,
Well knowing the spirits that bear it past.

Messages of passing visions
Are not fleeting as they seem;
Many are the kindly missions,
Deeply hidden in a dream.

Bright and joyful dreams,—
Dreams of pleasure!
Glad Life's journey seems,
Beyond measure.

Dark and fitful dreams,—
Dreams of sorrow!
Drear life's journey seems—
Drear the morrow.
Wild and mystic dreams—
Dreams of madness!
Strange Life's journey seems—
Full of sadness.
High and holy dreams,—
Dreams supernal!
Vast Life's journey seems,
And Eternal.

H.

Webster's Orthography.

THE Atlantic Monthly in its notice of the Undergraduate has taken upon itself the duty of correcting the spelling. "*Traveller*," it says, "should not be spelled *traveler*, nor *theatre*, *theater*. These last provincialisms, particularly, should not find a place in a journal meant for students all over the English-speaking world. And if, as we hope, contributions shall hereafter appear in the new Quarterly from any persons connected with our neighboring University, it should be a condition that the English standard of spelling should be adopted, in preference to any local perversions." The fact that ten millions of School Books, and thirty millions of periodical issues, and innumerable volumes of miscellaneous works are annually published, following Webster as their general guide, is sufficient to show the absurdity of calling his system provincial. Indeed, it is too manifest to need any comment. I should like, however, to call attention to the principle of removing anomalies from our language, which has controlled the few changes that Webster has made. A thorough knowledge of this would doubtless make all of us enthusiastic admirers and followers of Webster's analogical system. This has been my own experience; a year ago I was entirely ignorant of any system of spelling, my knowledge being confined to the fact that some words were spelled in two ways. My experience, like that of many others, had convinced me of the inaccuracies and blunders resulting from the present neglect of instruction in the English language in our schools and colleges. I

longed for some of that accuracy in the English language, which I had at least had the opportunity of acquiring in the Greek and Latin. Feeling then, desirous of having some definite knowledge on this important subject, I concluded to begin with orthography. Accordingly, I took up Murray's English Grammar, a work once in almost universal use, and learned several rules for spelling. Having learned these rules, I began immediately in my reading, to observe whether they were universal in their application, or whether their usefulness was impaired, or perhaps destroyed, by quantities of exceptions. I was exceedingly gratified to find multitudes of words conformed to them, but occasionally a disagreeable exception would offend my love of analogy. Thinking that the exception might be a mistake of the printer, I looked for the word in Webster, and found the unwelcome anomaly removed. On coming upon more exceptions I repeated my consultation with Webster, and was again gratified with a like result. This manner of proceeding naturally led me to the introduction to the Dictionary, in the hope that I might find some history of the improvement. There I discovered to my great surprise that the removing of exceptions to these general rules, though advocated by many previous lexicographers, had been first made by Webster, and was the cause of much "ignorant vituperation." I was not long in deciding which mode of spelling was preferable. The love of analogy common to every one, dispelled all indecision; and I have ever since rejoiced at the recollection of this reformation in the Dark Ages of my orthographical knowledge.

I will now quote from Murray's Grammar perhaps the most important of these rules consistently followed by Webster.

"Monosyllables, and words accented on the last syllable, ending with a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, double that consonant before an additional syllable beginning with a vowel; as thin, thinnish; hit, hitting; to abet, an abettor; to begin, a beginner; to propel, propeller, propelling.

"But if a diphthong precedes, or the accent is on the preceding syllable, the consonant remains single: as to toil, toiling; to offer, an offering; maid, maiden."

As the second part is not an exception, perhaps clearness and brevity would be promoted by expressing it thus: *Where these conditions do not exist*, the consonant remains single.

Now the word *travel*, though ending with a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, is not accented on the last syllable, and is

therefore a case *where these conditions do not exist*. Consequently, in conformity to this rule, the final consonant should remain single in the derivative, *traveler*. For the same reason the derivatives of worship, equal, rival, and many others, should not double the final consonant of their primitives, but be spelled worshiped, equaled, rived, etc. The exceptions to this rule according to the old standard, are the derivatives of about *sixty* words; according to Webster the derivatives of crystal, and metal, and the word chancellor. These outlaws, out of respect to their foreign origin, have been allowed to remain, yet I cannot but wish they also had been banished along with their law-breaking brethren.

Here then we have a rule, simple, easily remembered, "extending to many hundreds of cases," affording invaluable aid to the child and the foreigner who are learning our difficult orthography, while it gives a pleasing assurance to old spellers. I cannot but believe that every unprejudiced man will agree with me in saying that this step towards more uniformity in our language, is a most commendable "provincialism."

I will now quote another rule :

"Words ending with any double letter but *l*, and taking *ness*, *less*, or *ful* after them, preserve the letter double; as harmless*ness*, carelessness, successful, distressful, &c. But those words which end with double *l*, and take *ness*, *less*, or *full* after them, generally omit one *l*: as *fulness*, *skillful*, &c."

Here we should have a fine rule, if its usefulness was not clogged by a disagreeable exception. Walker sees the anomaly and says, "there is no reason why we should not unite *dullness*, *fullness*, *willful*, and *skillful*, as well as *stiffness*, *gruffness*, and *crossness*." Walker talks, Webster acts. The former knows that the exception has no foundation in reason; the latter knows it and removes it by spelling the words *dullness*, *fullness*, *willful* and *skillful*. By following Webster, then, we gain a *short* general rule, unencumbered by exceptions. It may be written thus.

Words ending with any double letter, and taking *ness*, *less*, or *ful*, after them, preserve the letter double: as, harmless*ness*, smallness, fullness, blissful, &c.

Need I ask any one who has been through the drudgery of committing to memory the exceptions to rules in the Latin Grammar, whether the author of such an improvement is not deserving of his gratitude and support?



I can notice but one change more ; that of *theatre* into *theater*, *centre* into *center*, *metre* into *meter*, &c. These words, about twenty in number, have had their French character stripped off, and an English one put on. Any one by an examination of a spelling book, or observation in his reading, will see how many words we have ending in *er*, and why should *theatre*, *centre*, &c., which have lost their French pronunciation, be allowed, contrary to all law, to retain their French spelling ?

None of all these changes it will be seen have been made *arbitrarily*. They were not made to gratify some idle whim, or visionary theory, but to appease reason and analogy. Not made simply to remove superfluous letters as some have supposed, but to favor the tendency of the language towards simplicity and uniformity. Their object was not to initiate in the language as every day written, a system of phonography ; so great a change would be impracticable, as well as undesirable. It is, indeed, true that by omitting the silent letter in such words as health, wealth, feather, &c., Webster endeavored to conform the written word really to the spoken language ; but the change, however desirable, not being seconded by the people, was long since given up. What was attempted, but abandoned, should not be confounded with what has succeeded and remained. No new laws have been made, but only new life infused into the old. The fact that so many hundreds of words are spelled according to the rules quoted above, proves these rules to be older than Webster, and of very ancient origin. Webster's changes, though of course infinitely less radical than those of the Reformation, still in some measure resembled them. Luther promulgated no doctrines in themselves new, but only restored those primitive ones whose vitality had been crushed out by the weight of countless ceremonies and traditions. This work, though new to his age, was in reality, one of restoration rather than of innovation. So Webster has reasserted and enforced the authority of primitive laws which had been trampled upon by multitudes of exceptions. This orthography, then, as far as it is peculiar, is a work of *restoration* rather than of innovation.

I have endeavored in this article to show the principle of Webster's orthographical changes ; of course I could not go into details. I would refer those wishing to know the extent of these changes, to the "Orthography of Dr. Webster," prefixed both to his University, octavo, and unabridged Dictionaries. I would, however, refer those

who wish for a fuller account, and also a concise history of English orthography, to the Introduction to the Unabridged under the head of Orthography. No educated man could afford to be without the knowledge therein contained. A little study would be sufficient to acquaint any one with the few changes which have been made, and the principles controlling them. One would thus be enabled to do his part towards firmly establishing a more regular orthography, and thus contributing to that "uniformity which is the principle beauty and excellence of a language, and beyond all other means facilitates its acquisition." I hope no one who expects to be a graduate of Yale, will allow himself to be ignorant of this progress in orthography, so connected with the name of one of his Alma Mater's most distinguished and useful sons.

D. J. O.

Book Notices.

The Marble Faun. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ALL lovers of the mysterious will be glad to see another book from the pen of Nathaniel Hawthorne. His writings are indeed almost identified with New England and the romance of Puritan life, and it seems somewhat strange to see the same style used in the description of Italian scenes. We feel almost incited to claim him as our peculiar property, and to insist that the only man who has succeeded in giving anything like the charm of mystery and age to portions of our own history, should as a patriotic duty continue in the same path. It is evident that the old power and grace have not yet deserted Hawthorne. The under influence of a mystery half hidden, half revealed, gives the same distinctive charm and character to the *Marble Faun*, which is recognized in every other work of its author. No one can read it without interest and delight. For sale at 155 Divinity.

Pickwick Papers. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A new edition, and the best we have ever seen of these inimitable papers. It is comfortable to take up a handsomely bound and clearly printed book like this, and laugh away the "blue devils," who occasionally torment our mortal spirits. Whatever gems of thought or wit a work may contain, they lose a great part of their beauty and

interest, if we have to dim our eyesight and weary our heads in searching for them through page after page of fine indistinct type. The setting of a precious stone gives it half its brilliancy; the same thing is true of precious words. The sayings of Sam Weller, and the haps and mishaps of the Pickwickians would be household words whatever the form in which they were presented to notice. But if you wish to enjoy them without a drawback, take this new edition, beautifully bound and printed, of just the right size and shape. A good, old fashioned jolly grin, will give your face a sunshiny look for days to come. Providence knows such an appearance is sadly needed now a days. For sale at 155 Divinity.

The College Song Books. Boston: Russell & Tolman.

The pleasantest memories of College life are connected with the summer evenings when we crowded together on the green before our old buildings, and sang the songs of our Alma Mater. It was then that college spirit and college feeling rose highest. It was then we forgot the realities and felt only the romance of our life here. Take away our songs and with them will disappear much of the affection we feel for our college, and much of the charm which invests it. Many a man has, to be sure, no more voice and no more ear for music than a mad bull. But there is not one who does not listen with pleasure to his college songs, although to him the voice of Jenny Lind may be more intolerable than the squealing of a cracked fife, and the playing of Thalberg worse than the clatter of tin pans. While half the charm of a college song consists in the fact that all join in it, we must acknowledge that full half is added by a good rendering. For this reason we are glad to see the handsome edition of songs and music which has just been published. All parts are given here, and we can have no excuse hereafter, if we do not have the harmony as well as the melody in our singing. It is the absolute duty of every student to procure one of these books. The piano forte accompaniments form one of the best features of the work. The selections are made from the songs of Harvard, Yale, Williams, and Dartmouth. It augurs well for Yale that she contributes the largest number of all, and this is an additional inducement for us to obtain the book. If you do not sing yourself, give the work to some fair friend, and may you pass many a pleasant hour listening to the songs which are burdened with happy memories. For sale at 155 Divinity.

A Discourse on the Life and Services of Rev. Chauncey A. Goodrich, Esq.
By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY.

Every one who knew and loved Professor Goodrich will be glad to possess so worthy a tribute to his memory as is furnished by this sermon. Pres. Woolsey's discourses are always highly acceptable to his pupils, and this is doubly so, as commemorative of a noble man, and one revered and beloved by us all. For sale at 155 Divinity.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The following boat clubs have been organized in the Freshman Class, upon the new plan which has been attracting the attention of the Yale Navy for some time past, and of which a full account was published in a past number of the "Lit."

GLYUNA—owning two four-oared barges, the Naiad and Rowena.

<i>Captain</i> ,	T. C. Bacon.
<i>1st Lieutenant</i> ,	J. H. Eakin.
<i>2d</i> "	S. A. York.
<i>3d</i> "	T. D. Kimball.
<i>Purser</i> ,	H. E. Ewin.

NIXIE—six-oared barge.

<i>Captain</i> ,	S. B. Farnam.
<i>1st Lieutenant</i> ,	O. H. Paine.
<i>2d</i> "	C. U. Shepard.
<i>Purser</i> ,	C. M. Gilman.

VARUNA—six-oared barge.

<i>Captain</i> ,	L. S. Dewey.
<i>1st Lieutenant</i> ,	E. Blakeslee.
<i>2d</i> "	S. Huntington.
<i>3d</i> "	H. Kingsbury.
<i>Purser</i> ,	W. H. Whiting.

The uniforms of all these clubs are to be plainer and neater than has been customary with former clubs. The old deformities called shields are discarded.

A Chess Tournament was held by the Yale Club on Wednesday, March 7th. The result was as follows:

FIRST TRIAL,			
Bull, 2.	Champion, 2.	Fairchild, 2.	W. W. Johnson, 2.
Bliss, 0.	Apgar, 0.	White, 1.	Camp, 0.
Drawn, 1.			

SECOND TRIAL,	
Bull, 2.	Champion, 2.
Johnson, 1.	Fairchild, 0.

THIRD TRIAL.	
Champion, 2.	
Bull, 0.	
Drawn, 1.	

Editor's Gable.

Townsend Premiums, term examination, and politics, have proved mighty obstacles to the excellence of the present number of the "Lit." It was the intention of the Editors to close their public career with a flash of glory. Providence has not smiled upon our plans, however, and direfully as we regret it, it becomes necessary to end with an apology, and yield all hopes of a "*Vos plaudite*." A shower of unpropitious circumstances has dampened both ardor and energy, and to keep our light from being entirely extinguished, it has been needful this month to hide it under a bushel. We grant the right of friends and readers to anathematize, disparage and insult; to make invidious comparisons, and odious remarks. A year's experience in the editorial line, has been of some service, and five men cannot be found more indifferent to calumny and contumely than your most humble and obedient servants, the Yale Lit. Editors.

It is our duty, however, to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to subscribers. Upon comparison of notes, the astonishing fact has been brought to light, that the most cutting criticisms, and most odious insults, have been inflicted upon us by non-subscribers. We acknowledge the fact, that two dollars paid to our publisher guarantees the inestimable right of "blowing up" the Editors to whatever extent may seem advisable. But when this privilege is usurped by those who have not paid for it, an irresistible proclivity to motion affects the pedal appurtenances of each and all of us.

However, the present board has comparatively little to complain of, and very very much to be thankful for. Our five lean purses have not been obliged to contract their dimensions, and there are even certain dim lookings forward to an increase of size,—a consummation devoutly to be hoped for. We leave the Magazine to our successors clear of debt, and we hope and trust that in their hands its pecuniary success may not be lessened, while its literary character may be greatly improved.

For the past one or two weeks all College has been drunken with politics,—a

much more immoral and unpleasant condition than to be drunken with wine. Highly excited groups of students collect upon the College campus, and with much swinging of arms, and wildness of looks, and loudness of voices, anathematize each other for a time, and then all join in a mutual and sweeping denunciation of the unhappy board of New Haven selectmen.

One great question fills the minds of all classes. The little Freshman, who must wait four or five years for his majority, loudly proclaims the inalienable right of citizenship, and the moustache of the Senior bristles with indignation at the enormities practiced in the State House, and stalking dignifiedly thitherwards, he persists in handing in his name until he fairly extorts a reply like that of the unjust judge in former times, and is admitted because of "his continual coming." The excitement has prevailed to such an extent that certain deluded students were even led to join in the great Democratic procession of Friday night. Surrounded by a mass of the most outlandish looking mortals that ever claimed the name of freemen, breathing an atmosphere thick with smoke and dust, and hearing the peculiarly beautiful concord of sounds which naturally results from some half dozen bands, each playing a different air from the other, they marched nobly onwards, covering themselves with glory and dirt. We have passed through somewhat similar experiences on "Burial of Euclid" and "Pow Wow" nights, we have stood knee deep in mud before female seminaries, and shivered with cold, whilst a miserable band rent the air with discordant serenades to the fair ones within. We have burned our fingers and clothes with ignited camphene, and in short have known all the glories attendant upon torch light processions, and judging by ourselves we doubt not that the patriotic members of the Yale Democratic Club have spent at least one evening this year in unalloyed enjoyment. The country will be safe when such devoted youths assume the overcoats and top boots of their fathers, and drive the stage coach of government.

A ruthless fiat of the faculty has given the death blow to the celebrated project of a class levee on Presentation evening. A vast amount of vituperative power was displayed during the many class meetings held to discuss the subject, in fact the amount of "cussing" far exceeded that of discussing. The plan seemed to be a very pleasant one, and we can hardly help regretting its demise. The worst part of the whole affair lies in the fact that the wonderful enthusiasm of the committee had no opportunity to display itself. They were obliged ingloriously to resign their position, and were subjected to the tantalizing commiserations of the Class. A man who has been unfortunate enough to fall down and break his head is always insulted by contributions of pity. A similar feeling rules in the hearts of the levee committee.

The division historians and the Presentation day committee of the Senior Class have been elected, and wonderful to relate with very little contention. The class is tired of fighting. A peaceful calm has followed the terrible storms of a few weeks ago. We look forward to parting now. The few weeks of College life that remain, are passing with wondrous speed, and no one wishes them embittered with dissension and strife.

Faint rumors of a paper or magazine, to be edited by certain young ladies who are completing their education in this city, have been floating about of late.

Should a project, so earnestly to be desired, ever be consummated, the "Lit." most humbly begs the honor of an exchange. The only communication which the present board ever received from the hands of the gentler sex, proved to be a most arrant hoax. In it references were made to an article contributed by the fair correspondent to a former number of the magazine, and a promise given that a book just published by her should be forwarded to its address. Many a moment was wasted by five humbugged mortals, in ransacking old volumes of the "Lit," and five anxious pairs of eyes watched long and earnestly for the promised work. Suffice it to say that no success attended the waiting and watching, and a reference to the lady correspondent of the "Lit," arouses at the present day a just indignation in the breasts of five *sold* mortals. Formerly every editor professed to be a "lady's man," and held the highest regard for the character of the sex; since that direful communication a strong tendency towards misogyny has developed in them all.

With the best of wishes that the coming vacation may be a happy one, and with earnest hopes for the success and welfare of all readers, your editors gracefully touch their hats and retire from their high position and weighty responsibilities, to their former humble position in private life.

EDITORS' FAREWELL.

WHEN a Class separates itself from its College home, men must sever many ties that have hitherto bound them in mutual interest. With reminiscences we cherish, and friendships each to the other, that never can be broken, we carry with us also regards for those who tarry here a little longer, and feelings of association with them, which gather new strength and vigor as we see them fill the places we leave vacant. Especially is this true of those to whom the favor of their classmates has entrusted the "Lit." Through it we have formed some degree of acquaintance with all who have been with us. We have endeavored to strengthen an institution local and valued, and have given to it more energy than the multifarious duties and pleasures of Senior year have rendered altogether easy. Of your support we can utter no complaint; it has been more than ever liberal, and we leave the Magazine to our successors, as a heritage we shall continue to esteem, and for whose future success and *superiority* we shall confidently hope. Notwithstanding the especial dangers to which another year will render it liable, we trust that you will never allow it, after ranking first for twenty-five years, to lose position by lack of encouragement from you.

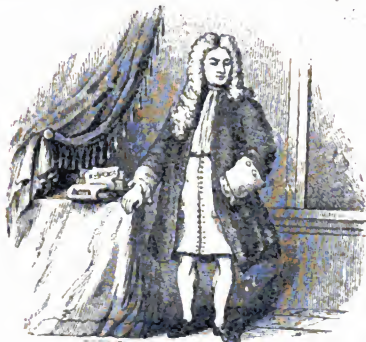
ROBERT S. DAVIS,	} <i>Editors.</i>
EDWARD G. HOLDEN,	
WILLIAM FOWLER,	
WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON,	
CHARLES H. OWEN,	

Sills poem "Morning"

VOL. XXV.

No. VII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOHOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1860.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

JUNE, 1860.

No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '61.

WILLIAM H. FULLER,

SEXTUS SHEARER.

JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY,

EDWARD R. SILL.

RALPH O. WILLIAMS.

What We Think of It.

A COLLEGE Magazine, like any other publication, must have a name. Indeed the title of a work is generally presumed to be something like a fair index of its true character. But, to this almost universal rule, there is among us here one very prominent exception, and that exception is the Yale Literary Magazine. It claims, by its title, to be the exponent of the literary talent of the Students of Yale College. But that claim has been more than once disputed by its readers, both inside and out of College, who have been disappointed at the incongruity which they had found between lofty pretensions and more humble realities. So far from always maintaining that superiority in literary excellence which one has a right to expect—nay, we had almost said, reasonably demand,—from the representative publication of the first College in America, it has not unfrequently fallen below the standard which its founders and friends had hoped it would establish. That this occasional retrogression has been owing either to lack of talent or interest among Students for the only magazine which fairly represents their thoughts and life, no one who knows anything of College can for one moment suppose. The real cause, we believe, lies rather in a mistaken idea of the true scope and character of the Lit., which has had the effect of excluding a class of writers of

no small ability; who have been deterred from contributing articles of a purely literary character, in consequence of some intimation shadowed forth in the Editor's plan, of the undesirableness of such pieces for its columns. Indeed, within our own recollection we have seen it declared that the Lit. "does not purport to be the exponent of the literary ability of the Students of Yale;" while other editors not willing to concede so much—have nevertheless spoken indifferently of the literary character of the Magazine, so long as another, and in their view, more legitimate mission was fulfilled. That mission has been to make the Yale Literary (!) Magazine the chronicle of College events, and to confine its received contributions to what they are pleased to call "local articles," which they not only strangely affirm are the sole subjects of interest to Students, but some have even gone so far as to declare that "Students shall be prohibited from writing on subjects upon which others can write better" than themselves. (Query—was it altogether clear that the Editors, on that ground, should have published some of their own effusions?) Now if this theory of local exclusiveness be the true theory for conducting this Magazine, in the name of common sense and common honesty let us change its title, and instead of the Yale Literary Magazine, let it be called the *Yale Monthly News*, the *College Journal and Courier*, or at least *The Student's Occasional Herald*. But if, on the other hand, we are satisfied with its present title, and earnestly strive to make the literary character of the Magazine a matter of the first importance, to which the other parts, though important auxiliaries, must nevertheless be subordinate, we believe we shall meet with the approval of the greater part of College; and even if we shall ultimately have failed of anything like complete success, we will at least have deserved—among some censure perhaps—the praise of an honest endeavor to be consistent with our open professions.

Against this position, however, it has been urged that "we can never expect to compete for popular support with the American Journal of Science, or Harper's Monthly, or the Southern Quarterly Review," and therefore we must have only local articles. Um!—well, granted, and then what of it? The Yale Lit. offers to "compete" with no magazine; we draw on the Editorial gloves and match our side against imaginary foes, neither here nor outside of College. We do not propose to draw largely from the list of the Atlantic's subscribers, nor from that of Harper's Monthly, still less from the South-

ern Review ; but we do say that whenever any Student of Yale sends us a piece, of marked ability, and of high literary excellence, we will not furnish DeBow's Review* with a contribution which shall be noticed and commended by the Press, but which we rejected because it was not sufficiently local for our columns. At least if we do, be it noticed, we will never own it afterwards. This idea of trying to scare Students from attempting anything like a literary effort, because, forsooth, Longfellow, Curtis, Everett, or somebody else can do so much better, is too absurd for refutation. Whatever other Boards may have thought to have been the true object of the Lit., or what succeeding Boards may conclude to do, is a matter which belongs exclusively to them. But the present Board unanimously stand pledged to the position, that so long as we claim to conduct the Yale Literary Magazine, we will earnestly endeavor not to compel our contributors or ourselves to a flat contradiction of our title page.

In what we have just said, we by no means wish to have it supposed that we fondly imagine the present Board to excel in taste or intellect, all, or any of its predecessors. No more do we wish to have it supposed that during the present year all the literary world will stand on tiptoe anxiously waiting for the publication of each successive Lit. ; but we do imagine that with that hearty and generous support which the Magazine deserves at the hands of its friends, it will take its true position in the estimation of College, and supply a want which is neither new, nor insignificant in its demands. Again, we by no means desire to exclude local articles whose intrinsic merit deserves for them a publication, but quite the contrary. Many, very many, of the best contributions which we shall have during the present year, will doubtless be local in their character. Other things being the same, we would of course give a local piece preference over any other. On many accounts they would be more acceptable to a majority of our readers than any other similar class of subjects which could be selected. We desire to preserve, if possible, the golden mean between articles wholly literary on the one hand, and those wholly local on the other. To confine our selection, therefore, to the narrow and limited range of the latter, would be entirely out of the question. There is,

* During the year of 1858 an article was contributed by a Student to the Lit. —rejected for the reasons stated, and subsequently published in DeBow's Review.

however, a sense in which all our pieces will be local. Our mode of thought, the general character of our ideas,—to some extent the natural result of our College training,—will be more or less distinctive in their character, and thus give us a kind of localism in writing, which is by no means geographical, but which pervades the broader fields of active mental life.

There is a false impression quite prevalent in College in regard to the Yale Lit., which we particularly desire to remove. It has been thought by many, that for the most part, the Magazine is intended for the especial benefit of a few favored persons of the Senior Class. Hence it is that we believe it has not received that support from the writers in other Classes, who would otherwise have been glad to contribute, which it really deserves at their hands. Now this is all wrong. The Yale Lit. is essentially a *College Magazine*. It is the organ of no Society or Class. Let any man, then, be he Senior, Junior, Sophomore or Freshman, who has anything to say on any subject which would interest Students, and which would not be inconsistent with the general character of the Magazine, write out his thoughts with what strength and elegance Providence and his own education have given him, and submit them to our consideration. We will at least give his articles a careful and impartial examination, and, let us add, respect the privacy of sealed envelopes.

There is still another thought to which we wish to call attention in the plan of our proposed management, and that is this. We desire our columns to be as free as possible from all invidious Class distinctions. We shall endeavor to remember that our duty does not demand of us a supervision over the scholarship or general character of any Class; much less an unwarrantable fling at whatever does not happen to suit our individual fancy. We shall aim rather to give to the Lit. variety of topic, liberality of sentiment, and open its columns to all writers who shall, in a vigorous manner, improve our present College literature, and make us better and happier Students in our sojourn at Yale.

With what success we shall meet it is certainly not for us to predict. When we reflect that we have been called upon to conduct, through another year, the oldest College Magazine existing in this country; when we reflect too, that no where else, perhaps, is criticism more keen, and no where certainly is it *more plentifully dealt out*; we almost shrink from the responsibility which the kindness of a Class

has imposed upon us. But when, on the other hand, we reflect, that not to us alone, but to the "Students of Yale College," as representing their thoughts and life, rests the verdict of the Lit.'s success, not altogether without hope, we will endeavor to add our mite to the prosperity of that Magazine, which this year will have completed the history of a quarter of a century.

W. H. F.

Will America ever have a Novelist?

Above the noise of the petty wars during the Middle Ages, and above the hoarse shoutings of the combatants, there still come floating down, the wandering echoes of some softer voice, whose natural melody startles us, as the country people were startled when they heard, upon the quiet midnight air, Nell's clear notes mingling with the rude singing of the drunken boatmen. Bookworms, rummaging in the libraries of the Old World, by skillful mending, have made out to join these snatches of song, and give them to us in a shape not altogether unintelligible. Nevertheless, whether as ballad or legend, we can discover in them the source of "fictitious literature," and can notice, besides, that it arose not as a luxury, but as a necessity. Naturally, the beginning was rough. "The great *Iliad* in Greece," says a writer whose style betrays him, "and the small *Robin Hood's Garland* in England, are each, as I understand, the well edited 'Select Beauties' of an immeasurable waste imbroglio of Heroic Ballads in their respective centuries and countries. Think what strumming of the seven-stringed heroic lyre, and beating of the studious poetic brain, and gasping here too in the semi-articulate windpipe of poetic men, before the Wrath of a Divine Achilles, the Prowess of a Will Scarlet or Wakefield Pindar, could be adequately sung."

We do not need to be told that every country has its fanciful traditions, derived from this "beating of the studious poetic brain." Ocean, in her bosom, held some cave—paved with pearl, and festooned with sea-weed—where Neptune lived. Each brook, as it sparkled on "to join the brimming river," was thought to lull to sleep a nymph. The oak concealed a faun or grace; while every leaf was gifted with the presence of a supernatural little being, weaving a tiny woof of

human good or ill. Germany is full of fantastic tales, Scotland has her "little men in gray," and elves and dwarfs; and it may be, perhaps, that to-night, the Irish boy listening to the wind wailing across the moor, will cower closer in the corner of his peat-thatched hovel, as he hears—high above the storm—the ill-boding cry of some unhappy Banshee. It is in this way, as we see, that an era of strange events, or a fading race—like the setting sun—throws its loveliest colors over the expanse of the next century's thought; and it is easy, moreover, to observe that this mark of age has hitherto been deemed an essential in the composition of an entertaining Novel.

But, as respects these things, America is preëminently a New World. Irving, it must be admitted, has invested the Hudson with a smell of rank tobacco, and made it suggestive of Dutch stubbornness and martial glory; yet, as we feel with him, only through our faith in Colonial history and admiration of his old-fashioned humor, the romance of this stream is melting away before the realities of fast packets. There are no old castles crowning its cliffs, toward which the lazy traveler, from his self propelled canoe, can turn an expectant eye, looking for spectres of headless Hessians or lovelorn damsels; but the modern brick edifice is there instead, redolent of fresh paint, affording not only entire gardeners, but chamber-maids, who—with their waists of no mean circumference—are removed very far indeed from pensive ghosts.

America was to be a land—if we may reason from her past—which, in the energetic language of Mr. Sparkler, "should have no bigodd nonsense about her." Apparently no country should outstrip her in the dreaminess of its myths. She ripened under a bright heaven, and was inhabited by a nomadic race, possessed of veneration and imagination; whose wise men sat by their wigwam fires, and, as the thunder muttered out of doors, repeated legends handed from family to family, worthy of an almost Oriental fancy. Speaker and listener have vanished long ago. Unused to artificial wants, they have left behind no memorial; and the Manitou they worshipped so well in their rude way, has scattered autumn leaves above them, and hidden from the unappreciating gaze of their civilized brother, all record of their humble hopes and loves. Now, if our forests concealed cities magnificent even in desolation—as Uxmal—we would not be compelled to bring our novels across the Atlantic. It was otherwise decreed, however. Yucatan obtained the treasures we so sorely need;

and now unvalued, they are trembling under the fierce grip of that Vandal, the Alamo. Whole stories of hate and sorrow—human, and therefore like our own!—waiting through many generations for a single sympathizing reader, are gradually passing away; and each day beholds some sculptured giant prostrate, which, the natives say, nightly became endowed with life, and in the moonlight used to go stalking about his ancient palace with a ghastly show of pomp.

Furthermore, we are scantily supplied with another material invariably used, till lately, in the construction of a successful Novel. We have no clusters of ruddy-cheeked Customs, which come down to us in a hale old age, fighting lustily against the Practical, with which we can garland the annual festivities. The Yule Log, the sports of Twelfth night, the jovial fireplace—extending itself without let or hindrance to the utmost limits of a warm-hearted chimney—the conservative fire dogs stretching their legs out on either side to heat them comfortably; all these have disappeared under the mathematical logic of American Character. Our Santa Claus, instead of being a rollicking, cider-swigging old Bacchus, has become a sharp-eyed tradesman, who pays his shoemaker on Christmas and puts a rate-of-interest table in the suspiciously clean stocking of his youngest son. Macauley has settled beyond cavil what nobody pretended to deny, that “the merrie days” of England were not as prosperous as ours are; yet “merrie” they will always seem to us, as, drifting down the current of Free Trade, we see behind us the years robed in the cloudlets of increasing distance. Clouds are, at best, but wet and chilling things; though to us who are far off they seem beautiful beyond expression; and Ivanhoe may actually have a bloated face and fishy eye, or the Round Table be made of the poorest of English oak,—still the hours go by light-winged while we are hearing Scott or Tennyson. In fact every Poet or Novelist is walking in an Old World of his own, real once; while the moonlight silvers each moss-grown arch or ivy-covered column; while the ghosts are gliding about the ruins; and the Thinker, as he strays among the long-forsaken temples of Philosophy, brushing away the flowering parasites which cling to some opinion, traces in its uncouth shape, the germ of that idea which after-time has polished into symmetry. America cannot have these tokens of pre-existence, and for our writers to attempt to encircle her with its peculiar charm, is like putting a gray wig over the flowing locks of youth. For the most part, we may buy foreign products for money, but nothing shall

induce a sleepy ghost—regular in nightly walks—to quit a lonely tower, that he may haunt a newly-furnished house upon Fifth Avenue. Among the visionaries that our land affords, what Toby Veck can be discovered, so gormandizing when hot tripe is anyway concerned, as to dream about imp-bearing chimes rung out by any modern church bells? Why, our Sextons are young men! and if they should clamber up—as the real Trotty did—where their bells hang, what would they find besides lately-settled dust, and freshly-smelling pine? Ten to one their caster is alive, eating his modicum of pork from day to day, and briskly stepping off to Church to the beat of his own bells. Alas for Jonathan's literature! though we have Scrooges innumerable, there is hardly a house in North America old enough to tempt the philanthropic Marley. There may have been goblin Pequods roaming about our hills, in the old time; yet at the misty dawn of October 11, 1792, it would seem as if the crowing of some stentor-like cock must have echoed through the entire land, telling each dusky ghost that it was time to go home to his damp coffin, for his night of Ages had at length come to a close.

I have been speaking of *popular* Novels; such as Scott attracts us with, flinging his fairy rings trodden by noiseless feet around every old tree in the Highlands; or such as *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, horrible to the young and tender mind; but all of us well know (for all have read *Jane Eyre* and *The Newcomes*,) that a respectable collection has other works than these. There is a sort, that, rejecting the assistance of imagination and superstition, professes to deal with facts unpleasant and undeniable. Its exponents are not afraid to stretch long minatory fingers at virtue as she appears in the fashion-plates. They talk of Society, argue on its theories of living, test its workings, and satirize its delinquencies. If we are to credit their own report, these have no moonshine about them—no white figures of invariable taciturnity—no drowsy gossipers beside the ale-house hearth; but they stand like Thackeray—with upturned nose and sour visage—at the ball-room entrance, listening impatiently to the flirting, and uttering unmistakable sarcasm, as they reflect upon the life and services of Rev. Mr. Creamcheese. Here then, we would decide was the kind for America to interest the world with, were it not for the serious obstacle, that before we can have a Society Novel, we must have a Society to write about. Geologists would have us believe that the earth—although Aeolus has been blowing it like a huge hot potato for a few

hundred centuries—remains partially uncooled to this day; and we can as readily comprehend how the red-hot Republicanism of 1776 has gathered no ashy film of aristocracy by 1860. Besides our Society, in one sense, is utopian. Nobody can find it. Yesterday Mr. Jones, possibly, was a member of it “in good and regular standing,” negotiating—through his dignified chief-butler—purchases of eggs, lard, etc., from the ignoble Smith on the back street; but to-day he fails, and rolls like a terrapin from his social perch into the muddy waves of population, which are forever angrily dashing about Society’s throne; while Smith—having hands still greasy with his own butter—buys the mansion and becomes “an ornament to the community.” The red flag, which many of us will recollect to have seen waving from Mr. Jones’ parlor window, was wafting through the city, with every pulse of air that vibrated against it, two facts; that an auction sale would shortly be held therein, and that Jones had become a desperate man, outlawed forever by one clammy touch of that gaunt old leper, Poverty. Scarcely Mr. Nadget could follow a trail changing so repeatedly! America as she has no legitimate Society, can have no homespun Vanity Fair in her public library.

But we have been looking, all along, at the doubts rather than the hopes. The original instinct always expressing itself in tales or verses—barbarous, if you will, yet with something human in their tone—is working amongst us. The joys and griefs of our life still are waiting to be uttered or relieved; in a word, the primary causes, that make Novels a necessity to the development of every refined mind, are precisely as binding here, where we have many, as beyond the Sea, whence we get many. The question now arises, what is the description of fiction which can possibly be created here?

No one can have failed to notice—have we not felt?—how complete a change has been gradually effected in the opinions of the present time. Mocanna’s silver vail would be no protection against the curious eyes of spectators now-a-days. Human nature suddenly has fallen to tearing limb from limb her bran-stuffed puppets, to see what they are made of. In religion and politics, men are apt to take nothing for granted. Their argument is concise if not valid; if any truth is too good to be looked at, it is too bad to be received. They have, of late, discovered divers momentous facts; among them, that thunder hurts nobody, and that they see the most frightful sights *when dreaming*. Nor have these discoveries, in all cases, been soothing; but, as they

could find no method of escape, they have been obliged to make as clear as possible, the vague responses of the oracle. They are seized with a shuddering impulse, when they consider their moral welfare, to repeat the proverb stating how a tub must stand. They would be, were it possible, *supernaturally* alive to the fact that Damon must hang for his own crime, and that not a soul goes to hell by proxy. In no place is this spirit becoming more earnest than in our own country. The writings of Carlyle, perhaps the deepest thinker in the world, were getting read and understood here, while the titled ones of England were keeping them—as Lord Chesterfield kept Dr. Johnson—waiting in an ante-room, till they should finish the last canto of Don Juan. It will be clear, with little explanation, that a Novel is the proper mode of uttering this thought. The scrutiny of even the slightest grade of social wrong, the kindly truthful exposure of any error, can be brought about in no way so well as by analyzing the subtleties of a character ostensibly fictitious. For, in spite of the scolding of our grandmothers, who were disposed to regard with distrust, even the mild fabrications of Hannah More, we know that no book is more painfully true than the so-called unreal one. Yet if that be false, which has not been sworn to; if all be vicious which is distinct from Euclid; if there is nothing of value in the world but cabbages and turnips, then our grandmothers were right; [but under no other circumstances. More than this, let us say that a Novel, (not a sham article, of course,) is the truest volume in secular literature. We should be likely to suspect the sincerity of that man who could read the character of Arthur Pendennis without having a nervous belief that he himself might have sat for some large portion of the picture. A book thus ministering, not to the whims, but needs of men, must be read; and our public seems rapidly disciplining itself to understand what it will teach. Perhaps some boy has been sitting to-day on one of New England's stone fences, and catching glimpses of eternal truths such as no mortal ever beheld before. Or, it may be, that another has been wandering among the cypresses which wave their solemn branches over the waters of the Gulf, and there embroidering with wit and fancy, the deep heart-lessons that he has learned as no one else. Let those of us who reverence genius, look sharply in the throng of youthful writers, and see if we cannot find a single face, clouded by a sad earnestness; or a single eye, through which a big soul looks tearfully out upon a money-making, good-forgetting world!

There is reason to believe, then, that before long, we shall have a really great Novelist, more bitter, more abstract, less imaginative than any who have gone before. We will never have a Dickens. Columbus lived too late for that. Nevertheless, while with each succeeding year, we confess anew the power and nobleness of his inimitable stories, we shall, by-and-by, place by the side of the Christmas Carol some soul-biography of our own, which shall persuade us to be juster men and shall make our daily life a holier thing. s. s.

College versus Character.

Toward Italy every student, sculptor and artist, always looks with longing interest, and whoever makes an artist's pilgrimage to that land of soft skies and mellow sunsets, is sure of a cordial welcome from the foster-mother of art and science. It is there that there is found every cast and mould of sculpture, and every shade and variety of painting, and, if one has any taste or aptitude for either of those great master-arts, it can hardly fail to be improved and developed by Italian culture. Not every such novice becomes a proficient in his chosen art, and yet, they can hardly fail to be strengthened and ennobled as they hold communion with those old masters of those noblest arts. And thus to sit at the feet of the fathers, to gaze up into the faces of those beautifully expressive Madonnas, to try to determine from those nicely blended tints, shades and colors, what feelings and emotions thrilled the earnest heart, and guided the skillful hand of the one who carefully fashioned those life-like representations of love, purity and faith, and to draw from this an inspiration to incorporate into one's artistic life, an inspiration which shall bear him away from all the grossness of the material world, and give him an easy and triumphant entrance into the ethereal regions of imitative life; to do all this, though it may seem to us the hardest of tasks, is esteemed by the artist the dearest of privileges. Day after day do crowds of busy aspiring artists fill the picture galleries of the imperial city, and little by little do they catch enlivening glimpses of that true artistic life, which is the ideal of all their conceptions, and the goal of all their desires.

Not very unlike these artists who live and move in a life and atmosphere of the past, are the students who to-day cluster thoughtfully around the almost sacred hearthstones of dear old Yale. We are workers in pictures and statues, and, though we trace them not on canvass, nor work them out from marble, we fashion them upon a more enduring substance, for we are artists in character.

Beneath every truly great life, there is found a firm, noble character. To form such a character, to work it into symmetry in all its parts, to blend with true artistic skill all the shades and colors that are furnished us, is the legitimate work of our years of preparatory culture. Nor is it a work to be pursued at random without plan or method, but by as much as it is the most important work that ever claims the attention of the individual man, by so much the more is there need of a careful and discriminative discipline. We should be much less ardent than we are in our advocacy of collegiate education, did we not believe College to be the great school for character, and our strong love for the system would be changed to bitter hatred, did we not believe College to be the place to form *good* character. We come here ignorant alike of the world without and the world within, with only here and there an outline traced in the ground work of these fabrics, upon which are to rest our lives, and we go away with those outlines closely filled, perhaps for good, perhaps for ill.

But if there be any who leave these walls with characters unfitted to meet the proper demands of a manly life, we are glad to believe that they are the exceptions and not the rule; and a most serious mistake is made by those who infer the general tenor of College influence from exceptional individual cases. It is the same sunlight that strengthens and vivifies the beautiful fragrant flower, which warms into luxurious growth the noxious weed, but not for that reason would we will an opaque medium between the sun and earth. Wherever light comes, there is life and growth; and, if now and then a worthless tare struggles upward, there is many a full head of wheat too heavy for its slender stalk. The natural and legitimate influences of College life on personal character are good, and not as some would have us believe, directly antagonistic to every principle of morality and virtue. The question how much College is worth to us as scholars, we may try to answer at another time, but shall now try to notice something of the obvious workings of Collegiate training upon the vigorous and manly life of the individual.

One of the greatest needs of the age would be triumphantly met, if that indefinite, and in many respects very ignorant personage, "the public," could be brought to intelligently consider the true relations of educational culture to personal character. The discipline of College life is finite in its power, eminently adapted to meet some demands, and utterly impotent to satisfy others; and, if precisely what it *can* and *cannot* do were known, it would be vastly better for all concerned.

The farmer is justified in looking for an abundant harvest if the seed he sows be good, but let him first settle that point before he mentally measures his prospective crop. If persons possessing the germs of true manhood, be brought under College culture, the natural tendency of its influence is to make them sober, earnest men. The first foundation stones of every structure must be laid down deep and broad, and one of the earliest needs of true education is the impressing upon the mind of a healthful liberality. And when this is done, progress commences, and the way to success seems clear and open. The spirit of College training is a liberalizing spirit, for, whoever becomes extensively conversant with either the books of antiquity, or the men of to-day, cannot fail to take a broader and more unselfish view of life. And, when the scales of selfishness have thus dropped from our mental vision, so that we are enabled to look out beyond the narrow boundary of our own hopes and desires, we have firmly laid the corner stone of manly education. Very much of local and partisan feeling attaches itself to the earliest years of life, and it is these characteristics of the boy, that culture has to eradicate in the man.

The associations of College life are adapted to affect this, because we are brought into contact with minds and hearts not yet entirely free from the enlivening dew of life's early morning, and living in a little world of mind, the influence of mental induction is almost incalculable. Barriers reared by early prejudices are destroyed, long established channels of thought and feeling are broken up, and we commence a new and more liberal mental life. There is a freshness and earnestness about young minds, which exert precisely the influences needed to rightly develop character. Young men act from conviction, not from policy, and, if now and then they act wrongly, they act truly and humanly, and truth and humanity are safe guardians of character. College associations, too, infuse into our social life a warmth and generosity which contribute much to true manhood, and we dare believe that Students, more than any other class, are qualified to

become the stanchest of Patriots and noblest of Reformers, because their culture makes them large-hearted men. After realizing the existence of any power that has been conferred upon us, the next step is to place that power under proper culture. And there is no power so delicate in its formation, so susceptible of the gentlest influences, and so strong in its accomplishments as the human heart.

Nor are there any associations in life so well adapted for heart-culture as those of College. The facts of common tasks and common pleasures, necessarily beget a strong sympathy, which, first arising from community of position, soon finds an avenue to the heart, and leaves there a lasting impress of nobler, generous frankness. As the purest pearls are far down in the deepest seas, and as the great wealth of our earth lies far below its surface, so the worth and power of our human natures rests below the reach of superficial influences, and can be worked upon and developed only by thorough and persistent culture. Such culture arises from College associations; for College, class and society ties all tend to the same end,—the expansion of the heart.

The influences then arising from student association and student sympathy are only good in themselves, and if amid them all, we keep not our hearts pure, let us charge it upon the common weaknesses of humanity, and not to our Alma Mater. We may not be perfect patterns in every virtue, but we surely are not proficient in every vice, and the parting circles on our College campus year after year, testify to the efficiency of our associations here, to call into action the purest and deepest feelings of our natures. Let no one say, then, that College culture is a failure, so long as it teaches men to think and feel, and let no one seek to throw lines of restraint around the frank and cordial heart intercourse of students, for if we be *κηρόθεν φίλοι*, here, we shall be *κηρόθεν φίλοι αεί*. So long then as College life has such direct relations, both to the solid and emotional parts of men's natures, and so long as these stern old elms shall yearly witness many a tender parting, and many a strong tension, almost to snapping asunder of intertwined heart-strings, we shall have buoyant and earnest hopes for ourselves and for the world. And justly too shall we hope for our own success, because whatever life is governed by the dictates of a heart large and warm, will be in the highest and truest sense a success; and with reason shall we hope for progress in the world, because it is made nobler and better by every successful life.

J. L. S.

Men.

WHEN one really looks and thinks, as the days pass over him, and life moves on within and without, what is there in the world but one continued wondering? All is problem and mystery, and among the greatest is this: You and I, bound as twin brothers by a thousand unmistakable, unalterable bonds of affinity, yet with an infinite separation between our souls,—you in your little circle of circumstances, and I in mine, thinking the self same thoughts, as the same mornings, and noons, and nights, tick themselves away with their burdens of the universal hopes and sorrows, yet with this ceaseless sense of individual indentity throbbing through each of us his separate *Ego*,—his intrinsic consciousness of *me* and *mine*, as the only realities in the universe. Surely the great mystery of creation;—the man, as a mere member of a united whole, only one little *nerve* of the great heart of the race—and the man, as a single being, walking through all eternity, changeless and unchangeable. No mortal can solve it; only poets can dream of a solution, in such hinted possibility as this,—

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is pressed
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "this is I:"
But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I" and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the thing I touch:"
So moulds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As through the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.
This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew,
Beyond the second birth of Death.

We all remember that day in our boy-life when first the individual "I" thus isolates itself, and grasps the truth, that *my* identity is of no more importance in the great sum of things than any other single one of these that are born, and eat, and die about me; nay, more—is of less importance than many, because worse or weaker than they. And as the truth dawns upon the mind that all men are *not* equal, that he

himself must go through his existence inferior in brain and soul to many of his fellows, the mind opens with a great sigh to take in this truth; patiently, sometimes—oftener with the whole heart rebelliously clenched against it.

Though it so engrosses our thoughts at the first fresh look into life, this question, what we *are*, neither we for ourselves, nor the world for us, sufficiently consider. Men get estimated by all sorts of criterions but this one of their real inherent inner nature. We honor such as do noble things,—we punish all who do evil things; but how unutterably more pitiful to *be* evil—to be born into a universe ringing with rich harmonies, and stand there forever striking false notes. Weakness and wickedness breaking into actions, men take immediate account of; but weakness and wickedness merely stamped into the soul as a birth-right, so long as no statutes are violated, and no good man's dinner delayed, is little heeded. And so the old untruth is quite believed, that all men are born on equal footing; and your real, fore-ordained scamp, for whom nature has been preparing that label through an endless chain of previous accidents and laws, makes himself easy in the highest seat of the synagogue, regardless of the doctrines which confidently damn him in prospective, for what he knows well enough is not his fault.

This innate distinction of species in the genus homo, man blunders over, through looking at himself too humanly. I mean that we consider our race as entirely unique—without parallel or analogy in the whole existing creation; whereas if we could for a day look through the unprejudiced eyes of a dog, or meditative ox, we should get a clearer view of the blight we mortals are on the earth. From that standpoint it would appear that the animal man does not differ from the animal horse, save in *degree*, on the scale of life,—superior by the matter of a thumb joint, or some inches of brain pulp,—scarcely enough to exalt us above humility, one would think. We should see the dog-race *not* altogether born on equal footing; this one with the grace of strength and intelligence in limb and eye,—that one lean and misshapen, with lips drawn in ugly snarls,—spiteful and snappish from kennel to grave. And then a degree higher up are men careering on *their* scale—from *cradle* to grave bearing differences just as unalterable as among their quadruped counterparts. Considering which differences, this strikes one as true,—that while society stands together, guarded by law, the *better* should govern the worse, and he

who *knows* should control and compel him who does not know: wherefore we had as well throw dice for our rulers and have done with it, as to play our national farce of ballot-boxes, to the amusement of all Christendom. You cannot much alter the nature of a man either, when he is once got into the world—though it is well enough to preach the duty and meritoriousness of self-improvement, both because it is fortunately not entirely a mere word, and because for the lowest to clearly understand that they *are* lowest and worst, and must so remain, would be too hopeless, and suggestive of suicide. Indeed, it is not impossible that, as it is, that of suicide will be the end of it at last; for as the world's wisest grow wiser, the evil will be clearer seen, and the misery keener felt, and by and by these wisest will rise up in sudden indignant wrath, and utterly destroy those strikers of discord before mentioned; and then in unutterable helplessness and despair will choose to die together rather than live; and then—there is an end of the human experiment forever; and the next race will arise and play the same old tragedy, race after race, so long as the earth lasts for their stage, and the stars burn on for footlights. It is almost useless to talk of new theories and systems while men remain the same. The real reform needed is a reform in creation. Not a better earth, nor purer theology, nor new forms of society, but the birth of new and nobler men.

The lower animals are kept free from degeneracy of blood, the best "breeds" preserved from taint, and only the perfect specimens of the purest stock allowed to live, without any miracle-working on the farmer's part. And have ye of learning found no fixed laws which regulate *human* propagation, that it might become a science? or is this soul-germ too holy a thing to be meddled with? One would think *not*, from the incessant clinking and creaking of the guillotine and gallows around the earth, for how could it be more sacrilegious to direct what sort of souls should come *into* the world, than this summarily sending them *out* again when they have come. Consider too how millenium would hasten if we could send orders into eternity, over the borderland of birth, for precisely whatever men and women were needed!

It suggests itself, however, that there might be a difficulty in deciding what phase of human nature does nearest approach to the perfect one. If man could discover wherefore he was ever put in the world, or if by any means there could be definitely pointed out something really worth staying for now he *is* in, the question would be at

once and forever settled, as to what manner of man is the *very best*. For it would be simply he who should go most earnestly about that which he was put here to do. Do you suggest that for you, at least, this has been discovered, and you have something worth living for? One rejoices to hear that you even *believe* so; yet if the earth's Master should in reality appear to you next midnight, and ask what you were doing here, cumbering his ground, there is room for suspicion that you would have no better answer than that you couldn't help it—certain laws of nature tumbled you into life, and you didn't exactly see any way but to stay here. The simple truth is, you are just living to wait for death; any more immediate purposes and pursuits are merely the shoving and elbowing in the crowd for a good standing-place, till that final pageant shall approach, black-palled and slowly treading, which for you is the last scene of the world's carnival.

One class of men though, there is, who can scarcely be accused of having no interest in the world; they are the men of much practical common-sense. In the city, your shrewd business-man—keen for a bargain either in politics or trade; in the country, your hard-working farmer—"whose talk is of oxen" and the crops—to whom refinement and culture is aristocratic and an abomination. While there are extant among us these, and off-shoots of them, strayed into every department and circle of life, to whom art is an affectation, and poetry "stuff," and nature a great market garden, how could we have had the face to talk of the human race as a history of souls? We must have forgotten that life and death are mere sentimentality—that this present planet is the only *reality* in God's whole universe.

Poor petrifications of men! it were well if for once *you* could forget it, or forget to believe it; for one shudders even to imagine you, at last when the great veil is being lifted, with your weazened, world-crusted soul, cringing into the dim outskirts of the presence of the Eternal.

Yes, it is obviously human nature that needs renewing. We are withered in this age into a dry and angular way. Our practical friends must needs hew and hack off all the symbols and forms, the world's graceful curves and rounded outlines, down to the actual stark bones of it. It was well enough to sneer at soap-bubble sentiment, rainbow-hued—to banish back into old barbarous days the lance and helm—yet it was to be remembered that man *needs* forms of some noble sort; blind-born, he has not learned yet to walk without them—

happy enough if he do not stumble and get lamentable falls even *with* them—happy enough, with eyes well *aimed* towards heaven, along the carven shaft of Cathedral spire, and spirit borne half way thither on gush of glorious organ-music, if even then he can get lifted above the smoke and work-din of the lower ground; and too hazardous, as we ourselves have seen, to leave souls to grope for the presence of something to worship, among bare walls and rough-hewn rafters; has it not made a theology bleak and bitter as the very New England blasts? Bracing enough, possibly, to those already strong, yet one shivers under it.

Better even to cleave to the old forms of tossing plume and golden spur, than to lose the old knightly spirit; better a thousand times, the iron breastplate and the great heart beating behind it, than the pinched, sniveling soul of latter-day common-sense, decently covered with the democratic cotton shirt; under which if there can exist only emotions of how-much-a-yard, for God's sake let it hop back over the counter whence it came, and forevermore decorate clerkly symmetry, and ninths of men, while whole men and gentlemen take to something else, even if it were somewhat feudal.

I know poetry will not support wives or feed hungry children—neither will what little soul a man has live altogether on tape or buttons, or any combination of earth-dust whatever. It will do to air the sarcasm (tender-budding,) on such catch-words as romance and “finer sensibilities;” yet, oh my brothers, if there be nothing more in us than we show each other when we meet at street corners—if solitude and midnight light up no diviner depths in our eyes than the chance talk of noon and morning,—then the Universe were better off if we hanged ourselves straightway; even from doors and out of windows, if there be no tree at hand.

One doesn't like to croak continually, but when this peerless animal—Lord of the earth—Conqueror of death—has got into such a state that his holiest hopes, his *only* hopes of anything better than a short, spasmodic sprawl or two here on the lower ground—have come to be a disagreeable subject of thought, thrown aside for a furtive glance on Sunday, there is nothing for it but to turn about and take grim counsel with Seckendorf—sullenly concluding that we would at least get *peace*, not undesirable, if we would stop groping for anything better; if “man, who—like the god Apis—was wont to pass now for a god and now for an ox, would know himself, once for all, to be veritable ox, and graze contentedly.”

E. R. S.

Morning. *Edward Taylor*

I dreamed that I entered, at break of day,
A Chapel, old and mossy and gray,
Where a congregation kneeled and heard
An old monk read from a written Word.
No light through the window panes could pass,
For shutters were closed o'er the rich stained glass,
And, in a gloom like the nether night,
The monk read on by a taper's light.
Ghostly with shadows, that shrank and grew
As the dim light flared, were aisle and pew,
And the congregation that kneeled around
Listened with not a stir or sound—
Save one, who rose with a wistful face,
And shifted a shutter from its place;
And light flashed in like a flashing gem—
For morning had come unknown to them—
And a slender beam, like a lance of gold,
Shot to a crimson curtain-fold,
Over the bended head of him
Who pored and pored by the taper dim.
And it lit into fire o'er his wrinkled brow,
Such words—the law which was till now;
And I wondered that, under that morning ray,
When night and shadow were scattered away,
The olden monk with his locks of white,
By a taper's feebly flickering light,
Should pore and pore with his withered sight—
Should grope in the gloom and never seem
To notice the golden morning beam.

E. R. S.

Our Literary Idea.

THERE are such associations of learning connected with the history of great Colleges, that it must be an irreverent mind which feels indifference toward a College worthy of the high distinction of the name. These associations are the eminence of this history. They dictate its

character, and since they are written seem to constitute its importance. Colleges are not simply schools of discipline, but are seats of learning as well. They design not to nourish the mere *study* of Homer's syntax, but the *knowledge* thereof; nor simply of Homer's syntax, but of his poetry too, knowing full well, that but a plebeian culture, at best, will result from study too little devoted to gather in a love and understanding of what is plainly grand and beautiful. In a new country and an anomalous age, when the national life has not yet passed the fierceness of its materialism, it is to be expected that our education should conform itself somewhat to the ideas of the times. Yet an established College like Yale has always a tendency to follow the general law of Universities and become a seat of learning. It is true that in Yale or in any American College, this element is not complete, but we have it distinct and established. We have a College sanctified by age and fame, with, if we choose to feel it, a pure spirit of Student life operating about all its old buildings, its libraries, its elms and green, and even stretching out into the streets of the old University town. We have thus a glorious Student home, and have, independently of the intellectual discipline of the studies, a distinct literary life. In return for these privileges, the great fame of our College demands that the Students shall respond to it through the elevation of their pursuits, and their sympathy with the true idea of learning. May it not be made evident that we answer this demand with imperfect duty?

Every College has a characteristic Literary Idea. Ours is not sufficiently serious and devoted. The first tendency of this (of course there are exceptions to this standard) is toward the *exclusive* cultivation of polite learning, and comparatively light literary accomplishments. If you abstract the seriousness and devotedness from a literary life, it will unavoidably run into the exclusive cultivation of what is easy, genial and polite, as certainly as if you could take its seriousness and devotedness from the year it would run forever in the channels of the spring. This tendency is apparent among us. There is a great tendency in certain circles to accept Charles Lamb or Charles Kingsley for more than they profess themselves to be. I use this simply as an instance. Addison and Goldsmith, and Macaulay, assume the stead of their own masters. Or when we read Tennyson, or Milton, or Shakspeare, we consider that in this we have done not the best and the highest, but the *only* best and the *only* highest. We are given to study literary history, too, rather than the history of

thought, the history of men rather than works. These tendencies are all toward narrowness. We are not sufficiently catholic. We allow our Literary Idea to cramp our energies and aspirations. If a Sophomore or a Junior has learned to rise above the level of Longfellow, and in the truthfulness of discipleship has chosen the worthier livery of Tennyson, he is apt to be content. When he has only given assurance that he is competent to enjoy much of what is good in literature, but does not even know yet what all this is, he supposes himself accomplished in learning and taste as far as he need to be in College. This is by no means an impossible instance. Thus we have drawn down the sky in narrow bounds about us, and have made it a barrier through which we cannot ascend, instead of letting it remain a blue immensity of distance up and through which far beyond where we can see, our wanderings might be illimitable. We have contracted our literary sweep, and the worst feature is that we are ignorant of our self-deprivation, and content with our narrow possessions. The second tendency of our present Literary Idea is to superficialism. No one has ever read profoundly who has confined himself to polite literature. The inclination is all in the direction of either pure enjoyment or a superficial eagerness for accomplishments, neither of which will lead to profound reading. We skim novels and are sometimes inclined to think that we have read to advantage, if we answer the young lady on whom we call the next evening, when she politely asks if we do not think that *The Mill on the Floss* is *elegant*, and *The Tale of Two Cities* *charming*. And ten to one we will say it *is* charming, and *think* so too, if we are not careful. And we have our individualities. Our Junior or Sophomore who has read Whately is likely to criticise style, the Latin and Saxon elements of diction, the presentation of points. The truth, the poetry, and the more important outstretching human kindliness, may perhaps escape him. And thus we often do not take in a book entire, because we are not devoted enough, and sometimes do not read even novels (for they have the force of a revolution in our day) with acceptable spirit, with whole spirit. Sometimes we treat poetry as badly; and the instance is not isolated where a tolerably earnest friend of Tennyson has read the *Idyls* precisely as he (very unworthily) read *Ivanhoe*. This manifests the spirit with which, even here at College, we sometimes read poetry. We read Milton probably better than any other poet, but how comparatively few, who have Shakspeare constantly on their tables, really read him with the

reverence and thoughtfulness which belong to us as a part of our literary duty. Do we indeed realize all the truth that is in Charles Lamb's notion of grace, before Milton, and Shakespeare, and Spenser? Superficialness is apparent in our passion for Reviews, Encyclopedias, and other catalogues of facts and opinions. Some of us insist that everything shall be abridged. We gather our facts and judgments after they are boiled down to an easy compass. The Beauties of Ruskin finds some favor; at any rate the book is not rejected, and Dana's Household Book of Poetry saves some from much less commendable compilations. Still another exemplification is the oratorical taste, showing the same deficiency in seriousness and devotedness. We in too great degree cherish the delicate oratory of Wendell Phillips and Edward Everett, while Demosthenes is neglected, and Burke used chiefly for prize debates. Something might be illustrated from our study of Carlyle, too, if it was necessary.

Some of the manifestations of our Literary Idea have thus been mentioned, with some examples to show that even while we support the greater fault of advancing to little beyond the realm of belles-lettres, we are not exempt from grave faults in respect to that itself. The results of these are plain. 1. Our standard of learning and accomplishment, though graceful and commendable as far it goes, is far below what is commensurate with the dignity, the fame, and the pretensions of a great College. 2. The powerful discipline which should be gained from our literary life here, is immeasurably less than it should be. Nothing in the English Universities, as we may gather from the history of great English minds, has so assisted their discipline as the learning which they have recommended. This too will be found to be the secret of the different study of the classics in England and America. It is the wide, generous learning of the English Universities, which constitutes the relish for the classics. At present we are in great part losing both the classic and other higher learning, and its generous discipline of the mind, soul and heart, through our defective Literary Idea. 3. We go from College with narrower views of learning than it is competent, in view of happiness and success, to have. We get too little sympathy with the solid learning which the world so carefully treasures. We come here as to a fountain of inspiration and knowledge, and go away thinking that we have drunk at it, while it was but one little jet which ever reached us, and which only seemed so rich and beautiful that we easily mistook it for all. The

great mysterious learning which has come down to us laden with benedictions, the great accomplishments of man's intellect, aided and unaided, the discoveries of thought, the wonderful lore of all the ages, the recorded life of the soul, its infinities and subtle manifestations in the up-working life of this great world, its mystic presence on the waters, these are not, in a proper sense, known of among us. In this important feature, in which a great College should chiefly differ from an Academy, we are too little dissimilar, and go too little out of the track of what we have begun before we come to College.

Among the apparent causes of this undesirable state of our literary condition, are, 1. The practical neglect of the subject by the Faculty. To be sure we have gentlemen written down Professors of different languages *and literatures*, but this joke has appeared so persistently in the annual issue of the Catalogue, that, like many of the old jokes about College, it has ceased to excite any merriment at all. But even now we are bound to confess, in honor of the genial mind which suggested it, that it must have been a very rich piece of humor when it first appeared. 2. The comparative want of literary sympathy among the Students. We make almost every other consideration of unity superior to this, our Class feeling and Society feeling. We have really no common ground of intellectual equality in College to meet upon. If we can pull an oar with ability we are admitted into the Society of our equals; but if a man be a Freshman, whatever is his intellectual strength and culture, a Senior, even empty headed, will be sure to consider himself superior. Why should muscular ability produce greater fellowship than intellectual ability, or introduce a man into more equal society? Let us honor muscle for its democracy! This absence of intellectual fellowship not subordinate to twenty other fellowships, denies sympathetic co-study, and all other advantages of mutual encouragement; but would, if permitted to operate, do more in one year toward the intellectual advancement of us all, than the existence of all the Societies in College for an indefinite number of years, if estimated at their present influence. And yet Societies are the chief ground of union and fellowship! 3. We refuse to understand the great old University as it demands to be understood. Some of us go through the whole course, and never even see in the old elms, any but the commonest of beautiful trees, while they ought to have the power with each one of us to arouse us to more devoted study. We forget to appreciate the peculiar spirit of a University which has

grown about the place. To many of us, the trees are common trees, the buildings like any other buildings, except perhaps homelier, the grounds like any most unsanctified grounds, and the library only would be equal to the Astor Library, if it were large enough, and varied enough. We lose too much of that spirit of sanctified life which it is so essential that we should feel, to gain all that we may gain at this or any other great old University.

Think of a man going to Oxford, and saying it is like any other place on the face of the globe! It would be almost equally ridiculous to speak so of Yale. If we lack this appreciation we lack almost all that makes us distinctly Students. If for the first time we read Milton's prose, and do not feel that it is done under the shade of this century and a half home of learning, we might as well be reading it in a physician's study, at intervals of anatomical experiments. And why are we not then doing so? Without this peculiar Student-life thus operating upon us, we will not be likely to enter very far into serious learning and study.

But how shall we improve our Literary Idea? It must be widened and deepened; it is high enough, but not wide enough nor deep enough. Milton and Shakspeare in poetry are high enough, the highest; but after we have added Chaucer and Spenser, and Homer and Æschylus and Virgil, they are still but one part of the whole. We must look to a standard based upon a more perfect knowledge of what is appropriate to a great College. We must be less unworthy of our home, we must take wider examples for our guides, and in casting aside the comparatively light literary stand-point of the present, let us recall to our minds John Milton, Richard Hooker, and others like to them. Let us read their lives with accuracy and affection, and judge the character of Oxford in the days of Hooker from the course of study which he accomplished, in which "even the lighter and more airy parts of learning," says Isaak Walton, "were digested and *made useful*." It must be through emulation of the University Students of history, by studying their spirit and being filled with their inspiration, that we can hope to raise our standard to its proper elevation. And it will be *then* that we shall give the greatest efficiency to the influence of College, in widening and developing our minds and hearts, when we shall learn, from whatever sources, to respect and value a College life, seeing in it a season for serious learning and zealous worship of what is generous and worthy in art, science and literature.

F. M.

"The Testimony of the Rocks."

NOTHING about this somewhat ancient institution speaks more suggestively than the door-steps of its older buildings. They are inscriptions once set upon the ground about here, and since then, by throngs of fugitive feet, re-written-over innumerable. What they, inscribed and superscribed, typify, is, of course, as variable as there are different minds to them; certainly their original import—namely, three flights of stairs and dusty chambers overhead—is not their entire meaning. Out of the much, however, which the deeply-worn stones symbolize, there has been gathered this—a fraction of what might be the "Testimony of the Rocks."

I. Sometime ago, (when, does not appear,) there was a young man with whom these two sensations prevailed; one, of astonishment, that he was not more astonished at his situation; another, of wideness—founded on the fallacious notion, that a fixed allowance furnished ampler resources for expenditures than the indefinite provisions of home.—We are not to suppose that some one else had usurped this young man's features and habiliments, and that he was gone to parts unknown, when we learn that very soon after the time we have just been speaking of, no traces of those two sensations were anywhere discoverable in the vicinity. He was yet in town. The astonishment at want of astonishment had, indeed, departed; the sense of wideness, it is true, had suffered so painful a collapse, as to occasion frequent post-scriptings homeward for moneys not yet due; but he, the individual, was still about, and expecting to be for some to come. It is quite easy to see how the change came to pass. That stipend was too limited for much roving about in it; that astonishment has been covered over by later impressions. The fact is, our friend (whose name, it is not impossible, was John) has become familiar enough with the scene about him to look at its parts. "The crowds, the temples," &c., have ceased to "waver." With undazed eyes he has begun to scrutinize closely individual objects. Yet even now, particular occurrences and persons cannot absorb his whole attention. When he sees the "class" pouring from the ogreish building of forbidding recitation rooms, he cannot help thinking that *there* is a crowd of fellows worth beholding.

Indeed, men of loftier situation, on various occasions, have been known to glance inquiringly in that direction, while passing along a neighboring walk: and when obliged to make a path through them, to look anxiously right and left—perhaps to pick their way, but more likely, to get a look at the big men. At such times a gentle warmth suffused John's vest and collar, and even mounted up to his face in a glow of exultation, as he, also, noted these objects of regard. To be sure, the great-ones of his class did not always treat him with the consideration which he would have preferred: the Scholar, the Orator, the Poet, the man of General-Information, was each, undoubtedly, somewhat haughty; but then:

—Rome bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud:

and he could. These sensations were, of course, transitory, and had not occasions to repeat themselves often; yet, though altogether they occupied then not two minutes life in a whole year, they afterwards, in retrospect, overtopped the obscurer rubbish of greater things.

Not so fleeting were his thoughts on future friends. He remembered that, before coming, he had often speculated on what would be the likeness and character of those with whom he was to associate while here; that even then, in that preadamic time, he had looked back upon past companionships, and reflected, with a somewhat saddened anticipation, that he was inevitably circling to an, as yet unknown, and, therefore, mysterious acquaintance. What would they be like? Who would they be? Pre-ordained, clearly pre-ordained, and still none the more defined for being certain, who were to be those associates on whom depended so large a share of his quadrennial life? Questions not answered, though he was now upon the ground. It was impossible for him to tell, whether the small coat with excessive pockets, or the large one without any; whether the audacious pants, or the meek and retiring trowsers; whether the huge slouched sombrero, or the epitomized cap, partially encased the soul that was to be in after-times the apple of his eye, and the marrow of his bones. Of course, he could not tell. The answer to such and innumerable other inquiries, lay in that unread, but wonderful, and by far the most profitable of text-books, then and now—Experience.

But, after all, it must be owned that what has been set forth, constituted a very small share indeed of John's every-day life. That, like all every-day life, subsisted on occurrences, which had only to pass

by to be forgotten; occurrences on a par with those noted in a fragment of a diary, commenced by him at an early date:

"Got up—went to prayers and recitation—went to breakfast—went to the post-office—came back and studied my lesson—went to recitation—went to the post-office—came back and went to dinner—read some—studied my lesson—went to recitation—went to prayers—went to supper—went to the post-office—read some—studied my lesson—went to bed;"

and so on, for three weeks, without variation, except in the date, when it was adjourned to be written up during vacation. So occupied, and all the while brooded over and possessed (however else engaged) by an unwearying anticipation of the future, our friend at last arrived at that stage of his journey, whence it was possible to look, also, a little backward.

II. In regard to this period, the testimony is scarcely decipherable. The most that can be made out of its almost illegible characters, is, that this was a year of broken resolutions and dimmer prospect; something savoring of unleavened bread and bitter herbs; something quite indigestibly underdone.

III. It is as clear as can be, however, that John must have survived those unblissful times; for we find him, at last, ruminating on the peacefulness of life, and the growth of the human mind. Ideas, elsewhere, not at all times intimately associated. But it was observable that as he settled into more and more complete tranquillity, so, with equal pace, did he find occasion to congratulate himself and others on increased breadth of views. And truly, his views, if not larger, were more lenient; especially in regard to everything of the dim and passionless past. It was an easy thing now to smile condescendingly at what, not many months ago, had been life-throbs; indeed, even to wag his head graciously at whole avenues of trips and tumbles, and hardly wish them undone, so exceedingly instructive had they been; very easy, for was there not constantly rising through that umbrage of by-gone ignorance, a sweet-smelling savor to present wisdom? And be it understood, he was wiser. Measuring from what had been, he had grown, perhaps, largely: measuring from what had need to be, how little! Very stoutly now he could go down and battle with those pigmy forces, which formerly blocked up his path, and obscured his

vision; but that his strength was more than equal to the day at hand, does not appear.

But, strong or weak, he was for the most part at ease, and being so, turned no averse ear to

—— what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'

Calmly, therefore, was he wont on winter nights to draw the window-curtains close; calmly to rouse up the sparkling, genial hickory; calmly to settle himself in a chair of enticing slope, and sink into the mazes of revery. There were no fragments of resolutions around him now, for he made none; the Present was with him—the Future was still the Future. Yet, not wholly so. A double shadow would obtrude itself, when the long, wearying life-struggle beyond all this, thrust itself before him, hand in hand with those strange figures pressing forward to crowd him from his place. The shadow of the conflict beyond, it is true, would usually soon clear away; but through the unobstructed prospect of empty bottles and deeply-tinted meerschaums which it left, there still peered the faces of those, who, also, were to succeed the joy of winter evenings, and the peacefulness of perennial pipes. Nor were these the visitors of solitude and despondency; just as often, they slipped in between him and hilarious comrades, and even dimmed his eyes when but just lighed up by the "sweet poison of mis-used wine." But, after all, they were only shadows, and met with that consideration belonging to what is without strength, form or substance.

IV. It must not be supposed that any changes, which worked themselves out in the character of John's life, depended upon his passing over certain points of the calendar. The mere elapse of a year, or the transfer of a name, were matters of too little moment for such consequences. Whatever modification of this kind happened to him, was brought about by those imperceptible gradations, which take little heed of saints' days or high carnival. Nevertheless, a change of seasons, by bringing about somewhat of a change in his relative situation, produced its corresponding, though not coincident result. And the situation, which the seasons now brought about, was (but for its continual repetition) indeed remarkable.

At length he stood at a point where he seemed to be endowed with two personalities; one, of a being who finished his career, and would

fain withdraw, gazing upon what had been; another, of a man, who had yet everything to do, and, with no time to ruminate on by-gones, must needs press forward into what shall be. Of course, the shall-be, as the more substantial of the two, gradually subdued and trampled down the had-been; but through the conflict, an old question pushed itself up, and more than ever, authoritatively demanded reply—what was the worth of that education, by the acquiring of which the past had been so completely moulded, and by whose acquisition the future was to be so materially modified? To fit him for his calling? A circuitous rout. To discipline his mind? Yet, for what purpose? Turn it over as he would, there was but one answer—that one rescued from the rubbish of more than two thousand years—namely, "not to sit in the theater, a stone, upon a stone;" not to be, with the spectacle of the universe before him, a clod, upon a clod. Rest the value of his "liberal education" upon any other basis, and the poor ignorant scoffer got the better of the argument. Yes, every University, (he felt,) which ever had been—whether fixed and rich with endowed professorships, or ambulatory, and carrying staff and pouch—had for its ultimate design, the sending forth of instruments somewhat more finely strung. Here, he was conscious, the truth lay. But the truth, in *his* hands, if too severely questioned, soon hid itself under an impenetrable covering of doubts and contradictions; which, it is probable, were always at length cleared away by being forgotten.

One thing, however, was certain, that a great breaking up of present associations and habits was at hand; an exodus, involving, perhaps, more than forty years wandering in a most unpromising wilderness; a cleaving asunder of friendships, and their speedy extinction by death or marriage. All that, of course, was disagreeable. Yet it would be a mistake to infer that he grew thin thereby. The little occurrences of every day, which, by their earthy intervention, hinder us from looking fixedly at the great and sublime, also restrain us from communing too continuously with our sorrows. It was a long time since he had written in the diary. But even now, he was not above going to the post-office or to dinner; and while there was a post-office by which to exercise himself, and a dinner to grow serene over, why should he speculate despondingly on the "cloud that's dragonish?" Besides, there was something exhilarating in getting ready for the great fight. Pleasant as the past had been, doubtful as was the future, he would, on no account, have stepped back and lived his recent life over again. Amid a round,

therefore, of post-offices, breakfasts, dinners, "teas," and slight evening entertainments, and some retrospecting and prospecting, and noisy girding on of armor, he wound up his course. There was a shaking of friendly hands, and of others which had never felt warm before, and he stepped from the threshold, leaving it to be said of him—as (they say) it was wont to be spoken of a dead Roman—"Gone over to the majority!"

— Further the "Rocks" do not testify, but a relative of theirs, Pavement, reports, that going hence, he labored for a while amid some brightness and much shadow; married and gave in marriage; still labored amid some brightness and much shadow; became another ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and left, as the summation of his terrestrial history—begotten—forgotten.

R. O. W.

Book Notices.

Walter Ashwood.—A Love Story. BY PAUL SIOGVOLK. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 1860.

MR. SIOGVOLK is an ex-editor of the "Lit.," of the Class of 1842, and is the author of an interesting book, entitled "Schediasms." Evidently he has traveled much, and has improved his opportunities to study human nature. The present volume, strictly speaking, has but little or no plot, but is a simple delineation and analysis of characters.

The characters are well delineated and, in the main, true. The author shows a keen knowledge of human nature, and a faculty of portraying passion in vivid language. The female characters are sometimes a little lacking in true womanly delicacy. Bertha Pelham's letters, especially, are decidedly "bold," and are by no means in accordance with her other thoughts and actions.

But the temperament of Walter Ashwood is well drawn. True, we seldom meet such a person in real life, but it is easy to imagine that a youth so sensitive and so much abused as he was, would naturally become a hardened man. He would stifle the better feelings of his nature, and thus become a stranger to himself, not knowing when good or evil impulses prompted him. Selfishness would gain complete power over him, and his pride would forbid him to ask pardon of God or man.

We wish he could have died in some other way—for one scarcely likes a half of the principal characters in a book to kill themselves. But in love stories, marriage and death seem to be the only alternatives, and Mr. Siogvolk certainly chose the least common of the two. We think a second reading of the work will give more pleasure than the first.

Poems, by WILLIAM N. HOLCOMBE, M. D. New York: Mason Brothers.

The volume before us is by a fresh aspirant for poetical honors. We are sorry to record, however, that, with occasional exceptions, there is but little to satisfy one for an examination of the book. The only thing really positive about the poems, is the fact that many of them are based, as the author remarks in his preface, upon the "*the beautiful psychological doctrines of Swedenborg*," and those only are worth the reading which embody and partially unfold the curious views of the Swedenborgian school. The book itself, however, presents a most tasteful appearance. It is printed on tinted paper, of a very delicate shade, in neat and very clear type. It looks as though it might be a gauntlet thrown down to the famous Boston firm of Ticknor & Field.

"CARLYLE'S ESSAYS—Revised, enlarged and annotated, by the Author.—In four volumes. Price, cloth, \$1.25 per vol.—half calf, gilt, \$2.50.—half calf, antique, \$2.50. Boston. Brown & Taggard." For sale at College Bookstore, 155 Divinity College.

Everything that Carlyle does, seems, from a literary point of view, so much the work of a Titan, that we are not altogether sure but we feel some hesitation in speaking, no matter how unobtrusively, even of the binding in which his thoughts have just been presented to us: the beam, which this "king of men," years ago, threw into the previously untroubled waters of literature, made such a frightful splashing that we hardly care to be the frog bold enough to hop upon it with intent to criticize. We can say, however, that it is one of those editions, to refrain from stealing which—in the case of a penniless wretch—necessitates moral habits of the highest order. The paper and printing are excellent, each in its kind. The portrait, although not as good, *per se*, as one we have seen in another edition, is undoubtedly quite correct, having been taken from a picture in possession of Emerson. We advise every admirer of these essays, who is yet with-

out a copy, to get this one. On the other hand, that eccentric person who considers that Carlyle teaches "a sickly German Rationalism, etc., etc.," we would strenuously urge to hold fast to his Paley and Edwards, and he will stand no poor chance (as Mr. Squeers admonished young Wackford) of going right slap to heaven and no questions asked.

"SYNTAX OF THE MOODS AND TENSES OF THE GREEK VERB—By W. W. Goodwin, PH. D. Cambridge; Sever & Francis."

We are firm in our determination not to parade our erudition before College, else we might be induced to ascertain, by personal examination, the precise extent of Mr. Goodwin's indebtedness to "Krüger's *Griechische Sprachlehre*, to Madvig's *Syntax der Griechischen Sprache*, and to Madvig's *Bemerkungen über einige Punkte der griechischen Wortfügungslehre*." Besides, we have been asked to notice especially in what a super-compact and elegant manner the work is bound—creditable to any firm of Publishers. Those that want this book, should by all means call at the College Bookstore, 155 Divinity College.

Brown & Taggard have in press, and will commence publishing on the first of July, 1860, the *Complete Works of Francis Bacon*. These are arranged (after a celebrated London edition) in three classes; 1st, the *Philosophical*; 2d, the *Literary and Professional*; 3d, the *Occasional*. Classes one and two, already published in England, "will make fifteen volumes in the American edition." "Each volume will be an exceedingly beautiful crown octavo, of about five hundred pages. Price, cloth, \$1.50 per volume. Published by subscription; which will be received at 155 Divinity College.

ENVELOPES.—We were shown the other day at the College Bookstore, an entirely new and convenient Envelope for newspapers, magazines, or manuscript writing, of a kind too large for the ordinary letter Envelopes. They are made of fine, substantial buff paper, and we recommend them for their neatness and utility.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

WE have thought it might perhaps be interesting to many of our readers to know something of Yalensian Magazines beyond what they have seen in the medium of the Lit. Probably the most of us, who have not investigated the subject, have supposed that the Yale Lit. was the first Magazine published in this College; and as only those who have taken the pains to examine some of the old numbers of the Lit, especially of the years '53 and '54, in which this same subject is noticed and from which we have freely copied, will be aware of the general mistake, we have, with some hesitation, concluded, in our Memorabilia, to give a brief sketch of the Predecessors of the Lit, which our uninterested readers are of course recommended to skip.

The first periodical published by the students of Yale College was "THE LITERARY CABINET," whose first number was issued in Nov. 15, 1806, by the class of 1807. Its editors were

LEONARD E. WALES,	New Haven.
THOMAS S. GRIMKE,	Charleston, S. C.
JACOB SUTHERLAND,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The contributions were not, however, confined to the Editors alone, but were offered by different members of the Senior Class, among whom we mention the late Dr. Taylor of this College.

The general character of the publication, judging from the list of subjects, was, in the main, something like the Lit, but its scope was by no means so extensive and varied. The following "Conditions," published in the first number, will give a tolerable idea of the plan of management:

- I. This Paper will be under the direction of Editors chosen from the Senior Class.
- II. It will be published once a fortnight, on a half sheet, in the octavo form.
- III. Its price will be one dollar per annum,—fifty cents to be paid in advance.

The first No. comprised eight pages of nearly the size of those of the Lit. Of prose matter it contained the prospectus and *one* other article. In the former the Editors conceived of a very praiseworthy plan for disposing of the superfluous cash which arose from the publication of the "Cabinet." That was, by "*an unalterable resolve* to appropriate the pecuniary profit to the education of *poor Students in this Seminary.*" Like all other Editors, the Three of the "Cabinet" used to speculate upon the growth and prosperity of their Magazine. "The Literary Cabinet, it is probable, will exist for many years to come, and future students will zealously contend for the honor of contributing the best pieces to furnish its columns. The papers which we publish will not only be read by persons at present on the stage, but they will be *searched into many ages hence by our successors*, who may want them for the purpose of guides or beacons on their course. * * * *

It is feared by a few individuals that the "Literary Cabinet" is the offspring of an hour, and will perish with the other ephemerals of the day. Disgraceful would it be to this College should such be its fate."

It is only necessary to add that the "few individuals" were pretty nearly right in their conjecture, for the last No. of the "Cabinet" is dated Oct., 1807.

For over six years College literature was not represented by any home publication. At length, however, on the 12th of February, 1814, a new Magazine, called "THE ATHENEUM," published by the Senior Class, made its appearance. Its editors were

WM. B. CALHOUN,	Boston, Mass.
DANIEL LORD,	New York City.
GEO. E. SPUILL,	Tarborough, N. C.
WM. L. STORRS,	Middletown, Ct.
LEONARD WITHINGTON,	Dorchester, Mass.

Of this Magazine it is necessary to say but little. The one now on our table we have hastily examined, and with the exception of the "Vagrant" papers which run through all the numbers, there is little to interest the reader.

The Editors adopted the same plan, and almost precisely the same language, of the Literary Cabinet, in regard to their accumulation of riches. "After all the expenses of the publication are defrayed, the profits (if any there be) are appropriated by a fixed resolve to the charitable assistance of students of this College." The last number, dated Saturday, Aug. 6, 1814, contained a notice to subscribers, that, if sufficient encouragement was given, the Atheneum,—enlarged to double the original size,—would be conducted during the next year by a "committee chosen from the Senior Class." Inasmuch as this was the last number, it is fair to suppose that "sufficient encouragement" was not given.

The next publication of which we have any reliable account was "THE SITTING ROOM." We know no better way of giving its history, than to quote an extract or two from a letter which we have just received from the Rev. W. W. Andrews, of Wethersfield, Conn.

"I have enclosed your letter to the Rev. Dr. Daggett, of Canandaigua, N. Y., who was the proprietor and editor of the 'SITTING ROOM,' and has, I believe, a full copy of the numbers. I have not a scrap left, or you would be welcome to the reading of them.

"It must have been in the winter or spring of 1830 that it first saw the light. I was then a Junior in College, and Daggett was a resident graduate, and I believe, a student in the Law School. He planned the enterprise, and gave the paper its name, and was the responsible conductor. I assisted him, and wrote a good deal for it, but what, I can scarcely recollect, except some Essays on History.

"It first came out on a single quarto sheet of, I think, four pages; but it did not pay, and it was soon driven into the corner of a newspaper, where it lingered on a sickly existence for some weeks longer. It might have lasted three months, but I think it expired with the second term of my Junior year, or early in the third.

"Dr. D. can give you all needful information about this, and about the 'Gridiron,' which I remember to have seen, but can not recall who its editors were, or how long it lasted. * * * *

"I am sorry that I can not give you a more full account of this old bantling of mine, but I have not seen a number of it for twenty-five years, and have only some vague recollections."

(Of the "GRIDIRON" which has been mentioned, we have been able to learn but little. Not having heard from Dr. Daggett, we can not speak positively, but the

impression which we have received, is hardly favorable to its character or worth. It was a *quasi-satirical* literary production, of duodecimo form, containing some forty-eight pages, and extending through three or four numbers. It was regarded on the whole as an unfortunate publication, and ended its career somewhere about the year 1830 or 1831.)

The newspaper to which reference has been made in the letter which we have quoted, was the "NEW HAVEN PALLADIUM."

Through the courtesy of its editor, Jas. F. Babcock, Esq., we have been permitted to examine the files of the papers, which contained the several numbers of the "SITTING ROOM;" and from the editorial of May 1, 1830, we make the following extract:

"The Editor of this paper has made an arrangement with gentlemen connected with the University, who are somewhat used to handling the quill, to furnish six columns of original matter weekly, (during the collegiate terms,) for the Palladium; or in other words, the 'Sitting Room' instead of being published in a separate form, will hereafter (except in vacations) occupy, as it does this week, the whole of our fourth page.

"This arrangement, while it will furnish the Sitting Room subscribers with three times as much reading for the same price, will, we believe, render the Palladium more acceptable to its patrons. It will also enable us to circulate the favors of our advertising friends much more extensively than heretofore, especially in this city, where, by the union of the two papers, our subscription list will nearly double that of any other paper in New Haven."

Accordingly, on May 1, 1830, the publication first appeared on the fourth page of the Palladium, the following heading:

"THE SITTING ROOM,

BY WALTER PERCY & COMPANY.

Hearts of Gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you!—Shaks."

This was in reality the seventh No., the previous ones having been published by themselves; and succeeding ones continued to appear in the Palladium, until, on July 31, having completed its fourteenth number, it "shuffled off this mortal coil."

The next College periodical of any importance was

"THE STUDENT'S COMPANION."

This Magazine, which began in Jan., 1831, aside from its literary character, created not a little curiosity and interest in College, from the peculiar manner in which it was conducted.

Its Editors were the "Knights of the Round Table," but here all knowledge of its authorship ceased, and the general and natural inquiry was, who are "the Knights of the Round Table?" To increase the perplexity which its appearance created, the following notice was printed on the third page of the cover of No. 1:

"To the Subscribers and Readers of the Student's Companion:—Whereas, much reasonable curiosity has been generally expressed with regard to the persons who have the charge of this periodical, information is hereby given, that the principal Editor of the Student's Companion is a member of the Senior Class of this College, and no person is engaged in it who is not a member of the University. We would

further give notice, that as we are determined to keep our real names a secret for the present, and as no man has a right to complain of this resolution, so long as we do not abuse that secrecy, any attempt to twist the secret from us will be met and resisted as unjustifiable and impudent impertinence. Therefore we give fair warning, that when the question is put to us, we shall not hesitate to say No; thus using the common privilege of authors' *incognito*, by giving a plain denial, if such an answer appear necessary, for the preservation of the secret of Editorship.

We are yours respectfully,

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE."

One can readily imagine how much satisfaction this "*information*" must have afforded the five hundred whose guessings and inquiries were so constantly made. We suspect the real author must have been compelled more than once to give the "plain denial" to preserve the secrecy of his Editorship.

In the second number, the Knights, however, promised to reveal themselves when the September No. appeared; and, had we waited for that number, our knowledge of the "Knights" would be just about as satisfactory as of the identity of Junius, inasmuch as the Sept. No. *never appeared*.

The knightly names of the Editorial "K. R. T.," as they designated themselves, were

ARTHUR FITZELDYN,.....	The Narrator.
ROLAND HOPETON,.....	The Novelist.
LANCELOT GRAMMONT,.....	The Reflector.
JEFFREY MCGRAWLER BLACKWOOD,.....	The Critic.
FRANCIS VON HALLER,.....	The Philosopher.
THOMAS BLONDELL,.....	The Troubadour.
RAPHAEL WERNER,.....	The Delineator.
HARRY TUDOR,.....	The Recorder.
SIR TRISTRAM TRAPP,.....	The Politician.

It is only necessary to state that each department was well sustained by its own proper knight,—we may almost say surprisingly well, when we have learned the facts in the case; and so considered, it is a magazine which any one of us might be proud to claim. It was continued through four numbers, of fifty pages each, and ended in May, 1831.

From the "notice" which we have quoted, it might be supposed that the Authorship remained a "family secret;" but it has come to light, since the graduation of his class, that this is the only one of Yale periodicals which was the production of a single writer. "The Knights of the Round Table," one and all, turned out to be modifications of the same person, now known as David Francis Bacon, M. D., of New York City, a brother the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of this city.

Another publication, known as "THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN," appeared at the same time, (Jan. 1, 1831,) though but little is known of its history. It seems, from what we can learn, to have been of a character somewhat personal, and not to have occupied the position of an elevated literary magazine. Who its Editors were, we do not know. It departed this life, April 29, 1831.

"THE MEDLEY."

We have come now to a date only three years previous to the commencement of the present "Yale Literary Magazine."

The first No. of "The Medley" was issued in March, 1833. It was anonymous both in respect to editors and contributors, and continued through three numbers, of fifty-six pages each. To insure the success of the Magazine, it was filled chiefly with articles upon popular subjects,—Tales, Reminiscences and Dialogues.

The first quarter closed in June, but that it was the intention of the Editors to continue it, is evident from the following extracts:

"We have been told, and the sage remark has been reiterated again, that there was not sufficient stability and firmness in young men of our age and station, to prosecute, with any hope of success, an enterprise like that in which we are engaged, and which, with your assistance, we have pledged ourselves to accomplish. To prove a charge so blasting to our hopes, and paralyzing to our exertions, we have been referred to the total failure of other publications similarly situated with the Medley, and whose prospects at commencement, were as fair, or even fairer, than our own. While we admit the plausibility of the conclusion, we deny its correctness. Never, within our knowledge, has a periodical, published in this Institution, received a fair trial. The patronage which was promised, has been withheld. At every step it has been met by a spirit of hostility and abuse equally malevolent and undeserved. It matters not from what foul source the stream originated,—the unfortunate periodicals, unable to stem the torrent, after a few struggles for existence, have sunk 'to rise no more,' beneath the oblivion of its waters. Whether this fate is reserved for the Medley, 'all-trying time alone can determine.' *But never, oh never, may the sorrowful task be assigned to us, of inscribing upon its tomb, the mournful epitaph,—'The Medley was, but is no more.'*"

Whether that "sorrowful task" was actually performed by them or not, we cannot determine; but in June, 1835, it might truly be said, in the foreboding language of its Editor,—*"The Medley was, but is no more."*

We have thus, in a brief and necessarily imperfect manner, given a rough outline of old College Magazines. Had there been more time for careful research, we might have given other and more minute particulars. But our object, in the main, has been, not to write the *whole history* of these Magazines, but to collect in convenient form for reference, such facts about the predecessors of the Lit, as would be interesting and important for those now in College to know. A brief notice of the Yale Lit, and we shall have done.

The account, in one of "Fifty-Nine's" numbers, of a visit paid by one of the "Five" that year, to the Rev. W. T. Bacon, the founder of the Lit, removes the occasion of any extended notice now from us.

The Magazine first appeared in February, 1836, under the direction of five men chosen as Editors from and by the Junior Class. They continued to conduct the Lit until they graduated. From that time the ability of College to support a literary magazine seems to have been established. The test of twenty-five years has sufficiently demonstrated the fact that the Yale Lit has become a permanent and honorable fixture of our College. One great mistake, however, made by all the Magazines which preceded the Lit, and which in fact the Lit itself only discovered in May,

1851, was this,—that there was no department provided for the record of daily College events. Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, the present Librarian of College, was the first to appreciate this want, and to institute what is now considered one of the most valuable and attractive features of the Magazine. To him belongs the honor of suggesting the *plan*, and to Professor Kingsley, of furnishing the *name* of "MEMORABILIA YALENSIA."

We publish below a complete list of the "noble army of martyrs" who have been one with us in the work, "whereunto we have been called." As we said in the beginning, our uninterested readers are respectfully recommended to skip it.

Class of 1837.

E. O. CARTER,	Worcester, Mass.
F. A. COE,	New Haven.
W. M. EVARTS,	Boston, Mass.
C. S. LYMAN,	Manchester.
W. S. SCARBOROUGH,	Brooklyn.

Class of '38.

E. J. LYNDE,	Homer, N. Y.
C. RICH,	Boston, Mass.
T. G. TALCOTT,	New York City.
J. P. THOMPSON,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. VARNUM,	Washington, D. C.

Class of '39.

C. HAMMOND,	Union.
R. D. HUBBARD,	East Hartford.
H. R. JACKSON,	Athens, Ga.
J. P. LANGWORTHY,	North Stonington.
J. D. SHERWOOD,	Fishkill, N. Y.

Class of '40.

J. S. BABCOCK,	Coventry.
H. BOOTH,	Roxbury.
G. H. HOLLISTER,	Washington.
J. G. HOYT,	Danbarton, N. H.
G. RICHARDS,	New London.

Class of '41.

J. EMERSON,	Andover, Mass.
E. V. GAINES,	Memphis, Tenn.
D. G. MITCHEL,	Norwich.
G. B. SCHOTT,	Philadelphia, Pa.
T. C. YARNALL,	Philadelphia, Pa.

Class of '42.

E. L. BALDWIN,	New Haven.
W. P. GREADY,	Charleston, S. C.

A. MATHEWS,	Westchester Co., N. Y.
S. B. MULFORD,	Menton, Pa.
R. W. WRIGHT,	Montgomery, Ala.

Class of '43.

R. AIKMAN,	New York City.
D. W. HAVENS,	Norwich.
J. A. LENT,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
F. MUNSON,	Bethlehem.
E. W. ROBERTS,	Berlin.

Class of '44.

I. ATWATER,	Homer, N. Y.
J. W. DULLES,	Philadelphia, Pa.
O. S. FERRY,	Bethel.
W. SMITH,	Manlius, N. Y.
J. WHITE,	Randolf, Mass.

Class of '45.

W. BINNEY,	Philadelphia, Pa.
G. B. DAY,	Colchester.
J. W. HARDING,	East Medway, Mass.
G. C. HILL,	Norwich.
T. KENNEDY,	Baltimore, Md.

Class of '46.

J. H. BRISBIN,	Schuylersville, N. Y.
W. B. CAPRON,	Uxbridge, Mass.
H. B. HARRISON,	New Haven.
D. HAWLEY,	Arlington, Vt.
W. R. NEVINS,	New York City.

Class of '47.

B. G. BROWN,	Frankfort, Ky.
W. S. MCKEE,	St. Louis, Mo.
J. MUNN,	Monson, Mass.
D. T. NOYES,	Boston, Mass.

Class of '48.

F. R. ABBE,	Boston, Mass.
W. AITCHISON,	Saxonville.
T. H. PORTER,	Waterbury.
G. B. WILCOX,	Norwich.
B. D. YOUNG,	Huntsville, Ala.

Class of '49.

C. G. CAME,	Buxton, Me.
J. CAMPBELL,	Mobile, Ala.
F. M. FINCH,	Ithaca, N. Y.

E. D. MORRIS,	Utica, N. Y.
C. B. WARRING,	New Haven.

Class of '50.

E. W. BENTLEY,	Harwinton.
W. R. BLISS,	Boston, Mass.
W. S. COLTON,	Lockport, N. Y.
E. H. ROBERTS,	Utica, N. Y.
O. L. WOODFORD,	West Avon.

Class of '51.

A. H. CARRIER,	Bridgeport.
H. W. EVANS,	Le Raysville, Pa.
B. F. MARTIN,	Lancaster Co., Pa.
S. MCCALL,	Lebanon.
J. W. NOBLE,	Cincinnati, Ohio.

Class of '52.

A. BIGELOW,	Buffalo, N. Y.
C. M. BLISS,	Hartford.
W. W. CRAPO,	New Bedford, Mass.
D. C. GILMAN,	New York City.
H. B. SPRAGUE,	East Douglass, Mass.

Class of '53.

A. GROUT,	Sherburne, Mass.
G. A. JOHNSON,	Salisbury, Md.
C. T. LEWIS,	West Chester, Pa.
B. K. PHELPS,	Groton, Mass.
A. D. WHITE,	Syracuse, N. Y.

Class of '54.

W. C. FLAGG,	Paddock's Grove, Ill.
J. W. HOOKER,	New Haven.
W. S. MAPLES,	Selma, Ala.
L. S. POTWIN,	East Windsor.
C. T. PURNELL,	Port Gibson, Miss.

Class of '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,	Springfield, Mass.
E. MULFORD,	Montrose, Pa.
W. T. WILSON,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
S. T. WOODWARD,	Wyoming Valley, N. Y.
H. A. YARDLEY,	Philadelphia, Pa.

Class of '56.

G. F. BAILEY,	North Salem, N. Y.
J. M. BROWN,	Frankfort, Ky.
W. H. W. CAMPBELL,	West Newton, Mass.

H. DuBois,	Fishkill, N. Y.
L. C. Fischer,	Baltimore, Md.

Class of '57.

F. E. Butler,	New York City.
J. M. Holmes,	Chicago, Ill.
H. S. Huntington,	Cleveland, O.
N. C. Perkins,	Pomfret, Vt.
G. Pratt,	East Weymouth, Mass.

Class of '58.

E. F. Blake,	New Haven.
D. C. Brinton,	West Chester, Pa.
C. S. Kellogg,	Bridgewater, N. Y.
J. E. Kimball,	Oxford, Mass.
S. H. Lee,	Lisbon, Conn.

Class of '59.

S. D. Faulkner,	Dansville, F. Y.
G. W. Fisher,	North White Creek, N. Y.
B. N. Harrison,	New Orleans, La.
T. R. Lounsbury,	Ovid, N. Y.
A. H. Wilcox,	Norwich.

Class of '60.

R. S. Davis,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Wm. Fowler,	Utica, N. Y.
E. G. Holden,	Cincinnati, O.
W. C. Johnston,	Smyrna, Turkey.
C. H. Owen,	Hartford.

BERKELEY SCHOLARSHIPS.

The successful competitors for this prize were,

William Henry Hale, *Albany, N. Y.*, and
Othniel Charles Marsh, *Lockport, N. Y.*

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

THE Junior Exhibition of the Class of '61 passed off with the usual eclat on the afternoon and evening of the 3d of April. Dodsworth's Band furnished the music for the occasion.

The following is the "Order of Exercises:"

AFTERNOON.

1. Music.
2. Latin Oration, "De Catonis Uticensis morte," by Tracy Peck, *Bristol, Ct.*
3. Oration, "The Discipline of suffering," by Henry Rees Durfee, *Palmyra, N. Y.*
4. Dissertation, "Daniel Webster and Secession," by John Barnard Pearse, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

5. Music.
6. Oration, "The Simplicity of True Heroism," by Joseph Lucien Shipley, *Londonderry, N. H.*
7. Oration, "Cardinal Ximenes," by Edward Philips Payson, *Fayetteville N. Y.*
8. Oration, "Astrology," by Hubbard Arnold, *Westfield, Mass.*
9. Music.
10. Oration, "Radicalism," by Gilbert Miles Stocking, *Waterbury.*
11. Dissertation, "Milton's Abdiel," by P. Webster Park, *Preston.*
12. Oration, "Life in Earnest," by George Clapp Perkins, *Hartford.*
13. Music.
14. Oration, "Westminster Abbey," by James Nevins Hyde, *Cincinnati, O.*
15. Dissertation, "The Moral Power of Sympathy," by Oliver McClintock, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
16. Oration, "The Character of the Duke of Marlborough," by George Bernard Bonney, *Rochester, Mass.*
17. Music.
18. Oration, "The Philosophy of Beauty," by Nathaniel Schuyler Moore, *New Haven.*
19. Oration, "Galileo and the Inquisition," by John Dresser Tucker, *Hartford.*
20. Dissertation, "The Solitary Man," by Peter Collier, *Chittenango, N. Y.*
21. Music.
22. Dissertation, "The Faith of Reformers," by Alfred Hemenway, *Hopkinton, Mass.*
23. Philosophical Oration, "The Progress of Liberty in America," by Simeon Eben Baldwin, *New Haven.*
24. Music.

EVENING.

1. Music.
2. Dissertation, "The Culture of the mind as an End in itself," by Theodore Stephen Wynkoop, *Wilmington, Del.*
3. Oration, "The Settlers of St Mary's," by John Mitchell, *Port Tobacco, Md.*
4. Oration, "Tennyson's Princess," by William Cook, *New York City.*
5. Music.
6. Dissertation, "Unnoticed Eras," by John Alfred Davenport, *Annapolis, Md.*
7. Dissertation, "The Spirit of early Ballad Poetry," by Robert Hughes Fitzhugh, *Oswego, N. Y.*
8. Dissertation, "Spenser—the Allegory of Lady Irena," by Clarence Eddy, *Waterford, N. Y.*
9. Music.
10. Dissertation, "Prince Metternich, or European Diplomacy," by Winthrop Dudley Sheldon, *New Haven.*
11. Oration, "The Anglo-Saxons," by Harvey Sheldon Kitchell, *Detroit, Mich.*
12. Dissertation, "The Fall of the Girondists—the Fate of Conservatism," by Samuel Arthur Bent, *New Ipswich N. H.*
13. Music.
14. Dissertation, "Gustavus Adolphus," by Hubert Sanford Brown, *New Hartford.*

15. Dissertation, "The Progress of British Liberty," by George Makepeace Towle, *Washington, D. C.*
16. Oration, "Margaret of Anjou," by Franklin Bowditch Dexter, *Fairhaven, Mass.*
17. Music:
18. Oration, "The Idyls of the King—Guinevere," by Francis Edward Kernochan, *New York City.*
19. Oration, "Oliver Cromwell," by Anthony Higgins, *St. George's, Del.*
20. Philosophical Oration, "The Value of Fiction," by James Lanman Harmar, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
21. Music.

PRIZE DEBATES.

During the past year, with the consent of Mr. Bishop, the Linonian Society divided the Bishop Prize Debate Fund between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, so that the old plan of debating the same question by both classes in common was abolished, and each class allowed to choose its own question and the time for holding the debate. Of course, this plan secures more prizes for distribution, and more successful competitors. In accordance with this new arrangement, the Bishop Prize Debate, in the Freshman Class, was held Wednesday, May 16, 1860.

Committee of Award, Wilder A. Smith, M. A., S. W. S. Dutton, D. D., and Benjamin Silliman, Jr., M. D.

Question: "Ought a Representative in a Republican Government to be bound by the will of his constituents?"

SPEAKERS:—AFTERNOON.

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|--|--|
| 1. Uriah H. Parmelee, <i>Guilford.</i> | 5. J. Berry, <i>Clarence N. Y.</i> |
| 2. Thomas A. Emerson, <i>S. Reading, Ms.</i> | 6. G. Walter Allen, <i>Worcester, Mass.</i> |
| 3. Selah Merrill, <i>Westfield, Mass.</i> | 7. Fred. J. Barnard, <i>Worcester, Mass.</i> |
| 4. Henry C. Ewin, <i>Nashville, Tenn.</i> | 8. James S. Millard, <i>Muscatine, Iowa.</i> |

EVENING.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 8. George S. Hamlin, <i>Sharon.</i> | 13. William C. Whitney, <i>Springfield Ms.</i> |
| 10. L. T. Chamberlain, <i>W. Brookfield, Ms.</i> | 14. Eleazer K. Foster, <i>New Haven.</i> |
| 11. Charles J. Arms, <i>Norwich.</i> | 15. Thornton M. Hinkle, <i>Cincinnati, O.</i> |
| 12. Henry E. Cooley, <i>Newton, Mass.</i> | |

The following prizes were awarded:

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|----------------|---------------------------------------|
| First Prize to | Leander F. Chamberlain. |
| Second " " | G. Walter Allen. |
| Third " " | George S. Hamlin, William C. Whitney. |

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

Prize Debate in the Freshman Class, Thursday evening, May 17, 1869.
Question:—"Ought the United States to interfere actively in behalf of nations struggling for Liberty."

Committee of Award:—Prof. George P. Fisher, William Hutchinson, M. A., Levi L. Paine, M. A.

DISPUTANTS:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Horace Bumstead, <i>Boston Mass.</i> | 6 George I. Williams, <i>Newburyport, Ms.</i> |
| 2. Charles Webster, <i>Norridgewock, Me.</i> | 7. Cyrus W. Francis, <i>Newington.</i> |
| 3. Henry M. Whitney, <i>Northampton, Ms.</i> | 8. Roswell Parish, <i>Hartford.</i> |
| 4. Henry W. Scott, <i>Southbury.</i> | 9. Wm. G. Sumner, <i>Hartford.</i> |
| 5. T. K. Boltwood, <i>Amherst Mass.</i> | 10. Charles H. Weeson, <i>Hartford.</i> |

At the conclusion of the debate, the following prizes were awarded by the committee.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------------------|
| First Prize to | Wm. G. Sumner. |
| Second " " | Cyrus W. Francis. |
| Third " " | Charles Webster, Henry M. Whitney. |

BEETHOVEN.

The Beethoven Society gave their annual concert on Monday evening, May 14th, with more than their annual success. It was an especial favor that the Philharmonic Orchestra consented to come from New York to take part, and they fully sustained their reputation in executing the magnificent music of "The Desert." The bassoon solo was deservedly encored, though it was rather an exhibition of labial and manual dexterity, than real legitimate music; the instrument was vastly more effective in some of the choral passages. After all, the vocal parts were to our taste the more enjoyable; and we are not sure but it would be better to return to the original style of Beethoven concerts, and do away with orchestras altogether. To be sure, no such pieces as the DESERT could be executed, but there is plenty of music of simpler construction, which would please us all the better for the absence of such French affectations, as violin "sunrises," and so on. Surely there is a richness and depth about men's voices which cannot be improved by "sounding brass or tinkling fiddles." That quartette for example, had the parts been sustained with a little more confidence and self-reliance, would have far excelled any instrumental piece—the human voices blending into one another as no wood or metal can be brought to do. It was a beautiful thing, as it was, and the meagre applause it received in comparison with the bassoon business, was rather to the discredit of the audience's taste than the singer's power. The audience, we were glad to see, was better than usual, yet the College was too thinly represented. Verily it is true again for the thousandth time that "a prophet," or any other good thing "is not without honor save in his own house." Why Students will turn out in crowds to wandering "troupes," and yet cheat themselves of an evening's enjoyment by neglecting Beethoven, is inscrutable. The mere fact that it is a Yale institution ought to appeal to their patriotism, but here the appeal is to their musical taste in addition. College singers are not often professional musicians, it is true, but what they lack in mechanical precision is tenfold made up by their whole-souled heartiness. Traveling concert-givers always go through their evening's programme like machines—made to do just so much in a given time, while we in College are literally amateurs—singers for the love of it, and the difference shows mightily in the singing.

It seems to be a prevailing idea that Beethoven is merely another name for the Chapel choir, but only a small portion of the society ever take part at any one time in the choir; and in regard to such as do, it must be remembered that carelessly rattling off a hymn between breakfast and recitation, is quite different from offering to an audience an evening of real music, well-selected and carefully practised. It is to be hoped that both Faculty and Students will hereafter take the hint, and attend these Beethoven concerts as they deserve to be attended.

RACE.

The first race of the season for the Champion Flag of College came off on Saturday afternoon, 26 of May. The Atlanta which held the flag, was challenged at the beginning of the present term by the following boats. The Nereid, (61,) The Thulia, (62,) and The Volante, (Scientific Department). The champion boat, according to the rules, has a right to appoint any day within four weeks after the challenge. The day appointed by the Atlanta was the 26th of May. During the morning and a part of the afternoon it had rained so hard that many feared the race would be postponed in consequence. About 3 o'clock it cleared off, however, when a strong breeze arose, and the harbor soon became so rough that it was thought impossible for the shells to race without danger of being swamped. Before 5 o'clock, however, the water became comparatively smooth, and soon the spectators in front of the Pavillion had the satisfaction of seeing the boats shoot round the steamboat landing into sight, and pull gracefully up to the Commodore's boat. The expectations of College had been raised to a considerable extent, for everything promised a beautiful and exciting race. The boats were the fastest in College and manned by splendid crews. The Nereid and the Thulia were so near alike that they could only be distinguished by the different uniforms of the crew. At 5 o'clock the boats drew for places and fell into line in the following order, 1st, (nearest the Commodore's boat,) Volante, 2nd, Thulia, 3rd, Nereid, 4th, Atlanta. The wind was blowing from the Atlanta toward the Commodore's boat, and when the word was given—"Ready, Give way," the first three boats shot ahead, but it was immediately seen that the Atlanta had remained behind. The crew instantly rowed up to the Commodore and declared that they had not heard the order. It was now, however, too late to stop the other boats, and away they flew toward the buoy. The Thulia got the best start and seemed to lead, followed closely by the Nereid. At the stake boat the Thulia turned first; next and close behind, the Nereid; the Volante last. The race in, was a splendid exhibition of strength and skill. At length the Thulia shot by the Commodore's boat, leading the Nereid by thirty seconds, and winning the race. Whole distance 2,8.10 miles. Time, Thulia 20,15, Nereid 20,45, Volante 22,45. The splendid manner in which the Thulia men pulled their boat, both in going out and in the last part of the race, was admired by those even who would like to have seen their favorite win. Inasmuch as the Atlanta did not hear the Commodore's orders, it was very properly decided that she should still hold the flag; and she accordingly named Wednesday, May 30th, as the day for a second race. Considerable disappointment was felt that they had not been able to get a

start, and pull in the race. On the whole it was considered a splendid affair, though the time would have been lessened had not the boats been a third filled with water from the roughness of the waves.

The Thulia crew wishing to try their skill this summer against the Sophomores at Harvard, have sent them the following challenge.

YALE COLLEGE, MAY 5, 1860.

I have been authorized by the members of the Thulia boat-club, of the Sophomore Class of Yale College, to challenge any crew selected from the Sophomore Class at Harvard, to a rowing match, at the same time and under the same regulations as shall be agreed upon for the Union Regatta of the coming summer.

GROSVENOR STARR, Capt. Thulia, B. C.

To the Sophomore Class of HARVARD COLLEGE.

To this challenge there was given the following reply.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 11, 1860.

MR. GROSVENOR STARR: Dear Sir.—I have received from Mr. Crowningshield, your challenge in behalf of the Thulia Club of Yale College, to row against any crew selected from the Sophomore Class of Harvard College.

I have been authorized by the officers of the boat clubs of the Sophomore Class, to accept your challenge, provided that both crews pull in *ordinary lap streak boats*. I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

HENRY ROPES, President of Haidee Boat Club.

The Freshman Class unwilling to be outdone by the Sophs., have sent the following challenge to the Freshman Class of Harvard.

We the undersigned, in behalf of the Class of '63 of Yale, do hereby challenge the Class of '63 of Harvard, to a three mile race over the same course and on the same day at the "College Union Regatta." The race to be for the championship of the two Classes, and for \$50 a side; \$20 of which is to be appropriated for the purchase of a champion flag.

Yours respectfully,

THEODORE C. BACON,
GEORGE S. DEWEY,
O. H. PAYNE.

ACCEPTANCE.

We the undersigned, in behalf of the Class of '63 of Harvard, do hereby accept the challenge of the Class of '63 of Yale, to row a three mile race over the same course, and on the same day as the "College Union Regatta." The race to be for the championship of the two Classes, and for twenty dollars, to be appropriated for the purchase of a champion flag.

C. F. FEARING,
E. B. BOIT, Jr.,
J. GREENOUGH, Jr.

HARVARD, '63. May 14, 1860.

The Junior Class of Yale also sent a challenge to the Junior Class of Harvard, to pull a race at the same place and time, which was declined.

The Freshmen of Harvard, wishing to keep up the reputation of the Institution, have sent to the Freshmen of Yale, the following

CHALLENGE.

I, the undersigned, in behalf of Mr. Wm. Frothingham and Wm. Stackpole, of the Class of '63, of Harvard, do hereby challenge any two members of the Class of '63, of Yale, to play a five hundred points carom, or an eight hundred points full game of billiards. The match to come off on the evening of the day on which the "College Union Regatta" takes place.

C. F. FEARING.

Harvard, '63, May 20, '60.

The challenge has been accepted, with the change of one thousand points on the full game, instead of eight hundred.

It will thus be seen, that everything seems to combine to make the College Union Regatta, next summer, an interesting and brilliant affair. Columbia, who has never before taken much interest in boating, will be represented at Worcester, with her crack boat and crew. Brown University, who took part last year, has since ordered a splendid new shell boat, and has, as we understand, a *very* fine crew to man her. She will be heard of to her credit next July. Harvard has procured a new shell of McKay, and Yale has ordered one of the same builder, which, however, will not be finished until the middle of July. She will be forty-eight feet long, twenty-two inches wide, six inches deep, and weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. She will of course be called "THE YALE," and will, probably, be pulled by the following crew.

Stroke,—Commodore H. L. Johnson,

C. T. Stanton,

W. E. Bradley,

H. W. Camp,

E. L. Richards,

Brayton Ives,

Coxswain—H. E. Eno.

We conclude our lengthy Memorabilia of the present No. of the Lit, for the benefit of those interested in such matters, with a catalogue of the HARVARD NAVY, which we hope contains fewer mistakes than occurred in the list of Yale boats taken from the same paper.

HARVARD COLLEGE NAVY.

	Length.	Oars.	Build.
Harvard, (shell,)	40 ft.	6	1857.
Harvard, "	45	6	1859.
Harvard, "	47	6	1860.
The above boats are under the care and management of that member of the Senior Class who has belonged to the the Harvard boat crew the longest time.			
Lotus, (lap,)	45	6	1857.
Class of '59,—out of service, its owners having graduated.			
Camilla,	42	6	1857.
Class of '60,—17 members.			
Juniata,	45	6	1859.
Class of '61,—21 members.			
Oneida,	46	8	1856.
Class of '61,—23 members.			
Haidee,	45	6	1860.

	Length.	Oars.	Build.
Class of '62,—28 members.			
Ottawa,	47	6	1858.
Class of '62,—20 members.			
Enid,	32	4	1858.
Class of '62,—15 members.			
Bonetta,	41	6	1857.
Class of '63,—14 members.			
Orion,	35	6	1856.
Sabina,	50	8	1857.
Iris,	40	6	1856.
Avon,	41	6	1855.
Eunomia,	30	4	1859.

A new boat is being built at St. Johns, N. B., by Coyle, for the Freshman Class.

There are, besides the above, some twenty-six wherries and double sculls, owned and rowed by the students of this University.

In another copy of the Boston Evening Gazette, we noticed the following:—"On Monday last, (Apr. 16,) the new six-oar Haidee was launched, her crew rowing her from Reed's boathouse to the Colleges, and gave incontestible evidence that great speed can be accomplished in her. It is said she weighs but 180 lbs, which, if true, is very remarkably light for a lapstreak of 46 feet." We presume that this boat is the Haidee of the Class of Sixty-One.

Editor's Table.

We take off our bran new Editorial hat, and make our profoundest bow to our readers. The style men of the Class say we ought not to have patronized Leary; that he isn't it up "to time," but that an Amidon is just the thing for the Board. Of course we acknowledge the imperfections of our own taste, and as gracefully as possible bow again to our interested critics. We may hold our capital adornment a little awkwardly at first, but we plead inexperience in excuse. It being with us not so much an individual as a company enterprise, we are determined to refer all little difficulties arising therefrom to our silent partners in the investment, for be it whispered, it is the only specimen of the kind possessed by any of the Five. It is then a representative hat. Board appreciative of its own dignity,—Board liberal in pocket,—Board confiding,—Subscriber negotiating agent,—Subscriber economical in spending Board's money,—buys smallest hat,—no measure,—innocently took his own head at a venture,—makes an admirable fit, and returns in triumph to his friends. All of them disappointed,—couldn't begin to get the hat on,—couldn't understand our economy,—big hat cost no more than a little hat,—might have got a big one then,—(interested,—heads large.) One wanted, however, to split the differ-

ence,—(*interested,—head medium,*) while the sanguinary Editor dismissed the subject by intimating that they had *all* been made the victims of misplaced confidence.

"If we 're traduced by tongues which neither know
Our faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chroniclers of our doing,—let us say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That *virtue* must pass through."!!!!

By the by, while we are on this subject, are not the Freshmen rushing the season in the hat line? We understand that not long ago, a deputation of '63 almost bought out Collins in anticipation of their Sophomoric transformation. The custom of the last two classes has been, on Presentation day, to procure all the dilapidated tiles, of every color, size and shape, in town, and "got up" with elevated side boards and immaculate *pocket handkerchief-cravats*, doubtful kids, and all sorts of canes, to march in long procession, from the foot of College street up to the Chapel steps,—right through horrified and opposing tutors,—up the aisles, two by two, into their Sophomore seats. We said the last two classes. We remember now that '62 carried out the first part of the programme, but for some wise reason, the Faculty had, for that day, dispensed, with the customary evening prayers, and the class therefore did not, "arrayed in all their glory," take their Sophomore seats. If we remember rightly in regard to the other class, (and our memory is very treacherous in regard to such things,) there was some whispered intimation that quite a number of the most attractive of the Sophs. intended to make very unexpected, though of course very pleasant, calls upon the Faculty next morning. It was farther intimated that the Faculty, just to carry out the joke, gave some of their honored visitors sundry playful "admonitions" and a few friendly "warnings" not to carry their little amusements quite so far next time. Considerable disappointment was occasioned by the apparent partiality of the Faculty in not serving all alike, and in serving some who quite preferred not to be served at all. Indeed, it seemed as if the names of the whole Class had been thrown into a hat, hustled together, and a dozen drawn at random as scapegoats for all the rest. The following conversation, which occurred between one of the tutors and an innocent accused, would seem to warrant the conclusion:

"I would like to see Mr. J—— after recitation. That's sufficient," and with a very profound bow the Tutor dismisses the Division. J—— can't imagine what's up now, but concludes to wait for further developments.

Tutor, (squaring himself.) "Mr. J——, I regret to state that I have been instructed by the Faculty to inform you, that you have received a warning for participating in the demonstration at the Chapel last evening. You were present, I believe."

J——, (with a quizzical smile as a light dawns upon him.) "Yes, sir."

T. "Well,—I,—I,—thought myself that it was a pretty good joke, as you were marching up the street, and laughed perhaps as heartily as anybody, but when you went into Chapel with those hats on"—

J——. "Excuse me, sir, but did you mean to say that I had received a warning from the Faculty, for going "into Chapel with one of those hats on?"

T. "Yes,—yes,—certainly, for having one of those hats on, and"—

J——. "I beg your pardon, but I did not have one of those hats on."

T., (a little surprised.) "You did not?"

J——. "No, sir, I did not."

T. "Ah,—well,—then it was for wearing an *enormous* white cravat,—same thing,—same thing;"

J——. "For wearing a white cravat?"

T., (who thought he had him.) "Yes, that was it,—for wearing a white cravat. I may say an enormous white cravat."

J——, (who thought he would let him work.) "Quite a mistake, I assure you. *I did not wear a white cravat.*"

T., (taken down a peg.) "Not wear a white cravat?"

J——. "No, sir. I wore no white cravat."

T., (immediately recovers, and a little riled, returns to the charge.) "Then, sir, I regret to inform you, that you have received a warning, sir, from the Faculty, for appearing at Chapel, sir, with a very conspicuous standing collar. *A very conspicuous standing collar.*"

J——, (quietly.) "Another slight misapprehension. I wore that evening a *turn down collar.*"

T., (a little confused in his ideas, but don't like to give it up.) "A turn down collar! Well,—this,—really,—quite an extraordinary case. Yes, it's altogether probable,—you,—you must, sir, have been out of the way in your dress. Somehow *out of the way.*"

J——, (not a little amused at his floundering.) "Not near so much, sir, as you are in your conjectures. I wore then the same dress I have on now;"

Tutor mistified,—we may say confounded. Must be a mistake somewhere,—refer the matter to the Faculty. Glad, however, that he wasn't *out of the way*. Thought the warning would *perhaps* be removed. Everything satisfactory,—and he wished him a very good morning.

The following entry was immediately made in the diary of the acquitted:

YALE COLLEGE, PRESENTATION DAY, 1859.

SCARCITY OF BEAVERS.

CR.

By one *Warning Escaped*.

(Account still open.)

The abolition of evening prayers has now removed the occasion of a similar episode in College life, and '63 will have an opportunity of exercising their originality, if they choose, in something else. The handsome manner in which they have subscribed to the Lit, ought to secure from us, at least, the expression of our good wishes. And here we might as well say to the sensible men of all classes a word or two about subscriptions generally. Did you ever, reader, or rather, don't you always, during vacation,—unless you are of that unfortunate class doomed to remain here and mope about College, and listen to the echoes of your own footsteps, as, in the dusky twilight, you walk up and down the College yard, now so still and desolate, and look up towards the darkened windows, and think what cozy, jolly times you had in those very rooms, *not* a week ago; and how you would just like to rap

on the same door now, hear the hearty "come in," and, with your pipe, sit down by the roaring fire, or the open window, and watch the blue smoke rolling and curling up about your head in fragrant clouds, but wake from your reverie only to find yourself a solitary sentinel gazing at the grim old College buildings, while all the fellows away,—I say, unless you belong to this class, don't you always, during vacation, as you read in some old paper a paragraph about College, feel somehow a quicker beating of the heart, as even this slight record brings back to mind the associations and the hopes that cluster around your College days? Now it is just so, but with a ten-fold intensity, with the Lit. Its claims are not solely upon you while in College. Indeed, in point of College news it is of course, in many respects, no better than our daily papers. But here is the point. It is not only a *record*, but a *repository* of College events. Rightly understood, it partakes of the character of a private journal, the more interesting and more valuable the older it becomes. Now, is there a single student among us, but would prize, next to his class book, anything more than a handsome volume of the Lit, which, exclusive of its literary contributions, would contain a complete record of all the events with which he was himself connected while in College?

The Commencements, Presentation Days, Junior Exhibitions, Wooden Spoon, Prize Debates, Boat Races, and a hundred things interwoven with the daily history of College, possess in themselves something far beyond their *present* value. Years and years hence, when some of us shall have grown a *little grey about the temples*, should we meet with an old Lit, published when we were in College, containing an account of the grand old rushes down the Athenicum stairs,—of the mysterious and terrible ordeal of Freshman Initiation,—of the fantastic splendor of Burial of Euclid Processions,—of our races in the harbor for the champion flag of Yale, or of that still grander contest, where the best men and the best boats of American Colleges together contend for the champion flag of all,—where we grew wild with excitement and hoarse with cheers for "*The Yale*,"—don't you think we would lay aside the magazine, and, with closed eyes, think long and tenderly of our College days?

"And then as in Memory's bark we would glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we should see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through,
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the green shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'd think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more."

Of course, then, my dear reader, whatever else you may think, two things are certain. One is, your College course will not be complete without the Lit, and the other is, that you ought to feel under no slight obligations to do what you can to make it instructive and entertaining to the rest. Its success, more than you may suppose, rests with you. Five of us cannot and of a right ought not to conduct it alone. Our duties, in fact, ought to extend mainly to the examination and selection of your manuscripts for publication.

The Seniors are reveling in the blissful realities of their last Biennial. A few weeks more and they step out of College, another Class succeeds, treads the same weary course—and in turn gives place to the next—and so the College world moves on. Well, it seems but a little while ago since they were occupying Sophomore seats, and since we had our Chapel rushes. The last Chapel rush probably in old Yale occurred between '60 and '61, and then its varied history closed. Not the least reform of the new change in Chapel exercises is the prevention of those contests of valorous might in which tutorial muscle sometimes *yanked* the Freshman straight, who escaped terrible vengeance next day, by a treacherous memory on the one hand, and "a confusion of tongues" on the other. Babel wasn't a circumstance.

There is one thing now which calls for more than a passing notice. Precedent has established it, and at this particular time, at all events, we are hugely *in favor of precedent*. Who instituted the custom, tradition does not tell. Sufficient for us to know that it exists. We look *back* upon it with conflicting emotions, we look *forward* to it with the most pleasant *anticipations*. Be it known then—and we "say it not in a boastful spirit"—that it was the pleasure of the present Board, to give the retiring Editors one of Eli's most palatable suppers.

Has anybody a pretty considerable appetite for Green Turtle; for Black Bass baked, Claret Sauce; Striped Bass, Maderia Sauce; Salmon boiled, Lobster Sauce; for Brook Trout baked, Brook Trout boiled, Brook Trout fried in butter? Does he plead guilty to an uncontrollable desire for Lamb, Mint Sauce; for Turkey, Giblet Sauce; Chicken, Oyster Sauce? Will he insist upon Fricadeau de Veau pique au Petit Pois, Gateau de Riz, a la Fleur d'Orange; Anguilles, grille, a la Tartar——? Will he descend to Green Corn, Green Peas, Asparagus and Mashed Potatoes? Will he pamper his taste by such commodities as Cabinet Pudding, Wine Sauce; Charlotte Russe; Swiss Merrengues; Strawberry Tartelets; Fruit Jelly and Pumpkin Pie? Will he add thereto Almonds, Figs, Oranges, Pine Apples, Raisins, and a Pyramid of Vanilla Ice Cream? Will he so far forget the pledge as to indulge in Heidsick-Piper, Royal Rose, Cliquot, Green Seal or Gold Lac? If so, my dear reader, let him edit the Lit., get his supper at Eli's, and by all means, *be a member of the Retiring Board*.

By the by, next forenoon we found in the Lit box, a rather remarkable production—evidently written in a confused state of mind—which we finally deciphered to be

A POEM—TO A TROUT.

First Verse.

O pretty trout, that once with wiggly fins
Chased up and down the little brabbling Blook
Now don't you think that you were taken in
When you took in the Hook?

Second Verse.

Oh handsome Trout all freckled up so nice,
You couldn't swim now if you tried,
Though you could swim pretty well I think once
Before you were fried.

We copy from the last Editor's Table the following remarks on boating, which, as Yale is emphatically a boating Institution, will doubtless be interesting to many of the craft among us.

"While we are on the subject of exercise, we remark with no great pleasure, that there is one peculiarly College sport, viz: boating, in which Princeton has no share. She must, it is true, overcome obstacles before boasting of a "navy." But we feel confident that they are not so formidable in reality as appearance. If Bristed's description of English University life is to be relied upon, the inference is a safe one that Cambridge, whose rowers are the champions of England, has, in her diminutive Cam., a far less available stream than our Delaware and Raritan canal." * * * "For our own sake we confess with regret that it is too late for the Class of '60 to undertake the matter. They have let the opportunity go by. But for the sake of College, we hope that it will not suffer delay, and recommend the men of '61 to take it up with Class spirit and enterprise. May prosperity crown their efforts and those of their successors."

We can only say that we most cordially unite in recommending the Class of '61 to carry out the suggestion, and to start at once the Princeton Navy. If anything like the energy and pride of '61 at Yale, be shared by our friends at Princeton, this year with them will witness the inauguration of a new system of manly exercise and exciting sport in College. McKay is the man for your boats and your money.

The North Carolina University Magazine is the largest of our exchanges and contains in the April number among other articles one on "Wine for Mathematicians." To prevent misapprehension of the subject, we clip the following: "Superior to the logic of the schools the mathematical sciences never show their power by giving to error the semblance of truth; they do not attempt to substitute specious and dazzling rhetorical figures for the stern syllogism of eternal truth, or to lull the judgment by a flow of select and high-sounding words, and still less to captivate our suffrages by eloquence; but their language, however unadorned, always carries with it the most complete conviction, and scepticism vanishes before it." *Chevalier D'Estimaville, (Scientific Journal). Our idea exactly.*

The *Erskine Collegiate Recorder*, The *Wabash Monthly*, The *K. M. I. Magazine*, and the *Kenyon Collegian* are at hand. To the Editors of the latter we would respectfully say that "Old Yale" is not "inclined to take advantage of her venerable and respected station among American Colleges to look down contemptuously upon Western Institutions," and above all that the *Lit. Editors* have no "boasts" to make about their own Magazine, but prefer to let it speak for itself.

The *Fly Leaf*, a Quarterly published by the Young Ladies of College Temple, has a severe but not ill-natured article entitled "K. M. I., versus Yale." It has some first rate points which we would like to publish if space would permit. We acknowledge the fairness of the position, that "if the Yale *Lit.* takes the privilege of establishing 'Our Country,' as a standard of Southern Authorship, we claim a similar right of showing that the North is quite as ably represented in the 'Deacon's Confession' published in the very same number of the *Lit.*, in which the able critique on the K. M. I. Article appears."

In justice to ourselves it is only necessary for us to say that the "Deacon's Confession" appeared at a time when we were not connected with the Yale Literary Magazine, and to add furthermore, that if it again should contain anything akin to

the said production, we most earnestly hope that "Mirabel" will be alive to review it.

The Undergraduate has made its appearance again with a new title. "The University Quarterly" is the somewhat high-sounding but more appropriate name which it now bears. We presume it is a successful number. Among other Articles we noticed one entitled *College Fallacies*; and would simply add that a much better one on the same subject can be found in Vol. XIV, No. 7, of the Yale Lit.

The Article offered by "Bard" has many good points, but needs condensation and fewer puns. If agreeable, we would be happy to have him call at the sanctum, otherwise we will direct as desired.

We regret that we are unable in the present number to give the result of the Society elections, which will take place probably in about two hours and a half from the time we are now writing.

To our contributors we wish to return our acknowledgments. "Appointments" will appear in another volume.

No more are we able to give even the most meagre description of the race for the Champion Flag of College, which comes off this, Wednesday, afternoon within a still less time,—nay, we cannot so much as offer the victor *our* congratulations. Printers are inexorable—with hearts of adamant, so that no supplication can move them, with uncorruptible integrity, so that no money can buy them, what can we do then but let them have their own way, and submit with as much grace as possible.

Unfortunately for us the Yale Lit. hasn't as yet reached the realization of that magnificent dream which floated through the head of one of our forerunners, in which he saw a splendid marble palace, supported upon (I've forgotten what kind of) pillars, and filled with busy operatives who made themselves and us both rich and famous. We say we haven't as yet reached that position of absolute independence of which he dreamed, and are therefore obliged to sacrifice our wishes to a stern and unbending necessity. Well, after all the printers may be right, and it follows—let us see what *does* follow?—that if the Fates do not forbid, we will have saved our readers asking the same old, old question over and over again—"when is the Lit coming out?" and ourselves the equally frequent but determined reply—"On Saturday, the second of June."

NOTE—Owing to the unexpected accumulation of matter incident to the publication of the first number by the present Board, our Magazine has been unusually extended.

VOL. XXV.

No. VIII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS;
Cantabunt SOBULES, unanimique PATRES."

JULY, 1860.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

JULY, 1860.

No. VIII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '61.

WILLIAM H. FULLER,

SEXTUS SHEARER.

JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY,

EDWARD R. SILL.

RALPH O. WILLIAMS.

The Significance of Drinking-Songs.

WHILE Byron was absent on that long, devious journey which was only terminated by his death, he inscribed the well-known verses to Moore, beginning :

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!"

Perhaps, nothing ever written by or of Byron has more clearly exhibited his fortune and character than this address of twenty lines. From those twenty lines or five stanzas there stand out all the misused poets aversion for the past, his vexation at the present, and deep distrust of the future ; all his defiant daring rooted in despair ; and far beyond these, the bitterness of his hatred, and passion of his love. The image of what the author was, and of what he suffered, makes so full an impression, that every one immediately realizes the intense meaning of those words :

" Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon thee brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink."

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Deep, however, as the feeling of sympathy is with the gasping yearner after the absent, I question whether there is not brought to every mind, when these lines are read under favorable circumstances, or, especially, when sung, another sensation and a profounder one;——the insignificance of an individual in the great sum of the race. Let any one hear those lines recited, or, better still, sung in the dusk of twilight, and impulsively his mind will step down from communing with the sorrows of Byron into the thought—how transitory is the world's recollection of those sorrows! A little more than forty years ago those passionate words were penned, and now how few ever call to mind, and how seldom do even they, the pangs which wrung them out. But when he recollects that those heart throbs belonged not to Byron only, but to all the forgotten sons of Adam, it rushes upon him that the emotions of himself, the listener and meditator, are doomed in time to come to the same oblivion. Now it must be remembered that each of us is to himself individualized by his sensations; and when the idea has once searchingly taken hold of the mind of any one, that these sensations of his, which he supposed were peculiarly his own, belong not only to himself, but to the whole Race—Past and Future—he has begun to realize the utter nothingness of the individual in the aggregate of things; so easily and simply are we often led to thoughts that lie “too deep for tears.”

This sense of individual insignificance, which has been reached again and again in ways similar to the one described, seems to have possessed the majority of the composers and singers of drinking-songs. Any reader of Anacreon, as Moore has rendered him, or of Moore's original melodies, must have been struck by the entire absence of mirthfulness from their most mirthful attempts. Anacreon, I suppose, may be taken as the exponent of the higher order of ancient classical bacchanals; certainly Tom Moore can be, of modern refined revelers. Now it is interesting to observe how the pages of both these men, so widely separated by time, labor under one monotonous burden. The most hilarious jubilates of Anacreon unceasingly repeat:

“Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!”

—and from the distance of twenty-four centuries Tom Moore echoes:

“Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may.”

The same vein of despondency is plainly visible in Scotch, French and

Spanish drinking songs, and coarsely exposes itself in riotous German airs; while the fact that this minstrelsy is taken up and drunk to and wept to by high and low, the world over, shows that it is not an expression of personal feeling, but a voice from human nature. This despondency, whether clearly defined or not in its origin, in all cases, upon examination, seems to have for its cause, the perishability of the temporal individual. The drinker, so far as he gives expression to his emotions in these songs, tips the cup, and lives out to-day, because he is conscious that all of him which the world recognizes, will be to-morrow among unremembered rubbish. At any rate, in looking for the impulse to any vice, it is always desirable to settle upon one commensurate with the supposed dignity of man. And in cases where a vice is not sectional, but universal, I believe that its origin always lies in such an impulse. Take for an instance, swearing. We have all of us heard discourses on the sinfulness of profanity, closed up and fortified by an appeal to the uselessness of the practice. Now, without defending an employment of terms, which is shocking even to the irreligious, I would question whether a practice so prevalent in all regions and ages, were, in the sense meant by the reprover, utterly useless. Christian, Jew, Mohammedan and Pagan employs each his formula of profanity; the man of the nineteenth century curses to-day—so did Peter nearly two thousand years ago; and each, we are told, idly. Is it not preferable to believe, however, that what is of perennial life in human conduct, roots itself in some-thing deeper than irreverent thoughtlessness and absence of purpose? The fact is, plainly, that profanity (not as habit, but as the forerunner of a habit,) is a vent for ungovernable emotions. Not till vexation and anger have ceased from the land will there be an end of cursing. As far as changing the relations of object, profanity is useless;—so also are tears. But tears are among the things which have been, which are, and ever will be. And were it not that throats are somewhat more subservient to the will than eyes, many and many a time, from lips that were never known to speak profanely, a great salt oath would gush out.

Intemperance is as deeply and firmly based. All attempts, therefore, for its extirpation, whether by Maine-laws or associations, I cannot but think, however praiseworthy, will be, as regards the mass of men, unavailing. The use of intoxicating liquors is not a fashion and cannot be cleared away by human decrees. It began before History, and is, take it the world through, unabated. There is not a nation which is not largely subservient to the practice; a practice inexplicable, but for those chanted expositions forever accompanying it. Bac-

chanal songs may seem in our every-day thoughts to be mere bubbles; but if they are so, they rise from depths so profound, that only omnipotent power might reach and cleanse them. In that beautiful play, Schiller's *Wallenstein*, which by the genius of Coleridge has become part of our English literature, we are assured by the hero that every pain can be only transitory.

"This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man?"

And the "Opium-Eater" in language worthy of both poet and translator, has reaffirmed the truth. But it must be remembered that this truth belongs only to men separately. Man, the individual, as regards his sorrows, the "strong hours" do "conquer." But the sorrow which in him is subdued and extinguished by the lapse of time, through the endless repetition of the race, rises again and reasserts for itself an immortal existence. And the chiefest one and deepest, forever appearing as generation follows generation, is that which springs from individual perishability and, therefore, insignificance. And while it is so we must expect that siren voices will call to responsive hearts:

and

"Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!"

"Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may."

R. O. W.

We Students.

To say that a fit of passion has been augmenting, by degrees, through three years, is to predicate of it an intensity truly fearful; yet the writer of this article has, for the above space, been growing out of temper at a species of essay, neither rare or delightful, whose only achievement has been, studiously to avoid treating of the subject they undertook. He has read one or more desponding papers on College Politics, by worn out intriguers; he has observed high scholarship denounced by those more than willing to be valedictorians, but has seldom found an account untinged with anger or disappointment.

To come to the point at once, we have no business to abhor the man who competes for a prize, or plumes himself on his mathematical

attainments. I do not scruple to state that, were I on a jury, I would not be for hanging him, unless he had outraged decency in some more shameful way. I do not want to acknowledge unprincipled associates, yet I must confess to a speaking acquaintance with an individual to whom a scholarship had been awarded, and remember once to have met a vulgar fellow, who had solved correctly various algebraic problems. Under compulsion, it is not unlikely that we might admit participation in similar ambitious endeavors. How we worked, then! How dear to us was our little one, tricked out in ribbons. We all have our especial weaknesses; may be, this was yours or mine. But, to hedge us off from the residue of the flock, and subject us to every particle of the cheap sarcasm, which no one is without when he talks about us, is grossly unjust. What is the use of flouting at prizes, when we can't help, in some way, coveting them; when, in doing so, we are merely obeying a nature the Almighty gave us? No—my fortunately insipid satirist—if there is a single honor you can grasp, your parents may be assured you will not fail to get it. We utter no complaint for this; only act honestly about it, and keep quiet when others are doing the same; only be severe when you can be sensible, and you will not need to slice us into "great scholars," "great speakers," "great poets," "great boobies." Above all, don't laugh at us for doing our best. Our prose may be vile, and our poetry altogether beneath notice, yet—like all else under the sun—they have a meaning and a comfort for somebody. Rather—if a choice must be made—encourage us to keep on, delving away at our slender veins of precious ore—straining all our energies to satisfy ambition. For the time is drawing nigh, when, if even "successful" in our College course, we will loathe our gift. For every lisp of praise, hereafter, shall be recompensed with heartburns; for every victory shall, in later life, twinge sharper than rheumatism.

In fact, would we not do well to commiserate the Student—a mongrel creature, concerning whom authorities are at variance? If we call him boy, the Scriptures, respecting him, are not devoid of allusions to the rod. If we call him man, we find he must do his work with boy's tools. The well-behaved citizen glares upon him from his dwelling, as the evident purloiner of his gate. The Faculty, (blessings on its paternal head, waxing more and more sensible, through a hundred and fifty years!) tells him, that he should be a man at his books, but a boy when he comes to discussing the opinions contained between their covers. Finally, his comrade, oftentimes, knowing beyond his years, will pen a discreet article, which shall make his ora-

torical efforts of no account; which shall deride, most bitterly, his attempts to think for himself; and which, of course, shall be deemed a marvel of judicious criticism, as well as an instance of benignant, pains taking reproof. Woe is me! The Fejee Islander has trowsers stitched by the fairy fingers of Columbia's daughters, but no benevolent society has tears for the wretched Student!

I am not certain that our proneness to worship gods—although mean and made of mud—is a sign of utter depravity. It furnishes, as all are aware, an excellent topic for the vivacious, yet Ciceronian pen of our sardonic satirist. He can exult as vociferously as gentility will permit over the College Politician, yet we kneel before the shrine, knowing better than he can know, why we do homage there. In all young men, comfortably removed from idiocy, an irrepressible desire has been implanted, to enjoy intellect, wherever found. The boon for which we would especially plead, is to have the heaven-sent spark of genius ourselves, and next to this, we desire to search out him who has it, and honor him. Must one be painfully acute, in order to detect something praiseworthy in this? What can it be, other than a nervously subtle apprehension of mind, and a veneration for it, as the most august thing in creation—its Maker excepted? Grant you that it makes us ridiculous: let our satirist, then, shake out his hard laughter; if his lungs can bear it, we can. We Americans hung our heads a trifle, after being agitated about our welcome to Dickens, but the motive that incited us to throng around him, also made us know sooner than others, that England had two giants in her midst, and impelled us to cry out to them, to come up and take their stations among the illustrious of our Age. Thus it will be for many generations to come. In spite of numerous mistakes, while Colleges last, the smartest man in his class will be known and admired as such. We give not the slightest heed to logic in our conduct, but without doubt Nature has ordained, and one has slim chance of an appeal from her decision. If any body will give us loftier things to worship, we will accept them gladly. Till then, we are obliged to keep on as usual, being, so to speak, servants of the strongest, swearing allegiance to him sooner than to another. Mournful would it be for us—and not us alone, but for our country—if a *really* great spirit should be so buffeted and scorned, here in his youth, that he would sorrowfully gather his garments over the symbols of his nobility, and walk till death in the common herd, silent of the kind thoughts within him.

On the other hand, dare we not put in a plea for this *smartest man*? I have already gone so far as to say, that the extremest rigor of the

law should not be visited upon him simply because he has carried off a brace or two of prizes. You or I would have done the like, if we had been able. It is no rash surmise to say that "a DeForest man" can be grieved by a cutting remark, or that a Class Orator is of like passions with ourselves. Surely, it would seem, from the spirit of the disquisitions upon "the Student," which infest somewhat our Collegiate literature, that divers amongst us are either forgetting or ignoring the fact that he is a man.—Brothers, (or must we wait till Presentation Day to use the title?) the world at best is full enough of bickerings and sour looks. We saw, only the other day, how men by no means babyish, clung weeping to each other, when the time of parting comes; shall we too not clasp hands and try to smile cheerfully on one another, through this the only common sojourn for us, outside the grave-yard?

I have not mentioned yet the chief character among us—actually the chief, but never apparently. He is made of different stuff from others. He never took a prize. He is not solicited for any Society, it may be. He is frequently dealt with crustily by self-conscious instructors who do not need to be told that they are the wisest men who ever lived, and that knowledge will perish at their demise. He does not wear as fine clothes as you, Byronic satirist. Once I saw him sawing wood, and again cleaning one of the Colleges, by way of vacation pastime. Now, what can he be? One, who—if these were patriarchal times—might have Angels visit him; one, who—were our Society an earnest thing—could set his foot—oh, spotless satirist!—even upon thy clean-cravated neck. There ought to be no end of our love and respect for this student. He would not do for any set of brave jolly hearts, who would fain shed tears over the fidelity with which each of their number can get drunk or sober without faltering. He is not sprightly enough, possibly, to be funny. Yet after the "good time" is over—when the brave jolly heart gets out of bed, with a leathery tongue and half-stewed brain, with the irresistible jest leaving as flat a flavor on his mind as the wine has left on his palate—when he looks down a long avenue flanked by many such good times, and sees, beyond them all, his mother—perhaps on earth or perhaps in Heaven,—watching him with sad tenderness—then he curses his bravery and jollity, and wishes he were doing something manly in the world. And slowly stealing on his memory, like—only more distinct—the prayer he used to say at evening, comes the recollection of his class-mate's present life—modest, faithful, generous; and for the moment he holds himself unworthy even to salute him.

Such an one may fail in the recitation-room, but he never lies. He may use bad grammar, but it is such as will give a little rest to a tired heart. He may eat with his knife, but he is nobler than the most of us. It requires but a few such men to leaven, righteously, an entire class. Happily, we have some here. They sometimes wince under a cruel slight, and steal off to their rooms, with tears gathering in their eyes. They sit down there, perhaps, and as they sigh, "the still small voice" sneers, "wherefore, should you continue honest, so unlike your companions? Count your worth. Poor, homely, slow of speech and brain—what right have you, forsooth, to expect to act a part in the grand plan of Progress?" And then an answer is sure to come—a gentle voice whispered as it were from the burden of Man's hope, that for him the Perfect One came down from Heaven and wandered on our Planet; that, imitating him, he is to go forth, in these degenerate times, preaching sermons, like enough, only by his deeds; loyal to truth, looking above for the breaking of that dawn, which, yet a little while, shall enfold him in its glories. Can we not afford to reverence this man? And yet our satirist has never noticed him. So his polished essay appears, and he is complimented at the next party; and stepping briskly home thereafter, scarcely waves with his white hand a stinging recognition to him. Our Elms must be rare Stoics, to stand this and yet keep green! If there be wrongs big enough to make good people distrust the omnipotence of Truth, the biggest of them all is when a quiet man, honoring in his life, without pretension, all that is sacred in the world, is scoffed at and jostled from his path by insincere malicious dandyism.

It is hard to think of a serious life, unless we ask our lazy selves, what we are doing here in College? We need not blush because we cannot write Greek as DeQuincey; nor be discouraged if we cannot quote from every Poet Laureate before Tennyson, but the question we ought candidly to consider, is: "Am I so learning to understand Charity, Humility, Justice, that I will from this institution go out into life, resolved to do a kindness, however small; so that when I die there may be, on the globe somewhere—even if in a hovel or poor-house—at least one fellow creature, who can say of me, 'I have been benefited by this life of this man.'" Those who desire to be elegant men, of varied reading and genteel speech; walking in pleasant groves, nosegay in hand, and hymning in dainty rhyme the beauties of the butterfly, should first contrive how they can get rid of duty. Pretty sayings and ennui ought to have died with Sir Walter Scott. Free-thinking, and the axiom that every human being on this globe must

have bread sufficient to keep off starvation, are the foundations of all genuine action, of whatever sort. If we are acting, even approximately, up to this standard, it is undoubtedly well with us. We can, in such case, let others call us superficial and pedantic, and irretrievably ruin fine steel pens in describing how some of us come here, the prodigies of our schools and the delightful models of our several villages. It may strike us that we have heard, ever since boyhood, precisely the same ill-natured witticism ; nevertheless it must be tenacious of life or they would be unable to arouse the poor idea from its sleep, and, in their ragged English, to make it pass, year after year, for a live joke.

Watchman, what of Yale ? She has a full share of hypocrisy and full lack of frankness. She has not a little of formalism, and more conceit than necessary ; yet, with these faults, she is not altogether bad. Let us strive to think that some small truth-beams have fallen on her from a better region, that the memories of faithful ones gone hence shall haunt the walls for good.

Well, all of us, wise and cynical, stupid and earnest, are but shadows. We glide about here a matter of four years, and vanish ; and these old Colleges stand as we leave them, whispering no syllable of the secrets we confided to them. While, through the days and nights, there float upward to the stars the old murmurings against our destiny, sometimes, Heaven be praised !—mingling with the pure full tones of broad-armed laborers singing at their tasks. The sun is hot, the toil is heavy, our hands are weak. But, little in the world as we can do, it is far better to do that little than to stand all day idle in the market.

S. S.

Song.

AN ADAPTATION FROM OSSIAN.

Pleasant are words of soothing song !
Lovely the tales of the days gone by !
On the ear they fall, as they float along,
Like Heaven's minstrelsy ;
Like the dawn's first dew,
On the heather blue,
When the woods gleam white in the moonlight pale,
When the lake is still,
And the distant rill,
Sings through the sleeping vale.

When the waving folds of the mist-robes soft
Flap wildly towards on high,
Like wreaths of smoke they float aloft,
Hiding the summer sky;
While the misty showers
Fill the budding flowers,
With dew-drops that smile in the morning's ray;
But when, too soon,
Comes the sun at noon,
The moisture fades away.

So the soft mild dew of the mist of song
Sinks gently in the soul,
It clears the mind from the passions' throng,
And purifies the whole;
But the heat of strife,
And the noon of life,
Soon dry the soul's warm tear away;
And drooping leaves,
And a heart that grieves
Bewail the noon of day.

K.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

The Unwritten Laws of Human Nature taken as a basis of written Law.

BY LUTHER MAYNARD JONES, MARLBOROUGH, N. H.

A system of laws harmonizing with his nature, and a government adapting its action to the conditions of his being, is the greatest achievement of man. Starting with first principles, eternal and sacred, such a system attains beneficent maturity, while Religion sanctions, time hallows and civilization enriches it with its noblest fruits. It is the august guardian of individuals, and a nation's most precious heritage. It stands in the world like a temple. Science, literature and art are its graceful adorning. There the reverent may enter, the obedient abide and the wronged seek redress.

Despite revolutions and the madness of anarchy, despite the record of laws transgressed and duties violated, men follow law with reverence, and justice with benedictions.

The world will never outgrow the idea which finds fit expression in the words of a christian philosopher. "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God ; her voice the harmony of the world ; all things in Heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power ; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." Profoundly penetrated with this idea, the codes of Greece, the grand old fabric of Roman law, the sturdy pillars of English Liberty, are more interesting to us, as hints of Divine ordinance, and the constitution of man, than as forms of civil polity. We are led by regressive inference from the law and its operation, to the power that made it. While civil laws, to be adapted to a given community, must arise out of circumstances, and be relative to specific ends, their source must be higher, or they lack soundness, vitality and permanence. Our subject is concerned with those fundamental principles which make law an emanation from God, and the expression of what is noblest in man. Time more and more proves the necessity of recourse to first principles ; and experience that of their proper definition. We do not here make the highest generalization to determine the few original principles from which all others are deducible, but deem it sufficient to consider all those principles which appear as *universal facts* of Human Nature, either as laws, or modifying elements, by whose harmonious conspiracy, the economy of life subsists, society advances, and man obtains all good.

Skeptics and sciolists may deny the very existence of any such thing as an Unwritten Law of Human Nature, and leave to fortuitous combination or accidental evolvement all regulating agencies of the mind, thus subjecting man to the ignoble discipline of mere experimental living.

In a world where all else is fixed, it is unreasonable to suppose the soul of man alone left to guess at truth, to venture darkly on experience, and endure the ceaseless unrest of doubt. That such laws exist, does not involve the soul's thralldom. We are most truly independent under a good law, when by obedience we have fulfilled its every demand.

The additional testimony of universal human experience and history, with the Divine declaration that "those having not the law, are a law unto themselves, which show the work of the law written in their hearts," are decisive. The advocates of chance, of fatalism, or of those milder theories whose facts defy our consciousness, and whose deductions baffle sense, may be mainly put with those errorists who sneer at Human Nature, that they may deny the Divine.

A capacity for action must be accompanied by laws. Starting then with these psychical laws as facts, we find their foundation in the purpose of a Divine Intelligence, which planned and governs the universe. Amid the disorder around, himself swayed by passion, fretting amid the wild stir of existence, and sinking with its toil, it is not strange that man is troubled to discern adaptations, that he stops at little doubts, and leaves the wonders of creation to pass by in unnoticed harmony. Yet not one, the least of these laws, in the light of true understanding, but gives us a broader faith, more reasonable hopes, a calmer life, and fresh assurance of a tie that binds us to the Infinite. This self-knowledge, this idea of all his dependencies, is man's nearest approach to supernal wisdom. Little by little, we are finding out parts of the grand outline of a plan which God has ordained for man. To this end no storehouse of wisdom compares with the system of natural laws. By these we do not refer to physical laws nor to mere instincts. The specific object of the law of Nature is to repress the inordinate activity of the instincts of nature, and guide man to perfection.

By inquiring into the rise and functions of written laws, we find them called into being by a law of Human Nature, and acting as necessary agents under its rule. This is the law which necessitates social life and the community of rights.

The sophisms and stately sayings of those who maintain that the desire of society is not natural to man, cannot disprove facts of consciousness nor prevail over right reason; though the formal institutions for managing its interests are chiefly arbitrary, it by no means follows that society is an artificial state founded in convention. Sociability satisfies man's nature more than privacy and solitude. Severance and isolation violate and degrade it.

That men are disloyal through corruption or weak recreancy; or that society often teems with wrong and mischief, does not invalidate our position. Those philosophers who maintain that the laws of Human Nature are best evinced amid the simple but low pursuits of savage life, because less warped by artificial rules, seem to choose an aspect of man, debased by low passions and animal instincts, rather

than cleared of these, by refined society and christian culture. If we show the influence of these laws as we rise toward perfection, why go downward to find what the laws are? It is more reasonable to look at human nature manifested under the most benign influences. Since the end of man is perfection, and to this he advances by the knowledge of truth, by growing in the practice of virtue, and aspiring to conformity with God, it follows that in this all men are at one, and tend toward unity. This unity, civilization is working to perfect. Its chief appliance is law, which arises in some way from the relation of the two entities—the individual and society. Men soon learned the necessity of a tribunal, whose judgments should be above the stir and clamor of private strife; which passion could not assail, nor selfishness over-ride.

The Laws of Human Nature, considered as the true basis of written laws, must be such in their *origin* as will secure to man the clearest view of the Divine will, to which as a moral agent his conduct must conform. To ascribe them to *reason*, is assuming the nature of man to be untainted, and our power of finding the truth without the possibilities of ignorance and mistake. If they have grown from *experience*, and been adopted because safe and wise, they involve us at once in doubt. At best they would afford only uncertain guidance, and leave us to square our conduct by a shifting rule of expediency. These laws must then originate with the Divine mind. This fact appears from their tendency to assimilate man to God, and from their acting constantly under a system which He manages. By these laws He truly governs man. The theocracies of to-day are spurious, and usurpations of right. But the teachings of an inward monitor, and the laws of our nature, which God has ordained; these are to us the tokens of this moral government. Just as the sun rises and sets day after day, so generations of men follow each other, all subject to the same laws of action and development. And one might as well demand that a new sun should be formed and swung into space every morning, to prove that a power able to create still exists, as to object against the moral government of God, because it is not a system of special decrees and interpositions. The laws of Human Nature evince their fitness as the basis of written laws again, by their *characteristics*. Their simplicity is marked. They pass through human affairs like right lines. This detracts nothing from their dignity. Human enactments come to us as it were, an article of legislative and judicial manufacture, and derive a kind of importance from the process. But these laws emanate from a Being who created a world by His fiat,

and kindled it with splendor by a word. This simplicity facilitates order and intelligent obedience. Were they more obscure in their nature and revelation, not only would questions of duty be involved in perplexing subtleties, but in the conduct of human affairs by civil laws, a wider opening would be left for tricks of interpretation, and the arts of chicane and malice. Statutory provisions in no respect supersede these Natural Laws, but take up and aim to give them new force and consistency. Jurisprudence, hence, is a science of adaptations, and owes to mental philosophy much of its growth and soundness. When laws and institutions are involving the administration of government in complexity ; when governors and law-givers are perplexed by the intricate problems presented on every hand, philosophy is making clearer the principles which lead to a solution, and simplifying the process by announcing these Natural Laws.

Their adaptation to man, as an *individual*, guiding him to perfection, and in *society* constituting his happiness, prove the Divine efficiency of these Laws ; while their *unchangeableness* invests them with the majesty of an eternal decree. They change not with time, and have no part with the frail and perishing. Pascal, in sad misanthropy, wrote these words : " In the just and the unjust we find hardly anything which does not change its character in changing its climate. Three degrees of an elevation of the pole reverses the whole of jurisprudence. A meridian and a few years of possession are decisive of truth. Fundamental laws change. Right has its epochs. A pleasant justice which a river or a mountain limits. Truth on this side the Pyrenees, error on the other." But two thousand years ago, a heathen sage wrote these words : " The Law of Nature is indeed a true law, common to all men, constant, immutable, eternal. Neither the Senate nor people can dispense with it ; nor does it need interpretation. It is the same at Rome and Athens ; the same to-day and to-morrow. It is the same eternal and invariable law, given at all times and places, to all nations ; because God, who is the author thereof, and has published it, Himself is always the sole master and Sovereign of mankind. Whosoever violates this law, renounces his own nature and divests himself of humanity." These are principles which will stand forever. They are the fit and only true basis of written laws. Human enactments cannot add to their inherent strength or purity ; nor, when violating them, clothe guilt with innocence, nor abate, one whit, the consequences of sin. The most outrageous of earthly usurpations is legalized crime, and villainy perpetrated in the name of law. Yet, this antagonism has been continuous. When wronged humanity has cried

for vengeance, the stern voice of Law has been heard, saying, "it is right;" and History blushes to record judicial sanction for the meanest iniquity. "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," despite its abuse, is a hint in the right direction. When laws are oppressive and rulers corrupt, what wonder that a people sweep them away with the declaration, "there is a Higher Law." Laws embody principles, but cannot make them. The astronomer looking for a star or writing a treatise, is only a discoverer of truth. He makes no law, but finds one operating. Reverse his deductions; destroy every record of Nature's laws, and it makes no difference; astronomers would begin over again to gather a harvest of light for Science. The earth would yield her fruits and the heavenly hosts still march in silent courses, where the spheres hang out their starry banners. Just so eternal and unchanging are the Laws of man's nature. Their fitness and use, as the basis of written laws, appears in their thus answering all the conditions of such laws.

Beyond this they afford the highest evidence of God's existence and of His moral attributes. They confirm revelation and the truth of the Bible as an inspired book. Leave them out and we descend to materialism, which destroys our faith by its negations, and makes religion conform to a Godless theology. These laws are not obnoxious to cavil. The rudest savage believes that some power is able to preserve him through the shock of death. "*Non omnis moriar*," is the quenchless hope of a soul yearning for immortality. This natural belief is the stoutest barrier against daring atheism, and bears down all systems of the impious and profane. Again, since laws multiply and special cases involve recourse to uncertain arbitrament, these laws must be used as the ultimate standard of reference in human affairs. In every aspect they impress us with one grand truth: the dignity of Human Nature. Though darkened by sin, it still bears the image of God. Patents of nobility cannot exalt, nor station dignify it, as it moves on to perfection by fixed laws.—A law of Reason by which man holds a place only below the Infinite. A law of Moral Obligation which embraces the whole frame-work of justice. A law of Benevolence which softens us to pity, tempers justice with mercy, and cherishes humanity with its sacrifices of love. A law of Liberty and Equality—equality which proclaims the great "*Brother-hood of man*," under a government where all are subjects,—none slaves or aliens, and manhood is kingly though uncrowned. Liberty which makes freedom the birth-right of all men, and declares it a crime and outrage to enslave a human being.

United with all these, there is a law of Development and Progress, which fills us with hope and points to a glorious consummation. Not alone to individuals, but through them to generations and civilization does this law belong.

The old poets sang of a golden period, but saw the ages unfolding by descending mutations. Philosophers beheld no token of untiring improvement, no earnest of a mighty future. Their sublime utterance glowed with no certain lesson of hope. Even when Religion had taken it up and Divine promises prefigured it, men caught its serene radiance only glimpse-wise. In the dim night of ignorance they watched, but saw not the heralds of the dawn. With Christianity came new light and a new impulse to the Law of Human Progress. The Gospel imbued the human soul with its energy, and the march of events felt its silent but resistless power. "Slowly it passed from the formularies of devotion, to the convictions of reason, and the treasury of science;" the gates of the future opened wide, the conquest of Nature began in earnest, and along with it the approach to a nobler triumph when man himself shall be subdued; when religion with its pure inspiration, patriotism with its self-sacrifice, and philanthropy with its sweet charities, shall unite to consecrate the whole race in one Brother hood.

This dawning light awoke a voice, like a Memnonian song, whose sublime harmony shall fill the world,—a voice of universal homage to the majesty of Peace, Justice and Freedom,—celebrating a redeemed humanity.

Midnight.

Under the stars, across whose patient eyes
The wind is brushing flecks of filmy cloud,
I wait for kindly night to hush and calm
The wrangling throng of cares and discontents,
The tangled troubles of a feverish brain.
From far-off church-towers, distance-muffled bells
Are slowly tolling dying midnight's age.
A surging wind sighs through the shadowy trees,
Like surf that breaks on an invisible beach,
And sends a spray of whispers on the air.

I hear the rushing of the wings of Time
Sweep by me. Voices of the murmuring Past
Chant a low dirge above my kneeling heart.
I hear—— or is it only the wild wind
Telling its ghostly dreams to the dark trees?—
Amid its pauses, as irresolute
And purposeless it gropes in fitful gusts
Throughout the darkness, sounds of years ago.
Sometimes it seems the rustle of a step,
Which made my heart beat in those years ago—
Which makes me weep to listen for it now.
Sometimes a little foolish whispered phrase,
That you would smile at, if one uttered it—
At which I smiled even as I treasured it;
A warm breath brushing lightly by my cheek—
A low-toned fragment of a sad old song—
I almost think them real, so crazed am I,
Till the shrill wind whirls them in scorn away,
And shrieks its laughter far into the gloom.
Oh, brooding night! thou mockest so bitterly
With thy wild visions and thy weird-winged wind,
That I could well believe thee all unreal,
And our whole world only a phantasy,
And we far-slanted shadows of some life
That walks between our planet and its God.
Oh, stars of Heaven! will ye not comfort me?
Voices of brother-men from long ago,
Come up to me, clasped in the leaves of books,
That tell how they too dreamed the dream of life,
And how, over Earth's fitting phantom forms
Ye shone serene and steadfast as to-night.
Unseal, unseal the secret, for whose hour
Ye wait in hushed and breathless watchfulness
Till God reveal the mystery of His will.
Is it not time to tell us why we live?
So many years we sleep, and wake, and sleep,
While—like some Magian through the mysteries
Leading in fear the blind-fold neophyte—
Time leads us dimly on, till angrily
Tired life would turn and throttle its stern guide,
Till he should tell us *whither* and *how long*
But Time gives back no answer, and the stars
Burn on, cold, hushed and changeless as before,
And we go back baffled and stolidly
To the old, weary, hollow-hearted world;
To the old endless search for life in death—
The restless, hopeless roaming after rest.

An Interview with Charles Sumner.

MOST American young men take a peculiar interest in the personal appearance and social character of distinguished orators, scholars, and statesmen. To be in the presence of those who occupy the front rank of official life, to drink in from the lips of the accomplished orator the eloquence of his private conversation, and to luxuriate in the rich stores of learning with which the finished scholar entertains and instructs; these are privileges of which many collegians are eager to avail themselves. It seems like sharing in a feast from the mental storehouse which these men have employed their lives in filling; it seems like catching a glimpse of that elysium of intellectual contentment, of which those who have made the elevation of the mind their incessant study, must be perpetual partakers. We are for the moment lifted above the interests of the world around us, into a noble communion with master minds, and the contemplation of natural genius, enriched by frequent intercourse with books. By even a brief communion with such men, we are enabled to imagine how delightful a continued intercourse must be; and it seems an abundant inducement to labor, to expand and enrich the mind, that we may in the future be permitted to indulge in the pleasant realities of such an intimacy.

It was our good fortune, during the last vacation, to enjoy a highly interesting interview with the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, who is renowned not more for his eloquence as an orator, than for his peculiar affability and vivacity of temper. Although we were entire strangers, yet, as the custom is universal at the Federal metropolis to call upon public men with perfect freedom, we had no hesitation in repairing to his rooms, and sending up our cards. The room in which the Senator received us was large and handsomely furnished, and its walls were embellished with numerous engravings, and other mementoes of his tour in Europe; and as a person's taste is nowhere more apparent than in the decorations with which he adorns his room, it was evident that Mr. Sumner's was for the classical and antique. Some of the engravings were English, and represented either beautiful localities in that country, or portraits of eminent men; but most of them were either continental or else representatives of some historical incident. On a mantle, also, there was a portrait of the rebellious Thaddeus Hyatt, sent to Mr. S. by that gentleman (as a note in one corner indicated) as a tribute of personal regard.

It is impossible to describe the cordiality with which, for strangers, we were received, and the sincerity of the welcome which the Senator gave us. His manner, as also his personal appearance, is at first highly prepossessing. His tall, robust, healthy figure; his finely chiseled features, (of which his nose is remarkable for its straightness and symmetry); his deep toned voice, and his abrupt, though kind and hearty manner, all inspire one with respect at first meeting him; and this respect is increased to reverence, as his highly accomplished mind becomes disclosed by further intercourse.

On learning that we were Students, and from Yale, he seemed pleased, and entered at once into a free and cordial conversation with us. We cannot forbear to mention that he paid a very high encomium upon the character and attainments of our respected President, with whom he said he once spent some delightful hours. His remarks upon this institution were such as gratified our Student pride, and showed that those who owe the greatest debts of gratitude to Harvard, are constrained to render her great rival a just share of praise. In the course of our interview, Mr. Sumner entertained us with a very interesting account of the Latin maxim so often quoted,

“*Insedis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdin.*”

He said that it had long been a mystery to the most thoroughly versed Latin scholars, from what author this celebrated line had emanated. Its metre, and the reference to the two dark promontories of the Italian coast, seemed to direct its origin to Virgil; but in none of the writings of the great poet did this line appear. It being a subject of great interest to all classical scholars to ascertain its origin, Mr. S. of course participated very warmly in this feeling. When he went to Europe some ten years ago, he was visiting the late Dr. Maltby, Lord Bishop of Durham, at his episcopal palace, when the prelate one morning asked him if he knew the origin of that line? He replied that he did not, but was very curious to ascertain. The Bishop, thereupon, to Mr. Sumner's great delight, produced the works, not of Virgil, or of any other classical author, but of a *mediæval* poet, almost wholly unknown to fame, in which was found the line:

“*Insedis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdin.*”

Mr. Sumner returned home, and when on an early occasion after his return, he chanced to meet some of his distinguished literary friends (among whom he mentioned Profs. Felton and Longfellow), he reported the fact of his having seen the line; but he had forgotten the name of the author. On his second visit to Europe,

from which he has but recently returned, he repaired to the British Museum (of which noble institution he was kind enough to give us a description,) and there, after searching among old tomes for a while, he found the much-sought-for volume. He was so much pleased at discovering it, that he did not rise from his seat until he had perused the work from beginning to end. The name of the author was "Gualterus," and the title of the book "Alexandreid," or the Exploits of Alexander the Great. Mr. S. could not be contented until he had traversed the book stores of London, in search of a second copy, which he might preserve and transfer to his library at home. He was, however, unsuccessful in his search. Learning, just before his return to America, that an auction of antique works of great rarity and value, was about to take place in London, before leaving England, he commissioned a friend to attend the sale, and if the "Alexandreid" should be offered, to purchase it at any reasonable price. "And a few days ago," said the Senator, "when I received my package of English letters, I found a little square bundle, carefully done up and directed to me; and what was my surprise and delight, on opening it, to find that I was really the possessor of the only copy of that precious little book in America!" He brought out the volume and displayed it to us. You have no idea of the real eloquence and hearty enthusiasm with which he related to us this interesting little episode in his travels; and he actually wrought us up to enthusiasm over the line and the work, by his lively narrative of it.

Perceiving us to be interested in the mementoes of his European tour which adorned his apartment, he brought out a very curious *album*, which was presented to him by the public authorities at Geneva. It seems to have been a prevalent custom among the Italian noblemen of the seventeenth century, to keep small albums for the purpose of preserving the signatures of any distinguished persons whom they chanced to meet; and they were particularly in vogue at that city, which was to Protestantism what Rome was to Catholicism, the fountain head of its theological dogmas. For Geneva was the principal city on the highway between north-western Europe and Rome; and so many were the literary, religious and pleasure seeking pilgrims, who at that day longed to catch a glimpse of the land of history, of papacy, and of art, that the travel hence was quite extensive; and this of course greatly facilitated the collecting of signatures of renowned strangers.

The album which Mr. Sumner showed to us, belonged to a Neapolitan nobleman, resident at Geneva, who collected the signatures pre-

served therein, between the years 1606 and 1640. It contains very many curious specimens, some of Italian and German nobles, with their family crests elegantly emblazoned upon the same leaf with their names; and some English, French and Spanish autographs. The most curious of all, and one which cannot fail to be of interest to every one who has pondered with delight over "Paradise Lost," was that of John Milton, dated June, 1634. It was written when the poet was on his famous pilgrimage to Rome; a journey which had filled his happiest dreams from early boyhood, and the reality of which was at last fulfilled. While passing through the city of Geneva, he sojourned a day or two with the nobleman who possessed this book, and in it, at the request of the owner, inscribed the following:

"—If vertue feeble were,
Heaven itselfe would stoop to her.

Coelum non animâ muto dum trans mare curro.

JOHANNES MILTONIUS.

Junii 15, 1634.

Anglus."

The first line, it will be noticed, is from his "Comus;" the second from Horace, with the words "mutant" and "currunt" changed to "muto" and "curro," in order to apply to himself; a pardonable vanity, perhaps, in so illustrious a man. Another, of interest only inferior to that of Milton, was a signature of Thomas Wentworth, afterward Earl of Strafford, who was beheaded for his adherence to the cause of Charles the First, by the Great Protector. It was written when Wentworth was but twenty-one years of age, and while traveling on the Continent, as was the custom of young Englishmen of rank to do in those days, to complete their education.

To give a full description of the names and passages in this book, would take up more space than we are allowed, and hence we desist, with remarking, that it is certainly one of the most curious relics of the past now in existence.

After enjoying for some time longer, Mr. Sumner's delightful company, we retired from a presence which had fairly fascinated us. And we came away convinced that whatever may be the distrust with which his political course and fanatical tirades may be regarded, (and both are certainly to be deprecated,) it cannot but be acknowledged that in the privacy of social life, he is the affable gentleman and the generous scholar; and that his faults are to be ascribed to the ill-balanced enthusiasm of a mind, which, with all the culture which a continuous life of study can impart, has been trained to regard as of paramount importance in American politics, an unceasing warfare upon the institution of slavery.

G. M. T.

"Appointments."

THERE appeared in the *Lits* of last term, two brief articles which attracted more than ordinary attention; not on account of any elaborate rhetoric or subtlety of thought,—nothing of this kind was attempted,—but because they embodied the opinions of College on two subjects of interest and importance. They struck at what their authors, in common with the majority of right-thinking men in College, consider faults of our system;—one of which faults (perhaps both) has been handed down, with a few other absurdities, among the larger mass of valuable legacies bequeathed us by the fathers of the institution. These articles were a step in the right direction. If such expressions of opinion have any influence, they must accomplish, in the end, at least one of two good results. Either they will call such attention to the objectionable matter, as will result in its modification or abolishment; or they will, at least, open the subject to a discussion which may convince those holding false opinions, of their incorrectness. The latter result, when a possible one, is very desirable. There is more discontent with College, and lack of interest in study, caused by a few superfluous trammels in the system, than by all the laziness and dissipation of the five hundred of us. Objectionable features *will* find their way into the best of systems; (meaning, of course, ours;) but if we falsely over-estimate them, let our ideas be stated and corrected, by all means.

We have a few things to say in regard to appointments for Junior Exhibition and Commencement. We expect to say nothing which has not been said, at sometime, before: but merely to express connectedly a few common-sense ideas which have floated, in a desultory manner, through almost every brain in College.

These exhibitions are so few, and, moreover, are restricted to so small a number of individuals, that they can scarcely be considered as having for an object, practice in public speaking. Aside from this, there appear to be two main purposes which they are intended to accomplish: viz., to display the results of the College training, and to make participation in the exhibitions an incentive to study. We propose briefly to examine how far they, at present, assist these objects.

It is proper that in exhibitions of this kind, the best talent of a class should be displayed. This is acknowledged by the Faculty, inasmuch as they select the *best* scholars. But is the criterion of *scholarship*, congruous with the nature of exhibitions which are (with the exception of

one or two pieces in the ancient languages) purely displays of *oratory*? Excellence in composition and declamation is certainly the highest requisite, and scholarship is not required except as an assistant to it. The *kind* of scholarship thus required, exists much more in general literature than in the narrow College curriculum. It is plain, then, that the capacities which entitle one to speak at these exhibitions, play an extremely subordinate part in them.

It may be urged, that the compositions and declamations of the course are taken into account in giving appointments. We have roughly estimated how far they are thus considered. Our calculation was founded on the current belief, (we do not vouch for its correctness,) that a composition, dispute or declamation counts as much as a week's recitations on any one subject. We threw all fractions of time, etc. in favor of the "literary exercises," as College calls them. We find at this more than liberal estimate, that the Junior appointment stand is influenced but *one-eighth* as much by "literary exercises" as by recitations; and the Commencement appointment stand, still less. The relative influence of the two departments on the merit of the exhibitions, is certainly the reverse of this ratio.

The discrepancy is large, and not on the side of reason; since scholarship is made the qualification, one would naturally expect the exhibitions to be of scholarship also. "The fitness of things" requires a change. If it is necessary that the best scholars should be displayed, why not give them something best adapted for them to do? For instance, subject one man to an examination in Greek; give another a page of disconnected facts expressed in some such diluted language as that of Whateley's Rhetoric, and let him astonish the audience by the celerity and accuracy with which he will learn them; have a third sit, uninterrupted by the hubbub of the exhibition, engaged in hard study for five consecutive hours, in order to show his faculties of perseverance and concentration; and so on through the appointments. Surely this would make the exhibitions more consistent, and, in some instances, *fully as interesting*.

We do not wish to be considered, in this, as disparaging scholarship. We acknowledge its value and admire proficiency in it. We think that, in College at least, it should be esteemed as highly and rewarded as fully as any other department of effort; but we do claim that its rewards should be of a nature consistent with it, and that it should not be permitted to encroach on other provinces of equal merit.

There are very few who are *unable* to get appointments, if

they want them. Where brains won't burn phosphorus, lamps will burn "midnight oil," and the result is the same, as far as scholarship goes. Appointments are not as much sought after as they would be, if they were obtained only by the favored few, and the result is, that they do not fully accomplish the purpose of being incentives to study. If men work for them from any motive but their own improvement, it is generally from an innocently vain desire to show off their eloquence and new clothes; not from a conviction that appointments are necessarily criterions of talent. This conviction is rare, and its absence sometimes gives room for the supposition, (often unjust!) that vanity is the motive of study. Such influences move College sentiment towards indifference in regard to appointments,—this tends to deteriorate the exhibitions; the poor displays send general opinion a step lower, and so the reaction is kept up, while the exhibitions get worse and worse every year.

There is another main consideration worthy of much more attention than we have opportunity to give it. Every thing abnormal on one side of reason is sure to beget a contrary extreme somewhere. On the same principle, this exaltation of scholarship beyond its own province, by the Faculty, has a strong, and we believe successful, tendency to produce an equally unreasonable depreciation of it by the students. In the first place, we are the veriest set of iconoclasts in the world; if we see anything more than ordinarily high, we want to knock it down for that very reason. Again, on the better side, if we think anything is oppressed, be it a truth-principle, or a news-boy with his head shaved, we magnify its excellence, and (mentally, at least,) set about improving its condition. We think scholarship is too high, and don't do its worth justice. We think talent is not appreciated, and therefore worship not only *the* thing itself, but pay honor to eccentricity and the "indolence of genius." Certain it is, that scholarship commands less respect from us than from students elsewhere. If there is any enthusiasm among us, (and there is enough of it,) it is devoted to anything rather than study. Men get up early in the morning and work like coal-heavers to get their muscle up for a boat race, while they are indifferent to scholastic prizes obtainable with half the labor. Others, whose stands barely keep them decently in College, will take up Music, German or Choctaw, rather than devote their time to the legitimate studies of the course. Poor scholarship is not the worst consequence, however. It is an easy step from indifference in one habit to laziness in all.

After all, it is consoling to know that other people have been worse off than we are. A gentleman who graduated early in the century, has told the writer that in his college days, the appointments were regulated almost entirely, (in fact, *entirely* entirely, if we correctly remember his statement,) by proficiency in Mathematics. We are now some distance in advance of this absurdity, but the same influence, lessened in degree, oppresses us still. We hope, for our prospective children's sake, that an equal advance will not require another fifty years. There are many simple methods of bringing our system of appointments and exhibitions to a closer accordance with reason, and nearer the excellence to which YALB has a right to aspire. The necessity is not that the rewards of scholarship should be lessened, but that they should be made more consistent with the peculiarities of scholarship itself, and with common sense. Such changes would not only cause us to make a better show in public, but they would do wonders in removing the indolence and indifference which curse the every-day life of so many of us. Reform starts in the expressed necessities of the governed rather than in the impulses of rulers; and it is but just to presume that such expressions are as apt to be the result of honest conviction as of presumption or unreasonable discontent.

H.

Sabbath Evening.

Still Sabbath Eve! I love thy quiet hours.
Here do I sit alone—No, not *alone*,
For thou thyself art with me, and I feel
Thy soothing, solemn presence. To thy sweet
And saddening influence, which steals its way
Into my heart, my willing spirit yields.
The herald too, which thou dost send before
To tell all those who love thee to rejoice,
And for thy coming (all too long delayed,)
Prepare, for Sabbath Eve is near—the Star,
Which thou, of all, hast chosen for thine own,
(And which I love because it is thy star,)
Already has proclaimed her mistress near.
Here would I sit and muse, while thou dost draw
Thy gently-folding curtains, closer round.
—How still all Nature is! For she was awed
At thine approach, and told her whispering winds
To cease their whispers when the evening came;

And to their homes she sent the noisy birds,
And bade the quiet little stars come forth
And see thee pass. And now the pale, still moon
She summons forth, and sends, with her soft beam
To lighten up thy way—Then pass thou on!
And yet we would detain thee, for we love
To look upon thy sweet, sad, holy face.
Yes! Daughter of the Morning and the Night,
Born in an hour, the best of that best day,
Still Sabbath Eve! we love thee.

C. E.

Numismatics and the Yale College Collection.*

It is an indisputable fact that—*negari non potest quin*—the numismatic fever in a very malignant type has broken out in America. It has chiefly seized the young, though there are enough adult patients to show that every age is exposed. It seems to spread by inoculation. The subject having received a few coins from a relative returned from Europe, or from some collector who finds it necessary to thin out his treasures, soon develops the symptoms. He turns over and over the infectious coppers, tries them by every light, deciphers what he can of device, date, and denomination, wonders if his curiosities are genuine, seeks some testimony that they are rare, and reads interesting descriptions which seem to apply to every variety except what he has. He desires some of those wonderful specimens, that his own, which now are almost despicable, may shine by their reflected light. The purses of fathers and brothers are regularly searched, but with no more covetous purpose than to discover, and of course to appropriate, any curious coin which may have come in change. The family grocer becomes an invaluable assistant; and as he brings from behind tea-caddies and from among his blue and red paper packages the "bung-town" coppers which have been imposed on him unawares, the young collector's eyes sparkle with delight. His museum presently becomes so large that close consultations are held with sisters and playmates as to the necessity of a more commodious receptacle. He

*For the above contribution we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. F. P. Brewer, who has recently arranged the college collection.—Ed.

has used match-boxes long enough. A well contrived plea to parents secures a large case, which must be filled with speed. A happy method of multiplying specimens occurs to him; to wit, to collect the cents and half-cents of every year; for as they bear different dates they are substantially different coin.

The youth is now decidedly changed. Love-sickness is not more powerful than coin-sickness to draw away from ordinary concerns. The patient forgets birds and flowers, marbles and kites, to talk and dream only of types and legends, obverses and reverses, antiques and uniques.

The zeal of collectors is felt far and wide in the community. It has developed a new branch of trade in our large cities. An English dealer told us that the price of American coins had increased 300 per cent. in three years. A host of ugly creations of past times are vanishing from our circulation. Even the country people are beginning to feel that the money which they use, is really a work of art, had a designer, has a history, and may have a value for something besides currency. They part with a defaced copper or quarter with the disquieting thought that, perhaps, it is an all but priceless treasure. No common sense is able to show what cents are uncommon, nor is the rarity of a penny to be determined by ordinary penetration.

There is however, aside from all that is trifling, much real advantage to be obtained from the pursuit, and it is therefore with pleasure that we see an increasing interest in numismatics felt in college also. To meet its wants among us, the nucleus of a cabinet has been obtained for the institution and deposited, with the exception of the gold coins, in the Library. It is systematically arranged in a chest of drawers on a plan which will admit of extensive additions without change. In the department of ancient coins, the geographical order has been adopted for the issues of cities and countries, under each of which the autonomous and imperial are chronologically arranged. Thus a coin of Nero struck at Antioch of Syria and bearing the civic emblems and titles on the reverse, will be found among the coins of that city. But since the time of Constantine, the issues of the several mints being distinguished by little more than initials, nor always by them, are no longer separated from the regular currency of the empire. The Roman coins are of course arranged chronologically.

In the modern department, the geographical arrangement of the larger divisions has been followed, except where it conflicted with our patriotism. The first place in America is of course given to the U. S.; to which are assigned all coins and tokens struck in any part of

what is now our territory, or for circulation therein; all medals in honor of its citizens or particularly pertaining to its history, even though in a European collection they would be appropriately classified elsewhere. The present political boundaries are taken for boundaries in the cabinet, so that the currency of duchies which have been absorbed in France or mediatized in Prussia are placed in connection with those countries respectively: the coins of the German Empire intended for the Netherlands will be found with those of Holland; those for Nuremburgh, with Bavaria. Coins of particular colonies are not placed with the mother country, but where they fall geographically, as Gibraltar with Spain and Sierra Leone in Africa; although the copper of Louis Philippe marked Colonies Francaises, corresponding with the home monetary system and bearing the name of no particular colony, is to be found in the French drawer. In general the system laid down by R. S. Poole in the Encyc. Brit. 8th edition, Article Numismatics, has been followed, except that the Byzantine coins are retained with the ancient instead of being placed with the modern, and the oriental are not formed into a grand division by themselves. A separate department is assigned for the varieties of our continental paper money, a collection of which has been begun.

The college had for a long time possessed some coins which were on exhibition in the Trumbull Gallery. Thus we find notice of a siege-piece of Newark, belonging to the Yale College collection, with an engraving of it in Lambert's "Colony of New Haven," 1838. No catalogue was ever made of these as far as we know. The cabinet of Mr. T. H. Johns of Canandaigua, N. Y., came to the college after his death. This was especially rich in English coins, furnishing the greater part of what are now here, and contained a number of Roman imperial dug up in England. The Roman family coins were chiefly bought at an auction sale in N. Y., in Oct., 1856. Most of the copies of American medals were obtained of Mr. Thomas Wyatt, whose descriptive catalogue is in the Library. Since the collection has been arranged, 1028 coins have been presented by friends and acknowledged in the N. H. Journal and Courier. About half of these, including many large silver coins, were collected by the late Miss Sarah Maria L. Street, and presented by her mother. The chief deficiency is in the department of ancient coins in which we should be best supplied. Our scholars who give much time to the study of Greek and Roman authors, labor under a disadvantage, not so much felt by European students, in being removed so far in space, as well as in time, from the places and scenes which molded that literature. Classic names in-

deed abound, but our Rome is not the seven-hilled city; our Athens is without an acropolis, and our Alexandria contains neither Cleopatra's needle nor Pompey's pillar. Many a German town has more relics of Roman times than exist in our whole country. We are disjointed from the regions of classical antiquity, distant from its remains, and the language comes to us twice dead. True, the taste of travel is more indulged of late, so that many of our scholars see some portion of the old world; but this cannot be done by the majority, at least in their early education, when external helps are most needed to make book knowledge vivid and real. If a class could be taken to see the Tiber on the same day that they studied the story of Cocles; or return from Colonus to read how the blind Oedipus came to the sacred spot grown over with the laurel, the olive and the vine, or go from their Iliad to the gallery of Aeginetan sculptures at Munich, the pupils might be no better able in consequence to decline a noun or trace an etymology, but they would be brought more into sympathy with their author, and more ready for the mental labor of fully comprehending and analyzing his thought.

This evil of our trans-Atlantic distance may be diminished. Much may be done, as is done in European universities, in respect to the art treasures and scenic advantages of other places, by paintings of scenery, models of public buildings, and plaster copies of statues and carvings. The curators of museums are liberal in this matter, and in almost every large collection of ancient statues one can see fac-similes of the choicest works existing in all parts of the world. We might have here, as the English have in the Sydenham Crystal Palace copies of the gems of modern as well as ancient sculpture. But while we cannot expect many more discoveries of ancient statues to furnish our college halls with collections of originals, nor can afford to bring hither Egyptian obelisks like that of the Place de la Concorde, nor a whole temple, as did the Prussian sovereign to Berlin, it is possible to form a collection of coins, genuine relics of antiquity, which shall be a miniature, yet complete gallery of ancient art, a witness to ancient civilization, and a rich repository of those various items of knowledge that adhere to the stamped metal.

Of the many uses of such a cabinet we will give a single example. The mythology of the Greeks or the popular conception among them of divine beings was shaped as truly by the works of artists as by those of poets. Athena and Ares were not abstract and impersonal deities of wisdom and war, proper to be invoked for blessings in their departments, but they had human form and features which

were recognizable by every child. They are often represented on coins, and almost always without names, so well known were they. The existence of this knowledge was assumed by writers when the divinities were introduced into their dramatic and epic compositions, and its possession is a bond of sympathy between author and reader. It cannot be obtained from description, nor yet from ordinary engravings so quickly, so accurately or so satisfactorily as from a brief study of the portraits on coins. Many other advantages to be obtained from the same source are happily set forth by the poet Addison in his "Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals. Especially in relation to the Latin and Greek Poets."

Even a small collection is useful to stimulate a taste for history in the collector; but the value of a cabinet for historical reference increases in proportion and more than in proportion to its size. Our museum will soon be enlarged so as to make its utility felt, if a little pains be taken by those interested in the object, to supply what is wanting. For the convenience of such persons, the following catalogue has been prepared.*

CATALOGUE OF YALE COLLEGE NUMISMATIC COLLECTION,

—JUNE, 1860.—

ANCIENT.—CITIES AND PRINCES.

	<i>Silver.</i>	<i>Cop.</i>		<i>Silver.</i>	<i>Cop.</i>
Rhegium,	--	1	Phlius,	--	1
Panormus,	--	2	Messenia,	--	1
Syracuse,	--	4	Laconia. Lacedæmon,	--	2
Hieron I	--	2	Arcadia,	--	1
Agathocles,	--	3	Ionia. Erythræ,	--	1
Hieron II,	--	6	Syria. Seleucus incertus,	--	1
Cossura,	1	--	Seleucia. Antiochia ad Orontem,	--	--
Macedonia,	--	1	Nero,	--	1
Philippus II,	--	1	Galba,	--	1
Alexander Magnus,	1	1	Trajanus,	--	2
Antigonus Gonatas,	--	1	Antoninus Pius,	--	1
Thessalia Aenianes,	--	1	Philippus II,	--	1
Pharcadon,	--	1	Undetermined,	--	4
Aetolia,	--	1	Laodicea ad mare. Autonomous,	--	7
Locris,	--	1	Domitianus,	--	1
Boeotia,	--	2	Trajanus,	--	2
Thespieæ,	--	1	M. Aur Antoninus,	--	1
Attica. Athenac,	2	3	Undetermined Emperors,	--	16
Achaia. Corinthus,	1	1	Phœnice. Tyrus, Demetrius,	1	--
Nero,	--	2	Aradus,	1	1
Sicyon,	--	1	Undetermined,	--	8

* Although it is desirable, to some extent, to have fairer specimens or new varieties of what are already on hand, yet coins and medals not found in the catalogue would be especially desirable.—Donations may be left at the College Library.

	<i>Sile.</i>	<i>Cop.</i>		<i>Sile.</i>	<i>Cop.</i>
Aegyptus. Ptolemaeus I. Soter,	1	--	Rubrius Dossenus,	1	--
XI Auletes,	--	1	Scribonius Libo,	1	--
Undetermined,	--	6	Sentius,	1	--
Alexandria. Nero,	1	--	Saturninus,	1	--
M. Aurelius,	--	1	Servilius Rullus,	1	--
Gallienus,	1	--	Sicinius,	1	--
Quietus,	--	1	Silius Nerva,	1	--
Claudius Gothicus,	--	1	Titius,	1	--
Aurelianus,	--	1	Titurius,	3	--
Vabalathus,	--	1	Valerius Acisculus,	1	--
Undetermined,	--	87	Vibius Pansa,	2	--
			Varus,	1	--
ROME.			Augustus, B. C. 27—A. D. 14.,		
			IIIViri monetales,		
Republican As,	--	3	Apronius,	--	1
Sextans,	--	1	Asinius Gallus,	--	1
Uncia,	--	1	Lurion Agrippa,	--	1
			Mæcilius Tullus,	--	2
FAMILY COINS.			Plotius Rufus,	--	1
Aelius Bala,	1	--	Salvius Otho,	--	1
Aemilius Scaurus,	1	--	Valerius Messala,	--	1
Antestius	1	--	Divus Augustus,	--	2
Gragulus,	1	--	Agrippa, M. Vipsanius,	--	1
Antonius Balbus,	1	--	Tiberius, A. D. 14—37,	--	--
Aquilius,	1	--	22	--	1
Atilius Saranus,	1	--	Drusus, junior, son of Tiberius,	--	1
Bæbius,	1	--	Germanicus, nephew of Tiberius,	--	1
Cæcilius Metellus Scipio,	1	--	Vespasianus. A. D. 69—79,	1	1
Calpurnius, Piso Frugi,	1	--	70	1	--
Carisius quinarius,	1	--	72 or 73,	1	3
Cipius,	1	--	74,	--	2
Claudius,	1	--	75,	1	--
Pulcher,	1	--	Titus,	79—81	1
Cloulius,	1	--	79,	1	--
Coelius Caldus,	1	--	Domitianus,	81—96,	--
Cornelius Lentulus,	1	--	75,	1	--
Lent. Marcellinus,	1	--	86,	--	3
Sulla Dictator,	2	--	87,	--	2
Crepusius,	2	--	90,	1	--
Fonteius Capito,	1	--	92,	1	--
Gellius,	1	--	Nerva,	95—98,	--
Junius Silanus,	2	--	97,	1	1
Licinius,	1	--	Trajanus,	98—117,	--
Livineius Regulus,	1	--	101—3,	1	--
Lucretius,	1	--	105—12,	1	--
Maenius Antiaticus,	1	--	112—17,	3	--
Mamilius Limetanus,	1	--	Hadrianus,	111—138,	--
Marcus Censorinus,	1	--	117,	1	--
Minucius Rufus,	1	--	119 or after,	4	5
Papirius Carbo,	1	--	Sabina, wife of Hadrian,	1	--
Pinarius Natta,	1	--	Aelius. A. D. 137,	--	1
Plaetorius Cestianus,	2	--	Antoninus Pius, 138—161,	--	2
Plautius,	1	--	140,	--	1
Publicius Malleolus,	1	--	146,	1	--
Pompeius Faustulus,	1	--	152,	1	--
Porcius Cato,	3	--	153,	1	--
Postumius,	1	--	155,	1	--
Proculus,	1	--	Faustina Senior Diva,	2	--
Ronius,	1	--	M. Aurelius, 161—180,	--	1

	Sile.	Cop.		Sile.	Cop.
M. Aurelius, 145,	1	--	Crispus, 317—26,	--	4
173,	--	1	Delmatius,	--	1
Divus,	--	1	Constantinus II. 317—40,	--	10
Faustina, junior,	2	1	323—61, Cæsar,	--	8
Lucilla, wife of L. Verus,	2	1	Augustus,	--	5
Didius Julianus, 193,	--	1	Magnentius, 350—3, (<i>gold</i>)	--	3
Sept. Severus, 193—211,	--	--	Decentius, 351—3,	--	1
198—201,	1	--	Julianus, 455—63 Augustus,	--	1
209,	1	--	Valentinianus I. 354—75,	1	2
Domna, Julia Augusta,	4	--	Gratianus. 367—83,	--	1
Julia Pia Felix Augusta,	--	1	Honorius. 395—423,	--	1
Caracalla, 211—17,	--	--	EASTERN EMPIRE.		
201—3,	--	1	Arcadius. 384—408,	1	2
215,	2	--	Anastasius. 491—518,	--	1
Elagabalus, 218—22,	--	1	Justinianus. 527—65,	--	2
219,	--	1	Justinus II. 565—78,	--	4
221,	1	--	and Sophia,	--	1
Julia Maesa,	1	--	Tib. Constantinus. 578—82,	--	1
Severus Alexander. 222—35,	--	2	Mauricius, 582—602,	--	1
Mamea, mother of Sev. Alex.	--	1	Michael II., and Theophilus,	--	1
Maximinus. 235—38,	--	1	820—9,	--	1
Gordianus III. 238—44,	2	1	Theophilus, 829—842,	--	1
Philippus I. 244—49.	--	1	Michael III. and Theodora,	--	1
Philippus II.	1	--	842—67,	--	1
Herennia Etruscilla,	--	1	Romanus I. 919—44,	--	1
Trebonianus Gallus, 251—4,	1	--	Johannes I. Zimisceas,	--	1
Volusianus'	1	--	969—76,	--	1
Gallienus. 253—68,	--	6	Alexius I. Comnenus, 1081—	--	1
Salonina,	--	3	1118,	--	1
Postumus. 258—67,	--	6	Undetermined,	--	1 123
267,	--	1	Total ancient coin.	2 120 583	
Laelianus, 267,	--	2	MODERN COINS.		
Victorinus. 267—7,	--	20	United States before 1775,	--	8 13
Marius. 267,	1	2	Washington pieces,	--	19
Tetricus Pater, 267—73,	--	16	Struck 1776—91,	--	72
Filius,	--	7	Mint,	--	12 161
Claudius Gothicus, 268—70,	--	8	Struck since 1792,	--	115
Divus,	--	3	British America,	--	58
Probus. 276—82,	--	2	Other American States,	--	48 36
Carinus. 283—5,	--	2	Great Britain,	5 194 341	
Dioeletian, 284—305,	--	3	Sweden,	--	4 22
Maximianus Hercules, 286—308	--	1	Denmark,	--	9 4
Constantius Chlorus, 292—306	--	1	Netherlands and Belgium,	--	10 35
Cæsar,	--	1	France,	--	26 91
Galerius Maximianus, 292—311,	--	2	Spain,	1 25 77	
Cæsar,	--	4	Portugal,	--	8 20
Carausius, 287—93,	--	1	Germany,	--	72 72
Allectus. 293—96,	--	1	Switzerland,	--	8 45
Maximinus Daza, 305—13,	--	1	Italy,	--	49 80
Maxentius, 306—12,	--	3	Russia,	--	4 23
Licinius, Pater 307—123,	--	1	Greece,	--	2 8
Filius,	--	1	Turkish dominions,	1 31 7	
Constantinus M. 306—47.307,	--	34	Oriental and African,	--	12 74
Augustus,	--	1			
Constantinopolis,	--	1			
Roma,	--	5	TOTAL MODERN COINS,	7 519 1347	

Book Notices.

Life Before Him. A Novel. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

WE always open the heralding volume of a new poet or novelist, with a feeling more serious, we are sure, than curiosity. The mere fact that *another* has stepped forward to offer *his* illustrations of the way the world goes on, is of sober interest, without immediately questioning how he does it. And as to the *how*, while one holds the book in his hand, as yet unopened, there is plenty of opportunity for the awakening of a great throng of hopes and fears about the character and powers of the new comer. A new poet or novelist is, in our opinion, *per se* an interesting phenomenon.

We are all glad to seize the extended hand of this one, and give it a good shake; for he is a man one likes to hear talk. These stories of now-a-days, so far as the *stories* go, are so excessively inane and flaccid, that, of course, we have stopped looking for anything new or admirable in dramatic *plot*. If the characters are not absurdly hyper-natural, and can talk well, die pathetically, and marry in good deep blood-color, it is all we can expect, for it is all we ever get. There is an intensity of sensation in this book, which never droops into mediocrity, and which makes it good for us to read,—we, who are in such danger of getting our blood stagnant, and our fire and enthusiasm evaporated out of us.

For sale by Thomas H. Pease, Chapel street.

Against Wind and Tide. By HOLME LEE, Author of *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, &c., &c.

This Holme Lee, appears to be of the Thackeratic school of novel writers; a cold-cut, insincere sort of man, who knows several things. He follows his master in the peculiarity of talking freely about his characters, while the scenes are being shifted; assuring his audience, from time to time, that this "Pyramus is not a real Pyramus," and this lion, despite his roaring, is only "Snug, the joiner." The plot of the story is laid in England, in order, we suppose, to have the benefit of the "Manors" and "Granges," and Sir Thomas Tompkin's; for, with the exception of a couple of pages of mill-riot, it might all have been located in Pinktown, or Jonesville, U. S. A. There are a host of absurdities and crudities in it, from first to last; yet it is worth reading simply for the naturalness about it, so far above the live-happy-ever-after doings of the perfectionist novels. This man gives you the curl-papers over-night, as well as the curls at breakfast. Withal, his gen-

eralizing and quasi-philosophic glances-aside, are worth hearing, and there is, at least, one good character in the book; so that it will kill a rainy afternoon pleasantly, and being handsomely got up by the Townsends, will help adorn that rather shabbily-lined bookcase. To be procured by calling on Mr. T. H. Pease, Chapel street.

The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature, July, 1860. For sale by T. H. Pease, Chapel Street.

If any one has a spare five dollar bill upon his person, he had better therewith pay the amount of his subscription to Foreign Missions. But if he has already paid it—which we are not prepared to say is utterly impossible—he should at once repair to the store above mentioned, and ask to be allowed to subscribe for the *Eclectic Magazine*, which everybody knows is of more account than any other of the Monthlies, on either side of the Atlantic. The last number begins with an engraving of the Earl of Elgin, late Governor General of Canada, and follows it up with seventeen articles; among which are, “Lord Macaulay and his writings;” one on “Preaching and Preachers,” and a short, but horribly circumstantial article, entitled, “Snakes I have met.”

The Knickerbocker :

The July Number, in spite of the warm weather, comes out as cool and crisp as a fresh head of lettuce. Among its varied contents we notice, as an exhilarating article, the “*Trout-Book of the Year.*” For sale by Thomas H. Pease, Chapel street.

The Songs of Yale: New Edition.

This issue contains all the older songs, together with such of the latest as were deemed worthy to be put into the collection. An excellent view of the Colleges, graces the volume. For sale at 155 Divinity College.

Memorabilia Valensia.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

In the late choice of officers for LINONIA and the BROTHERS IN UNITY, there was a step taken in the right direction. As far back as our knowledge extends, there has been more or less strife between the three Junior Societies for the election of their respective candidates. Junior "politics," so called, have to a considerable extent entered into and controlled the elections. The contest—not to speak of the injudicious choice sometimes made, has not unfrequently been attended with considerable personality and ill-feeling, which have done much to impair friendship between men and classes. The best way, beyond all question, if practicable, would be to make no nominations by societies, but to leave College untrammelled in its choice. The next best way, and the one adopted this year, is for the several Junior societies to agree upon suitable candidates, thereby avoiding "electioneering" and other attendant evils, which usually follow in the train of a closely contested campaign. For some of the minor offices there always has been, and probably always will be, more or less society conflict. But if in the choice of Presidents and Vice-Presidents, the Junior Societies hereafter will do as much as has been done this year, they will have helped to remove from our elections a very ancient and serious evil.

The elections held on Wednesday evening, May 30, resulted as follows:

LINONIA.		BROTHERS IN UNITY.
	<i>President,</i>	
S. ARTHUR BENT.		TRACY PECK, JR.
	<i>Vice-President,</i>	
WILLIAM E. SIMS.		JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY.
	<i>Librarian,</i>	
PETER COLLIER.		ROBERT H. FITZHUGH.
	<i>Vice-Librarian,</i>	
MELVILLE C. DAY.		RICHARD SKINNER.
	<i>Secretary,</i>	
WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY.		RICHARD MORSE.
	<i>Vice-Secretary,</i>	
GEORGE S. HAMLIN.		WILLIAM G. SUMNER.
	<i>Collector,</i>	
FRANKLIN B. DEXTER.		_____
	<i>Censor,</i>	
_____		JOHN C. KINNEY.

At the next regular meeting of the two societies, the following resolutions were presented, and with great unanimity adopted.

Resolved, 1st.—That no member of the Freshman Class be allowed to join either Society before Statement of Facts.

Resolved, 2d.—That the members of both Societies are hereby prohibited from pledging, or by any understanding whatsoever binding the free action of any member of the Freshman Class before the close of the Statement of Facts; and that therefore every such understanding and promise is declared dishonorable and void; and moreover, that all such pledges and understandings, whoever may have been the parties are considered as of no effect.

Resolved, 3rd.—That there be no Committees or Agents for electioneering purposes.

Resolved, 4th.—That the main features of the active campaign of the Societies, be Campaign Meetings, and Statement of Facts—the Campaign Meetings to be held alternately by the two Societies, at times agreed upon by the Presidents, *provided* that the last Campaign Meeting be held by that Society, which may be represented first at the Statement of Facts.

Resolved, 5th.—That at the Statement of Facts, which shall be held on the first Wednesday of the Fall term, the Orators of the respective Societies speak alternately: and that immediately upon the close of the speaking, the members of the Freshman Class be requested to make known their choice of Societies by depositing at the call of the roll by the Vice Secretaries a ballot, inscribed with the name of the individual and the name of the Society; and that the result be announced then and there by the Presidents.

Resolved, 6th.—That these resolutions be printed by both Societies for convenient distribution, and that they be read at every Statement of Facts, prior to the arguments of each Society, by the Presidents."

It is to be hoped most sincerely that the proposed reform in conducting the Society Campaigns, will prove a decided success. Statement of Facts will then regain its old and true position, and it will be, as it once was, the best occasion for vigorous, effective speaking offered in College. There have been orations pronounced upon the Statement of Facts stage, which would do honor to older men than College Students. There is no reason why the reform should not begin now and here, and the next term witness among us an old-fashioned, earnest, eloquent Statement of FACTS.

The Orators chosen for that occasion are as follows:

LINONIA.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Senior Orators,

Junior Orators,

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

JOHN E. MARSHALL.

HENRY P. JOHNSTON.

PRESENTATION DAY.

Presentation Day is perhaps the most pleasant and yet the saddest occasion connected with the history of any class at Yale. The Rubicon of Sophomore Biennial having been safely crossed, Junior and Senior years soon glide away, and all look forward to Presentation Day as the most eventful period in College life. Then it is that the work is done. Whether well or poorly done, it is none the less *done*, and every one looks back upon the four years that are gone, with strange thoughts and varied emotions. College tasks and irksome duties are indeed finished, and the pulse beats somehow faster as the thought comes up that now each is to act as an independent, responsible man. But this is not all. Presentation Day, is also, Parting day, and that thought alone is enough to awaken consecrated feelings.

On Wednesday morning, June 13, at the appointed hour, the Senior Class assembled for the last time in their old chapel seats. The names of the candidates for degrees were read off by the Senior Tutor in Latin, as far as possible, and the President, in turn, delivered a short address, also in Latin. A Poem was then

recited by the Class Poet, Charles A. Boies, of Keene, N. H. We are sure all who heard it, hold the opinion expressed by one of the Faculty, that it was a "superior production, abounding in fine poetic thought and imagery." The Valedictory Oration, sometimes called the Class Oration, in distinction from the Valedictory at Commencement, was pronounced after the Poem, by Joseph L. Daniels, of East Medway, Mass.: Subject—THE EDUCATED MAN AS A CONSERVATIVE AND REFORMER. The character of Mr. Daniels' writing is too well-known to demand at this time any comment. Both productions will soon be published. The exercises were concluded by singing the farewell Ode, composed by Charles H. Richards, of Meriden, N. H.

In the afternoon the class assembled in the President's Lecture Room, whence they marched two by two, out under the elms in front of South Middle, where a circular row of seats had been provided for them. Pipes and tobacco were distributed, and the exercises began. *GERMANIA* furnished the instrumental music. All the front windows of North Middle, Lyceum and South Middle, were filled with ladies, as interested spectators of the scene. Songs written for the occasion were sung—pipes smoked—and Division Histories read. This last is one of the most interesting and amusing features of the day. The Historians were, Edward Boltwood, First Division; Samuel Dunham, Second Division; Edward G. Holden, Third Division; Isaac J. Post, Fourth Division.

After the histories were all read, the songs all sung, the Class formed a circle and each man shook the other by the hand and bade him a long Good-Bye. No wonder that on such occasion, men weep like children. It is no easy thing to break up, in a moment, the intimate personal relations which four years of friendship have cemented between classmates. No easy thing to feel that *never*, (a strong word that,) never as a class will they meet again. Class feeling may be carried to excess—but its strength at such a time, no one can condemn. When this saddest exercise was over, they all moved in procession to the Library, where they planted the Ivy, and thence passed through every entry in College, and gave three hearty cheers for each old, time-scarred building. At South College the Class of '61, in accordance with custom, formed an outer circle, and stood with uncovered heads, while the graduating Class, in the same manner, passed inside from South to North entry. After each Class had cheered the other, the march was continued through the College grounds, thence to the President's and Professors' houses—and then Presentation Day was over.

POW WOW.

This is an institution of recent origin, and has not the doubtful argument of great antiquity, so often urged in favor of similar performances. It was in some respects an improvement on those which have preceded it; for which we say, all praise. The transparencies were good for the occasion; the disguises ditto; the music (*Germania*) the best that could be obtained; the fireworks a novelty; the speeches,—which hardly any body heard, on account of the noise of the Sophomores and the infernal screeching of horns, we are told, were not characterized by the excesses which are too frequently the accompaniment of Pow Wow. The usual procession

was formed, and boarding school maidens honored with the usual compliment of a serenade. Now that this first demonstration of '63 is over, and the excitement and effervescence of animal passion have subsided, we earnestly recommend that when the time shall come to take action upon the Burial of Euclid, that they either *change the entire character* of the Temple exercises, or vote the whole thing *down*; for as it stands now, it is a *disgrace to us, and to the College*.

COMMENCEMENT APPOINTMENTS.

The Class of '60 have received the following appointments, which speak well for the scholarship of the class.

Valedictory,
JOHN M. MORRIS.

Salutatory,
WILLIAM M. MARTIN.

Philosophical Orations,
WILLIAM W. PHELPS, JAMES H. SCHNEIDER.

High Orations,
{ Wm. Pennington, Wm. H. Hale, Oscar M. Carrier, Jacob W. Russell,
{ Mason Young, Othniel C. Marsh, Henry L. Hall, Marcus P. Knowlton.

Orations,
{ Edward Boltwood, Linus Blakesley, Nathaniel Norton, Samuel R. Warren,
{ Henry W. Camp, { Geo. L. Beers, { Erastus C. Beach, Daniel C. Eaton,
{ Chas. H. Richards, { E. G. Masson, { Joseph L. Daniels, Charles A. Boies,
{ Wm. Fowler, { Wm. T. Smith, { Francis Delafield, Lemuel T. Wilcox,
{ Thos. H. White, { Robert N. Wilson, { Jos. E. Kittredge, George H. Griffin.

Dissertations,
Wm. H. Hurlbut, Daniel Denison, Frederick H. Colton, Wm. C. Johnson,
Alonzo B. Ball, Charles H. Vandyne, Horace L. Fairchild, Luther M. Jones,
Henry E. Barnes, Robert S. Davis, Lyman B. Bunnell, Henry W. Siglar,
George L. Catlin.

First Disputes,
Alfred C. Palfrey, George Engs, Thomas G. Hunt, Henry G. Marshall.
Wm. E. Bradley, Fred'k L. Chappell, George Rice, ——— ———

Second Disputes,
{ Daniel Hebard, { Geo. W. Arnold, Frederick C. Ogden, David L. Haight,
{ Alba L. P. Loomis, { Wm. E. Foster, Wm. McAlpine, { E. P. Freeman,
{ Edgar A. Finney, { Henry L. Johnson, Edwin R. Barnes, { Thos. L. B. Howe.
{ E. L. Holmes, { Winfield S. Keyes,

Colloquies,
Lowndes H. Davis, { Wm. M. Bristol, Clarence E. Dutton, Henry Champion,
Francis R. Way, { Chas H. Owen, Richard B. Brown, Oliver A. Kingsbury.
John F. Seely, Samuel Dunham, Daniel R. Elder,

COLLEGE PRIZES.

At the conclusion of the exercises in the chapel on Presentation morning, the following prizes were announced by the President.

For English Composition,

CLASS OF 1862.

	FIRST PRIZE.	SECOND PRIZE.	THIRD PRIZE.
<i>First Division,</i>	Frederic Adams,	{ D. H. Chamberlain, Flavius J. Cook,	George M. Beard.
<i>Second Division,</i>	Franklin McVeagh,	{ D. E. Hemenway, C. L. Kitchel,	{ Henry Holt, Wm. Lampson.
<i>Third Division,</i>	{ Richard Skinner, Henry H. Stebbins,	{ John P. Taylor, T. G. Thurston,	Frederic A. Ward.

Woolsey Scholarship,—Class of 1863,

WALTER HEBERT SMYTH.

Hurlbut Scholarship,

WILLABE HASKELL.

This scholarship was founded the present year, by Henry A. Hurlbut, Esq., of New York City. He endowed the College with a fund of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, the income of which for one year, is to be given to that member of the Freshman Class who shall stand second on the examination for the Woolsey Scholarship.

Prizes for the Solution of Mathematical Problems,

FIRST PRIZE,	Jacob Berry.	SECOND PRIZE,	{ Thornton M. Hinkle, Walter H. Smyth.
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TOWNSEND PREMIUMS.

Among the highest honors awarded in College, are the Townsend Premiums, which are given to the six members of the Senior Class who shall have written the best essays upon subjects selected and proposed by the Faculty.

The subjects proposed this year, were—I. WASHINGTON IRVING,—II. THE POWER OF SECRECY,—III. THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF HUMAN NATURE TAKEN AS A BASIS OF WRITTEN LAW.

The successful candidates were, Joseph L. Daniels, Luther M. Jones, Edward G. Mason, Charles H. Owen, William W. Phelps.

THE DEFOREST MEDAL.

In the instrument, which, by the donation of David C. DeForest, Esq., conveyed to Yale College in 1823, the sum of five thousand dollars, and which in 1852, amounted to about twenty thousand dollars, there occurs the following clause:—the Corporation or Assigns shall “procure to be made annually a Gold Medal, of the

value of One Hundred dollars, to be denominated the DEFOREST PRIZE; with such inscription as the President shall direct; to be given to that scholar of the Senior Class, who shall write and pronounce an English Oration in the best manner, on some day in either the months of May or June in each year:—the President and Professors being judges, and every member of the Senior Class a candidate for the Prize." In 1852 the candidates, in addition to writing Townsend Essays, prepared Orations expressly for the DeForest. But as it was concluded that any one who could justly carry off a DeForest Prize, could also obtain a Townsend, the number of contestants was limited to those who should receive Townsend Premiums.

On Friday, June 15, the candidates for the DeForest Medal, spoke in the following order:—

- I. THE POWER OF SECRECY.
WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, *New York City.*
- II. THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF HUMAN NATURE TAKEN AS A BASIS OF WRITTEN LAW.
CHARLES HUNTER OWEN, *Hartford, Conn.*
- III. THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF HUMAN NATURE TAKEN AS A BASIS OF WRITTEN LAW.
JULIUS HAMMOND WARD, *Spencer, Mass.*
- IV. THE POWER OF SECRECY.
EDWARD GAY MASON, *Chicago, Ill.*
- V. THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF HUMAN NATURE TAKEN AS A BASIS OF WRITTEN LAW.
LUTHER MAYNARD JONES, *Marlborough, N. H.*
- VI. THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF HUMAN NATURE TAKEN AS A BASIS OF WRITTEN LAW.
JOSEPH LEONARD DANIELS, *East Medway, Mass.*

The performances of Mr. Mason and Mr. Jones, were especially applauded, and to the latter of these the DeForest was awarded.

Since the establishment of this Prize, the following persons have been awarded the Medal.

- Class of 1852, HOMER B. SPRAGUE, *East Douglass, Mass.*
- Class of 1853, ANDREW D. WHITE, *Syracuse, N. Y.*
- Class of 1854, WILLIAM H. FENN, *Charleston, S. C.*
- Class of 1855, ALEXANDER MCD. LYON, *Erie, Pa.*
- Class of 1856, PHINEAS W. CALKINS, *Corning, N. Y.*
- Class of 1857, AUGUSTUS H. STRONG,* *Rochester, N. Y.*
- Class of 1858, CHAUNCEY S. KELLOGG, *Bridgewater, N. Y.*
- Class of 1859, ROBERT A. STYLES, *Woodford Co., Ky.*
- Class of 1860, LUTHER M. JONES, *Marlborough, N. H.*

* The performances of Mr. Strong and John Milton Holmes of Chicago, Ill., were judged of equal merit, and the Medal fell to the former by lot.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

The following Election of Officers took place June 6, 1860.

Theron Baldwin, President,
George A. Pelton, Vice-President,
H. P. DeForest, Secretary,
John C. Kinney, Treasurer,
J. Henry Bradford, Librarian,
Wm. D. Anderson,
Theodore S. Wynkoop,
Franklin S. Bradley,
Howard Kingsbury, } Organists,
Gustave J. Stoeckel, Musical Director.

YALE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Election of Officers on Thursday evening, June 7, resulted as follows:—

George A. Pelton, President,
James H. Crosby, Vice-President,
Levi P. Treadwell, Secretary,
John W. Barton, Corresponding Secretary,
Thomas A. Emerson, Treasurer,
James G. Clark, Librarian.

BOATING.

On Wednesday, May 30, preceding the publication of the former Lit, the postponed race for the Champion Flag occurred. We were unable to notice the affair in that number owing to the time of its publication. It will perhaps be remembered that the first race was undecisive on account of the Atlanta's not hearing the Commodore's order, "*Give Way.*" On Wednesday, however, the question was decided. The harbor was smooth, the crews in good spirits, and everything satisfactorily arranged. The same boats—the Atlanta (61,) the Nereid (61,) the Thulia (62,) were entered. They drew for position, which resulted in the following order:—Thulia 1st, inside, Atlanta 2d, Nereid 3d. At the first report of the Commodore's pistol, the boats fell into line; at the second, they all got ready; at the third all *gave way*. Snap! went two of the Atlanta's oars. A fourth shot recalled the boats, and they again fell into line. The Atlanta's broken oars having been replaced, a second and successful start was made. The Nereid shot ahead finely, the Thulia close behind, and next the Atlanta. At the end of Long Wharf the first two boats were neck and neck, and there was a close struggle for the lead. The splendid discipline of the Thulia, however, told at length, and gradually they began to pass their rival. As the boats neared the buoy the contest was most vigorous and deter-

mined. The boat which first turns the stake has a decided advantage over the rest. Nearer and closer they came. Every stroke told. The blue caps still ahead, and close in their wake the red caps of the Nereid. As the Thulia bent around in a sweeping circle, we thought the Nereid would cut her amidships, and as the Nereid herself was turning we thought the Atlanta would serve her the same way, so evenly had they reached the stake. But the boats were skillfully steered and handsome turns were made by all, and away they sped on the return course. The race was in reality decided when the boats turned the buoy, but it was gallantly contested all the way in. At length, however, the Thulia passed the Commodore's Boat with a light quick stroke, the winner of the race and the Champion Boat of College. The distance rowed is about two and two-third miles, the time as follows:—

Thulia,	19 minutes, 15 seconds.
Nereid,	19 " 35 "
Atlanta,	20 " 00 "

The other day we came across a description of the late boat race which occurred on the Thames between the famous crews of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. We have condensed the account merely to give an idea of the manner in which the finest oarsmen in England do things at home. Both boats are eight-oared, the Cambridge being a new one, $57\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, built expressly for the occasion. The Oxford boat is 54 feet long, "the same victorious ship which last Easter carried the Oxford crew over the boisterous waters of old Thames, while that of their antagonists sunk."

"One false start was made. On the second time, they went off together, but neither started so well as the first time. Cambridge got away the better of the two and consequently at once showed a slight lead, but Oxford soon settled down to their rowing in good form, at a very quick stroke, getting that great pace on which we last week remarked as having noticed in their practice." The race must have been intensely exciting. Mile after mile it was neck and neck—now Oxford, who pulled the quicker stroke, a little ahead—now Cambridge, lapping and changing places with her, and thus almost abreast the whole way they flew, until Cambridge finally creeping slowly ahead, came in "the brave winners by a length and a half only, having rowed the distance—one half with little better than no tide, the other half against the young ebb, making it equal to about five miles and a half with an ordinary tide—in 26 min. 5 sec. The number of strokes rowed per minute averaged by Cambridge 38 to 41, by Oxford 42 to 44." The average weight of the winning crew was, 158 lbs.; of the Oxford, 161.

WOODEN SPOON.

In the Harvard Magazine for May, in an article entitled "Duty, Pleasure and Song," there occurs the following expressive paragraph:—"There is too much coldness, too little earnestness in religion, in amusement, in friendship, in social intercourse, in any thing but study, at Harvard. All the merriment of life, the earnestness of active enjoyment, ought not to be left to those who do not work. What

is more repulsive and dishonorable than a cold unsocial scholar. Why is it a fact that this College can claim only a half score of original songs, while Yale has published two small volumes of songs written within her walls? The men of Yale respect our scholarship, let them see our heart."

Without doubt one of the leading characteristics of Yale, and one which distinguishes her from other colleges, is the earnest enthusiasm, the sociality, and the sincere friendship of the students. While she acknowledges no superior in point of scholarship, yet the union of intellect and heart in the complete education of the man, is the secret of that success which has made her name a household word all over the land.

To give expression to the sociality and manhood of college life and to offer a graceful tribute to its worth, each class in turn honors one of its number with the present of a richly carved, rose-wood spoon; and the exercises which attend its presentation are known as the Exhibition of the Wooden Spoon.

The exhibition of the class of Sixty-one took place in Brewster's Hall on Tuesday evening, June 12. By an admirable arrangement of the Cochleareati in printing and distributing no more tickets than the number of persons that the Hall would hold, the ladies who were unfortunate enough to possess one of the little red cards, and the gentlemen, the blue, obtained seats with none of the delay and inconvenience which the loose distribution, and consequent jam at the doors, of former years have occasioned. Some disappointment was produced when it was known that instead of fifteen hundred tickets, for a hall which would hold nine hundred persons, just *nine* hundred tickets would be distributed, and that first of all, and *justly* so, the class who gave the exhibition would be provided—next, the Academical students who either had given or would give a similar one, and lastly, the members of the "Professional Departments," so far as there were tickets left. We have been requested by the Cochleareati to say that they are sorry Mr. Brewster did not build his hall as large as the new one in process of erection on Crown street, as then they could amply have accommodated all their friends; that they are sorry, too, that the members of the "Professional Department" should have thought it necessary to advertise their disappointment and indignation in an obscure corner of a city newspaper.

At an early hour a most select and brilliant audience filled the Hall. GERMANIA, —which has become a favorite among collegians—furnished the instrumental music.

The order of exercises, omitting the music and songs, was as follows:—

Latin Salutatory—HENRY BRAYTON IVES, *New Haven*.

Colloquy—"Junior Year."

Poem, "*Spoons*"—EDWARD R. SILL, *Windsor, Ct.*

Colloquy, "*College Trials*,"—JOHN C. KINNEY, *Darien, Ct.*

Philosophical Oration—"The Profundity of *Molecules*."

SPOON ADDRESSES.

Presentation—WILLIAM H. FULLER, *Barryville, N. Y.*

Reception—STANFORD NEWEL, *St. Anthony, Min.*

The unfortunate accident, which happened nearly at the close of the exercises—and which rather abruptly terminated the last speaker's address, was universally regretted.

We can hardly better close our sketch of the exhibition, than by quoting the concluding portion of the poem entitled "Spoons."

"And when this hour that's passing from us now,
So lit with happy faces, shall go down
Among the wrecks and ruins of the Past,
When he, to whom we give it, is grown old,
Some summer afternoon when waving grass
And swaying trees shall beckon back his youth,
From some old drawer all dusty with long years,
Where lie the worn mementoes of the Past—
Perchance with faded letters in that well known hand
Whose faint sweet scent of violets lingers yet—
He shall bring forth the spoon and holding it
There shall float up through all the dim long years
Old college memories—how we sat and sung
Those wild old tunes beneath the summer elms,
And how on Winter nights by glowing fires
With talk and song and tale the hours fled by—
And there shall seem around him as of yore
The kindly faces and the cheerful tones,
So vividly that he will stretch his hand
To give the old warm greeting, and will weep
To think how long ago those old times were—
How dim with gathered years—and yet will smile
Because they were so bright—and then perchance,
His little grand-child clinging at his knee
Shall lisp the question 'why he weeps and smiles?'
And he will speak more kindly than his wont
And stroke the tossing curls more tenderly,
Answering with still a tremble in the tone,
'I took the wooden spoon in Sixty-one—
They gave it me to show what friends we were,
We that were classmates then in dear old Yale,
In those old days of rare old Sixty-one.'"

Editor's Gable.

Were you ever peremptorily sent for? Doubtless, if a man of many marks and low scholarship. Now we don't want any one to reason from the affirmation of the consequent to the affirmation of the antecedent (which would be illogical) but we were so sent for. Just ten days ago, (or just two weeks before the intended issue,) the Whiskers and "Hat" of the Board looked out of a fourth-story window, and told us, in tones of unmistakable import, that we were wanted. Naturally we supposed, by the Whiskers and "Hat." Not at all, but by the Board, which was as much as to say, by the individual "we" upon whom devolved the sending forth of the next number. At least we understood it so, and forthwith turned our steps toward the *mount* of that dread cloud-compelling Zeus. We are not sure, but we think we noticed on the wall (crystal battlements) of the gang-way the inscription, "*Sic iter ad astra*." Whether or not, we certainly attained that eminence, and stood while the Hours slowly swung open for us the gates. We entered. The "Board" was deposited in an easy place, and kindly waved us, also, to a seat. After a silence more ominous than many words, the "Board" remarked that it was sick and that consequently we must undertake its immediate duties. There was no gainsaying it; so when the portals were again unbarred, we instantly dropped "ten thousand fathom deep" down to the Printers, to learn when the "copy" must go in. "Right away," was the mild but firm rejoinder. We should have been disconsolate, and have continued so to this hour, had not the "copy" already been bespoken by the "Board," and had not the "Hat" which sent forth the previous number, undertaken to prepare our Memorabilia. Reader, you have the result before you; judge, cut and slash, to suit yourself.

Now that the end of the term is approaching, and it is beginning to be time to notify parents and guardians of our earthly needs, many of us, probably, are again bemoaning the expensiveness of our education. We wish we were at one of those German Universities, where all the necessities of life are supplied at a rate so low as to be absolutely ridiculous. But for the purpose of allaying any such discontent, we will relate an incident which happened in a case of similar uneasiness a few years ago. A young man who was working his way through here, having become disgusted with the costliness of the course, determined to locate himself for awhile at one of the German Universities aforesaid. By undertaking a book agency for a few months, and by selling off all his personal effects, except the clothes he was wearing and one change of linen, he managed to raise a small sum of money. He set out, and was fortunate enough to work his passage to Havre, so that his only expenditure on the route, occurred between that point and the place of his destination. Immediately upon his arrival, he ascertained that he had just sufficient money in his pocket to pay his lecture-fees, for one year; and, also, (very joyfully) that his remaining "necessary expenses" (to be met by some industrious occupation) would be as follows:

Two furnished chambers, with fuel, lights, breakfast and supper, for one year,	\$2,50
Dinner, for one year,	,75
Apparel, " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,00
Total,	\$4,25

What, after all, was the result? Why, at the end of the year he was a bankrupt, and in jail. By his utmost exertions, he could earn in that time only \$3.75 and was consequently locked up for the deficient fifty cents; in which miserable condition he would have remained till the present moment, had not an American resident kindly robbed himself of half his substance, by lending him the required amount. The Moral is the same as that in the case of the mice going off to India in order to reach a land where they were held in higher esteem;—they reached it, but also found a place where cats were regarded with equal favor.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that in the last number of the *Lit*, there was noticed a very violent attack upon poor Tennyson, by some writer in the *Hampden Sidney Magazine*. There might have been spoken of, at the same time, an equally violent and (we must say) almost an equally destructive assault upon the Poet Laureate, by Mr. "Paul Siogvolk," in his *Walter Ashwood*. Mr. "Paul" discourses as follows:

"But what I object to is, the presence of lines and verses, which either have no meaning; or that have their meaning so equivocal, they may mean any one of half a dozen almost directly opposite things; or that are so far-fetched, they lose all adaptation, and are totally incomprehensible in the text; or that are so vague, from want of thought, or imperfectly digested thought, as to evaporate on their way from the eye to the understanding; or that contain a stale maxim, or a truism, tricked out in some pompous conceit, as big and as empty as a cloud of wind."

In reference to "vague" expressions, "want of thought or imperfectly digested thought," things that "evaporate on their way from the eye to the understanding," "tricked out" and "pompous conceit," it might be asked, what is a "cloud of wind?" Since the publication of *Walter Ashwood*, we are quite sure, an English Steamer has left New York and returned, otherwise we should doubt the continued existence of the unfortunate being born Tennyson. But, after all, Tennyson has most need to be delivered from his friends. We think so after receiving the following:

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE IDYLS.

Appollo's child thou surely art—

And that, a lofty one;

For only Erin's sons would say,

Thou art a Tiny-son.

Speaking of the *Hampden Sidney Magazine*, naturally brings us to

EXCHANGES.

Our editorial eye is attracted by a purplish, violetish (on account of its modesty) covered pamphlet, with two plump angels winging their way at the summit, while beneath, on two satin ribbons artistically twined among roses, appear: *Novelettes; History; Essays; Dissertations; Biography; Sketches; Reviews; Criticisms; Poetry; Travels*. No second inspection is wanted to tell us that it is the *North Carolina University Magazine*—and the June number. On opening the work (for seventy-two pages are presented) we notice a short, pithy little article of forty pages, entitled "Fifty Years Since," by William Hooper D. D.; L. L. D. We only refer to it because the publication of this "contribution" has virtually deprived us of a very

large, varied and choice old stock of quotations, which we meant ourselves to bring out, with great effect, during our connection with the Lit. But continuing our examination, we are pleased to find on the last page, in the "Valedictory" of the retiring board, this announcement:

"We are gratified with assurances that our Magazine is now the largest, neatest, cheapest and most valuable College Monthly in America, and that it has no equal even in European Colleges."

It is not strange that in close proximity to the above publication, we should observe the *Kentucky Military Institute Magazine*. It is but just to remark, however, that the "K. M. I." does not undertake to encroach upon the proud pathway of its North Carolina sister. The "Cadets" wish to be distinguished as "handsome" young men; such at any rate is our inference from the editor's account of a pic-nic thereabouts. By that confession we are informed that the "Cadets" were "dressed off in their splendid uniforms;" and that the ladies longed "to linger in the dance, so highly pleased (were they) with the splendid music and handsome Cadets." But we are bound to add, that together with this "beauty" there were, also, joined "talent, learning and wit." The K. M. I. Cadets can well be proud of themselves and their parents, but yet we must tell them, that a rival located at *Due West, S. C.*, on the whole, overtops them, and wears in solitary triumph the "wreath of very green ever-green."

We refer to the "*Erskine Collegiate Recorder*, Due West, S. C. Terms \$1—in advance." It seems that the ladies of the Due West Female College have been giving a concert; a fact to which we allude merely to explain a poetical effusion which it drew forth from some member of the Due West Male (we suppose) College. If it were not for the evidently admiring mood in which the writer alludes to the young ladies, and the plainly reverent manner in which he epitomizes the prayer, there could be no doubt that the whole thing was meant for a joke. If it was so intended it is a very poor one; but if the contrary, it is too good to be praised.

* * * * *

The ladies soon entered, dressed both neat and gay,
 Preceded by their instructors, Pres. Bonner and Prof. Galloway,
 And marched to their seats two by two and side by side,
 To soft strains of music—by Miss M'Bryde;
 Inspiring her pupils, who were taking their stations,
 To perform well their parts without fear or hesitation.
 And as soon as the tones of the bell became still,
 A prayer was delivered by Professor Hemphill,
 Invoking Jehovah His kind blessings to give,
 To correct and restrain us while on earth we do live,
 And when on this world's scenes we have closed our eyes,
 To guide us to His palace away in the skies.
 Then the vocal class in a soul-thrilling tone,
 Sang the well known tune, "Jerusalem my glorious home,"
 Which was instantly followed without any delay
 By "Good news from home" by Misses Lou and Mary Galloway.
 The sweet notes of which had scarce passed from the ear,
 When we heard the Pic-nic Polka by Miss Bell Grier,

Whose sweet melodious voice and beautiful person,
 Are well enough known without my rehearsing.
 "The happy Land" was then sung by the "brave" juveniles,
 Who gained great applause, as well as their teachers' smiles;
 Although there was one who got a little behind,
 It's the general opinion "they did their part fine."
 Then the Sprig of Shillalah, a tune of that land,
 Which is robbed and oppressed at a tyrant's command,
 With its well-known notes my ear did assail,
 Played by the Misses Phemie Hawthorn and Jennie Dale.
 "Bounding Billows" I think was the next that came on,
 Performed I am sure by Master Joe Darlington,
 Who played through the piece without any pause,
 And returned to his seat 'mid thundering applause.
 Next "What does little birdie say," burst forth upon the ear
 In tones which I considered nice, by Misses Lula Hawthorn and L. Grier.
 Then "Come let us sing of Jesus," in a stirring tone was sung
 By the juveniles of the second class, though some were very young.
 &c. &c. &c.

The *Beloit College Monthly* is a periodical of not very large pretensions, but real merit. The June No. contains the following articles: *Is Imagination Practical? Poetic Inspiration of Mountains; Clouds, (Poem;)* *A Trip to Convention; The Blind Father (Poetry;)* *The Italian Question Again; Editor's Sanctum; Collegiana*;—all ably written. It seems unfortunate that an institution which possesses so many good writers should not support a larger publication.

The June No. of the *Amherst Collegiate Magazine* is at hand. Its pages offer, besides the *Collegiana* and *Editor's Table*, thirteen expressions of opinion and feeling on a large variety of topics. It is true that these are therefore necessarily briefer than some of the contributions to our own monthly; but it shows that the students of Amherst are willing to *write*, which is the very thing wanted here.

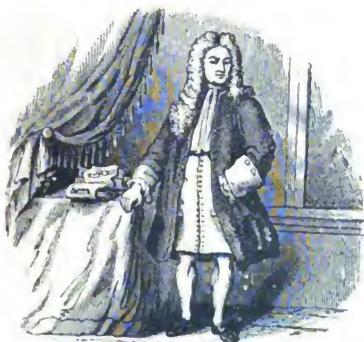
The *Scientific American* of June 16th, presents in a small space a great deal of information. If anybody wants to understand completely the construction and operation of an improved printing press; if he wants to be initiated into the secrets of watch-making; if he wants to know what ingenuity may be expended in the contrivance of an oven; if he wants to examine mummies and glass coffins; if he is anxious to learn how statues are cut, and how eels may be skinned; he had better subscribe.

168009

VOL. XXV.

No. IX.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS,
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

AUGUST, 1860.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

AUGUST, 1860.

No. IX.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '61.

WILLIAM H. FULLER,

SEXTUS SHEARER.

JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY,

EDWARD R. SILL.

RALPH O. WILLIAMS.

Beardless.

IN view of all the sarcasm and righteous wrath which we have seen uncorked over the head of "Young America" from the vials of his aged cotemporaries, it becomes an interesting subject for speculation, whether all the faults of human nature are really brought to a focus upon the luckless period of youth; lighting its vanity and irreverence into such a blaze of absurdity as our elders would have us believe. It has long seemed to the present writer that this is *not* precisely the true state of the case; that, on the contrary, this habit of entirely ignoring all claims which young men may have to consideration in any way, is one of the deplorable fashions of the day, not calculated to sweeten the dispositions of the younger members of the human family. Considering this self-conceit of our old friends rather as one of the weaknesses peculiar to gray hairs, than as a vice, it has suggested itself as productive of benefit, to simply mention the fact occasionally, that, paradoxical as it may seem, human beings are *not* babes at eighteen nor sucklings at twenty. I remember an old simile which is beautiful in spite of its age: Persian maidens believe that when a rose blossom first parts its soft leaf-lips to the kisses of the morning, there is at the moment of opening, a strangely sweet odor breathed out of the fresh, fragrant petals, which is gone while you are stooping to inhale it, and

never is renewed. And so when the human soul is first unfolding to a self-sentient life, there hover among its inner chambers, emotions not wholly earthly, and swift glimpses of truth which are lost—perhaps imperceptible—to the dulled perceptions of later years.

We do not talk them much or write them, partly because language, having grown up to meet practical wants, is only fitted for the use of the mind's mere logical powers, and it is therefore an effort for the soul to translate itself into the dialect of the brain,—

“Because all words, though culled with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate,”—

and partly because we have not yet learned, thank God! to make capital of our highest thoughts, coining stars into shilling-pieces for common handling. Boys do not make thinking a trade—sneaking back to earth when we have been among the celestials, to copy for its puppet-show orchestras what few notes we have heard the angels chanting. (Verily, I think Heaven deafens our ears to such music, when once we are caught making jigs of it for our literary vanity to dance to.)

Instinct, I hold, is nobler than reason. Because the brain is built up out of the dust and crumbles back into the dust. But the soul comes into the world from elsewhere, and goes forth elsewhere, and no touch of earth is upon it. Manhood guides itself by experience of this lower life under the sun, either its own or another's; we call it reason. Youth is led by the lingerings of experience gained in some previous and purer existence—we have no name for it but instinct.

In this, as in a wonderful number of particulars, the history of the whole race is exactly analogous to that of the individual. We know that men at the world's beginning, had in strange ways intuitive broad knowledge of truth. It is no mere fable that they walked with God and talked with angels. Far away in the fathomless past we seem to see man entering earth through the mystery-girt gates of the unknown land. A great light from the truth-fountain within, floods through as those gates open, and fills his path, and he walks forward peacefully, sinlessly. But as his human footsteps come treading on and down through the centuries, that light wanes dimmer and ever dimmer in the distance, until the rushlight, reason, has to be lit, and so he gets on with it in the gathering gloom—gropingly, yet not altogether pathlessly—for it is a miracle, and feeds its flame from the very murk and mist wherein it is muffled. Is it not working wonders for itself in this age? Yet we have lost the old, simple, earnest soul of the first centuries whose records have come down to us. We have sought knowl-

edge, and we have gained it; but in those old days men prayed for *wisdom*, and now their written words are revered as inspirations, and men worship over them.

Just so I believe it is that Nature, in her wonderful system of compensation, has not reserved all life's fruitage for its last days, and scattered only blossoms over youth; but that thorn and fruit and blossom mingle along the pathway from beginning to end. If man's reason is more powerful, youth's instincts are more pure. If man walks the earth more stoutly and self-reliantly, youth, leaning on a steadier arm than mortal's, has not such constant need to look *downward*, lest it stumble, but may sometimes, also, look *upward*. It is a strange thing for the years of life thus to wrangle with one another for supremacy; but this stranger thing we may do. We may justly hurl a defiance into the future against that Thing which will be bearing about our bones within it. For it is certain that *I* at fifty will look back on *me* of to-day, quite contemptuously and pityingly; wondering how, knowing so little, we "got along" at all. O foolish future self! thou hast forgotten how much nobler-hearted, holier-souled thou wast then than now. Thou art larger limbed now, stronger brained, yet thy boyhood had clearer eyes and purer faith, and was altogether, inwardly and outwardly, more as God meant man to be. Marred and soul-shrunken by the meanness and littleness of a man's daily life in the world, no wonder thou hast forgotten the vision of the morning, the dream of a life that should, for once, be crowned with completeness and with noble meaning. We can but pity one another after all, thou conquered by the world, I with the world before me, unconquerable, and yet that must be met.

Nothing is more noticeable in the productions of young writers, (and especially we see it here in College,) than the lofty sentiments expressed, and the "great words" used. Your old man listens and sniffs contemptuously; he sees through it all—mere affectation—bombast. We ourselves, aping him (as usual) have such slang names for it as "splurge" &c. Is there not a truer way of looking at it? The ideas are old and stale, doubtless, and there may be a disparity between the grand sentiments and commonplace character, which *lives* not one, like enough, of the great thoughts he expresses, yet are they necessarily simulated? When one of our number gets forth before us, on the Chapel stage for instance, and speaks (with much stammering doubtless, and many unnatural flourishes,) of the majesty of truth, and the sublime meaning of life, if you will believe it, he means it all. Possibly it all seems new truth to him; for the boy's reasoning is always

thus : out there in the world is an error of belief, a wrong of action ; here within me is the true thing which should be in its place. Surely it cannot have been told them, or the world would have righted the error—wiped away the wrong ; I will go speak it to them. But alas ! we have heard it so many times before ; and where the boyish heart expected only one process necessary—the telling of a true thing—to have it beat down the sham thing, there are two, and the last by far the harder ; to drive men, by persuasions of loss or gain, into adopting it. It is enough for youth if it is right. Manhood must know that it is politic.

But at this point I plainly perceive our practical friend uneasy about a “ conclusion ; ” “ what is the *object* of all this talk ; has somebody’s vanity been wounded ? ” Softly, misguided Practical. The conclusion is this : if there is any flaw in our social system, it is that age and youth never shake hands. Manhood goes climbing up the ladder to the top, never once reaching back to boyhood clambering at the first rounds, except to toss him a text-book or a sermon. The thought is not gratifying, when our brains are in a tumult with ignorant doubts and questionings—tangled with the novel complexities of life—that all round us are men who have trodden over the same ground, and might, with a word rightly chosen from their own experience, make the way so much easier. Men will not do this until they are persuaded something is to be gained by it, as well as something given. I believe much would be gained. In the clasp of the boy’s hand with the man’s, while one would be “ lifted up and strengthened,” the other, drawn back from the toil and turmoil of the hard world, would renew the fullness and freshness of its youth. Back into the past we must go for reform. Once Socrates was wont to walk in the porticos of Athens among young men, and they caught from his eye, caught from his calm lips, the instruction of his life. Now the great good men, who should be the world’s teachers, stand afar off ; while we, living through each day’s trivial cares, only know from their serene faces that they have reached purer air and better abiding places. Should it be so always ?

E. R. S.

Major Arthur Pendennis.

IF Mr. Mark Tapley is alive, (as I am sure he is,) he can have perennial jollity without crossing an ocean for it. Sitting of an evening, pipe in mouth, by the hospitable jaws of his Dragon, with rosy-cheeked young Tapleys playing miserably about him, and the sun shining with a despicable kindness, he would be a crushed and disappointed man were it not that he could get per post—every chapter of Thackeray's last story. It is better than Pecksniff—or Ague—or Hannibal Chollop. It is delicious. And it is no marvel that less eccentric seekers after happiness should attest the truth of this belief; for the gentleman who comes walking toward us—with discriminating step and “the best blacked boots in all London,”—is one of Thackeray's pet creatures, and is simply the ripest and most infernal villain that ever was allowed to traverse this planet without an iron chain about his legs.

We have all read about him of course;—for even a wild Pawnee ought to be ashamed to confess the contrary—so we know that he moves in the best circles of society, and what is more remarkable, never stops moving. From lodgings to club, from club to my Lord's, from my Lord's to the grandest party, and then back to lodgings, to be taken to pieces by Morgan and put to bed—such is the round this old aristocratic article of furniture trundles over daily. No one better informed as to genealogies and scandle than he. No one more self-possessed in entering a parlor. On Sunday you will hear none responding with greater nicety of accent; nor wearing a more appropriate face, when the pastor shows up the wicked heathen in their true colors, and thunders scorching invectives against the crime of cannibalism. On Monday he will give a penny to a beggar, if unable to get rid of him by other means, and once more—with all the freshness of a tyro—will go his old sodden way of irreproachable hypocrisy.

It would be strange that he should not be forced sometimes to think sincerely. For instance, when he walked from Lady Clavering's, stepping from the glitter, perfumes and affectation of the ball-room, one would think that he might have looked up between the houses of the nobility at the eternal stars, and have felt his own paltriness rebuked by even that brief glimpse of Nature. Couldn't a single thought of boyhood smile out upon him from the pure sky? Couldn't a wandering recollection of a mother or a sister melt a single tear

from his cold eye? Most emphatically the contrary. Stars may be good enough in their way, but their's is not the Major's. The spacious firmament on high, with all the blue etherial sky, to him extended but little above the chandeliers proclaiming their great Original an excellent gas-fitter. Before such a man, Fagin's chief co-worker deserves to be called St. Sikes, and appear in Peterson's edition, with his head encircled by a little spiky crown of glory. For the ruffian was not, at least, a monstrous animated lie. That truth existed, he would bear witness, even by striking down the woman with a swift, fierce, murderous blow; that justice was omnipotent he admitted by flying from those dreadful eyes. With him in his relations to his conscience, everything after a fashion was honest, though everything was brutal. He did not deny the moral law, he defied it, and when he fell, he fell fighting indeed like a devil, but with an almost heroic daring. But meagre are the drops of heroism which we can manage to squeeze out of old Wigsby. He has all along denied that Virtue and Justice had any hold upon the public. He says if a man sins, he shall not surely die; and it is needless to say that, thus far, he has been the victor. He has whipped the whole moral law from his path, and if one has not faith enough to look beyond his death, he may consider the Major to have held his ground. In spite of all of these offences, the police are not after this rascal. For the present era, they will be after Sikes, and felons of his stamp. In a subsequent century, perhaps, shortly before that time when lions, lambs and scorpions are expected to embrace each other, the government may issue a warrant for his capture. Meanwhile, till the ages before his trial trip away, the wretch can sleep in his own bed, while his milder fellow-sinner goes crawling under hedges to find food and shelter.

And is this the result of all our vaunted civilization? Has Human Nature travailed, almost deathfully, for six thousand years, only to present us with such an ugly idiot? Alas—alas! No wonder that the Sage—who walked down from the hills of Scotland, years ago—should never cease weeping great tears over us. Statesman, it is into this that you have legislated the men of Cromwell's time! Theologian, you have done no better with your creeds and reformations, and hecatombs of bloody sacrifices! Did Socrates drink his hemlock gladly, to bequeath him to a far-distant age? Did Milton speak his glorious messages to the nations, that he might follow as expounder? Who declares earnestness and morality to be but nursery myths; who divides all the suffering in the world, and is by birth and breeding, the most complete social success in all our generation of

promise? Probably it is all right. Fashionable folks must have a fashionable God. The golden rule might do for an old foggy tentmaker—but, begad, not for us, Pen, my boy! Blessed are the pockets of the rich, for they shall never be empty! Blessed is the palate that can discriminate between wines, for it shall be tickled! Blessed, in short, is the arrantest liar—the most enormous cheat—the most ingenious oppressor of the poor—for he shall live in plenty, win the prettiest obituary, and rot under the biggest monument in all christian England and America. “Dammy, sir,” cries out this pious apostle of the new faith, “dammy, sir, life, without money and the best society, isn’t worth having!” Besides, society is not wholly without gratitude. It is deplorably true that she starved Sheridan, but she gave him a gorgeous burial. She used to kill a chimney-sweep occasionally, yet we must remember that it was to better the dinner of some nobleman.

Still, as I think upon the world’s company of martyrs—of those who have suffered patiently in lowly walks of life, I cannot feel that all this is true. Hope and Faith shall not with drooping wings fly back to Heaven, yet a while. Kind spirits—let us expostulate with Scrooge—try us yet a little longer; surely in great London there is some heartfelt prayer put up; every thought to-day among its millions cannot have been steeped in envy.

We must, in truth, have teachers of profoundest wisdom in our midst, if we can afford to let this character pass by without receiving a most sober lesson from it. It tells us—who are nearly ready to go out into active life—how little faith should be placed in Society. Customs and formulas in hordes—like hungry Bedouins—will come swooping down upon us, as soon as we have stepped from College. If we bow down and worship them, if we make oath to live only as they bid us, and to breathe and think by custom, we shall do no more than what the most are doing. If again we reflect that Right was made before fashions were, and refuse to give reverence to all that is old, we shall, without doubt, be vilified, but our lives will be the better for it. Care sits light upon us now, and it seems inexpressibly sad that any youth should be subjected to the cramping process till he becomes a blind, unquestioning devotee. Ever since creation, of course, the experience has been gone through, which we shall go through,—probably with the same average result. We are having opened to us one of the first chapters of that book, which we all must read. It has been read ten thousand times before, yet each young man approaches it, confident that *he* shall find some new, happier word, hold-

ing in its precious meaning the secret of a life without bitterness and weeping. We never find that word; each friend or father, on beyond, calls back to us that the way is very rough. There appear few things more humiliating than the idea that we shall go on with the undistinguishable herd of Smiths and Joneses, who are born and buried annually. Each individual feels unique, and wants others to think the same. The histories of all the dynasties are not of so much moment to him, as his own future for the next year. Nevertheless, in all the swarming thousands, there is not a single Smith but might make his bubble of an existence almost a poem. If he can only battle against the tremendous influences which beset him, and can keep some small corner of his soul consecrated to holy things, he will have done his work—humble as his sphere may have been. Forty years from to-day, I dare say, that as many of us as are then above turf, will be a set of gray-haired men not very unlike those one sees generally. We will have nearly blundered through our lesson—almost ready to take up another larger volume. Time, like a remorseless moth, will have eaten thread-bare all our hopes; yet if a half-century of pain and vexation shall have taught us to reverence good, and have a throb for every moan of sorrow, we cannot fairly say that we have lived unprofitable lives.

Major Pendennis has worried through so many years, and is not much longer for this world. He has contrived to spend them in showing how every thing is false and unmeaning, save the Gout and the Gout's friend—both downright fellows from whom his most felicitous compliments shall extort no trifling. By-and-by, on some fine morning, my Lord Steyne will send a card, which shall not be answered. For Wigsby will have done with parties and dinners;—shriveled and contemptible as he is, he is not too mean for dying.

I wonder where they buried the old dandy! Not in the churchyard—where the moonlight lingers softly on the tombs—where godly men and women sleep, whose souls have gone to enjoy the reward of the meek in spirit. His villainy is gross enough to act as incantation to disquiet them. Nor in the Potter's Field! For, mouldering in some corner thickly sown, may lie the bones of a child, that kept in life, even amid frowzy haunts of vice, some spark of virtue in its heart; or, of a felon who had, at times, repentant thoughts. Not with them, then, shall this criminal be laid to rest; lest the ghosts of all the wretched people who have been carried here in former days, should swarm about his grave—pointing with accusing fingers, and crying out, "Heaven be our judge—better than him!" The hearse—with its black plumes

nodding to one another above his coffin—had best, after all, move toward Westminster Abbey. Noble souls have had their bodies wrongfully interred there, it is true; but its foliage gains a ranker green from the dust of titled hypocrites. Here—with his eye dull and sunken, having uttered his last lie, and having played out his little life-farce—let us press the sods down over the miserable old man, and pray God—oh, so earnestly!—that he will let us do some manly action in this world of his.

S. S.

The tree-top high above the barren field,
Rising from out the folds of midnight mist,
Rests stirless where the upper air is sealed
To perfect silence, by the faint moon kist.
But the low branches, drooping to the ground,
Sway to and fro, as sways funereal plume,
And from their restless depths low whisperings sound—
“We fear, we fear the darkness and the gloom.
Dim forms beneath us pass and re-appear,
And mournful voices menacing us here.”

But from the topmost boughs falls calm reply—
“Hush—hush—we see the coming of the morn;
Swiftly the silent night is passing by,
And in her bosom rosy Dawn is borne.
’Tis but your own dim shadows that ye see,
’Tis but your own low moanings troubling ye.”

So life stands, with a desolate world around—
Faith gazing calmly on the calm-eyed sky,
Soft-answering to the heart that sweeps the ground,
And heaves and sways and tosses restlessly,
“Hush—hush—the dawn breaks o’er the Eastern sea—
’Tis but thine own dim shadow troubling thee.”

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Power of Secrecy.

EDWARD G. MASON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

INTO the complex fabric of society there have entered certain elements whose importance men in general underrate. They belong to that class of causes the full influence of which research alone reveals and of whose existence we are often practically ignorant. We forget

the teachings of "that portion of history which has to do with cause and effect" and lose sight of the underlying principles upon which the whole structure of civilization has been reared. Such hidden forces as the power of secrecy, which has been felt in every stage of historic development, are ignored and the material and the visible alone are recognized. Thus the great forces which mainly acted upon the movement of society in Europe have been classified as the power of the sword, the power of the pen and the potent power of gold. These indeed are great facts of civilization, but we err if we exalt them to the dignity of governing principles. Another force, of which these were but the instruments, claims recognition and precedence at the hands of the true historian. Secrecy held the purse and guided the pen and wielded the sword through centuries of Europe's growth. To it the master worker, rather than to its tools, belongs the honor of moulding the destinies of nations.

The domain of secrecy embraces both the finite and the infinite. By the simple term we neither understand the intellectual state which attaches to mystery nor an isolated circumstance. Secrecy is that condition of things which includes alike the invisible and the unknown. It may be the veil which hides from our sight things too holy for mortal vision; it may be the cloak that covers the blackest iniquity. Before its closed portal the multitude stand in silent awe—behind it lie the hidden things of man and of God.

For the origin of its power over the uninformed mind we must examine the mental constitution. From the very nature of secrecy it is evident that it can have but little fellowship with the intellect. Simply baffling the untutored reason it seeks not to convince it. With the *heart* it claims no communion, for in its grim lineaments nothing persuasive or attractive appears. From the imagination then secrecy derives its power. Laying its iron hand upon the trembling throng of hopes and fears which have their birth-place here, it makes them its willing slaves. Through this faculty, until education wins for the intellect supremacy over it, secrecy holds undisputed dominion. By an analysis of its strength we can more fully realize its wondrous influence upon the mass of men.

The first element of its power is the tendency of mankind to associate the unknown with the sublime; and this is an unvarying characteristic of the human mind when acting from impulse only, before reason asserts its sway. Conscious of a certain longing after the infinite and the perfect, it passes on the borders of the unknown and imagines in it the realization of its dream. Guided by instinct solely, and wor-

shipping 'it knows not what'—it brings to the shrine of hidden things all the veneration it is capable of feeling.

Consequent upon the enlistment of this sentiment on the side of secrecy arises an additional element of its power. When the mind, blindly groping after something beyond itself, finds an idol to which it offers respect and adoration, another feeling must soon pay tribute. Veneration springs from the conception of a higher order of things, the concealment of whose nature inspires fear. The unknown is confounded with the supernatural and thus in its presence all the latent strength of superstition is quickened into action. Centuries of progress have not even yet freed the human mind from its slavish dread of the supernatural. Who then shall compute its influence in those times of Gothic ignorance which history well denominates the world's "Dark Ages?"

While secrecy appeals to the two characteristics of reverence—respect and fear—it has recourse also to other sources of power. As man advances, his innate principle of curiosity reveals itself in a desire after knowledge. Men arriving at this state still feel for the unknown veneration and awe, but are likewise possessed by a restless yearning to solve its mystery. Brought still farther under its dominion by every fruitless effort to destroy it, they succeed only in making a noble principle of our nature waste its energies in paying homage to the might of the invisible.

At the first dawning of reason men indulge in vague speculation. Dimly conscious of the workings of a new faculty within them, they test all things by its standard. Doubt may arise and, rebelling against blind submission, strive to lead the mind from superstition to skepticism. But before this result is reached the confused remonstrances of the untrained reason are often silenced by an appeal to what each day brings forth. The analogy of the ways of Providence, the "treasures which have lain hid in nature's wondrous book of secrecy" tend then to invest all secrecy with an importance and a dignity too often not its due.

Veneration, superstition, zeal for information have thus moved the popular mind to bow down to secrecy, nature and providence giving a seeming approval to the act. The influence of a power resting upon such foundations and upheld by such authority must be traceable in every sphere of human life—in every stage of human progress.

In the religious history of the world it stands forth with overshadowing prominence. It has been the bulwark of many creeds, the vital principle of many systems of false doctrine. Man, however uninstructed, soon rises to the conception of a Supreme Being. Of this

he is rendered capable by instinct mainly. But the same instinct which teaches him the existence of a Deity teaches him to recognize and dread the mystery which surrounds him. Such contemplation of the works of a Divinity as he may attain to, serves but to strengthen that natural awe of which he is already conscious. From the thrall-dom of this feeling revelation does not release him. In it God himself has impressed the hidden things of religion with the stamp of lofty meaning. When the mind has been thus prepared to revere the secrets of religion without doubt or questioning, it readily goes astray. Unable to distinguish between the false and the true, it becomes, under the control of a master intellect, like clay in the hands of the potter. Working upon this characteristic of our nature, the priests of every age have made unsparing use of the power of secrecy.

It gave to the land of the Nile that strange creed whose mysteries stand in the records of the past, like monuments amid the desert sand, half revealed, half concealed. Over the shattered mythology of Greece it threw its protecting mantle and forged, in later time, the yoke to which the free sons of the desert bent their necks at the call of the wily prophet. In the ages of mediæval darkness it became a potent engine of ecclesiastical policy and laid the corner stone upon which was built that curse of the nations, the blood-stained Inquisition. Where the theocratic principle held possession of society the priesthood and the government were one. But whenever in the history of the past the two have been separate and a truer notion of the state has arisen, we have there an opportunity to observe the workings of the power of secrecy in another sphere.

Considered in relation to government, its record is characterized by varying phases. Appearing in successive epochs of society it has produced widely different results. At the outset we must recognize the fact of its use as well by the ruled as by the rulers, and for dissimilar objects. By the heads of states it has been employed as an instrument to build up despotic government. Clothing the pretensions of ambitious sovereigns with supernatural sanction, it originated and has perpetuated the theory of the divine right of kings. Out of it grew all the intricacies of diplomacy, and that cabinet policy which European sovereigns blindly followed till awakened by the thunders of revolution. Toward centralization and unity of power the influence of secrecy has ever tended. Once established as the governing principle of state, it abolished individual security and right, and substituted stealthy expediency. Against the hidden workings of its system, like a foe in the dark, none could strike an effective blow. It established

a form of government simple indeed and for a time powerful, but merging in mere absolutism. Its sovereignties knew no code of guarantees, no charters of rights, no broad and comprehensive constitution. Lacking these they were devoid of all elements of stability. They flourished with a deceitful appearance of vitality which sooner or later vanished and revealed the unsoundness within.

So Venice made secrecy the soul of her intercourse with her neighbors—of her dealings with her people, but the system worked her destruction. No lasting tie bound the state together and, when misfortune drew near, the glory of the sea-girt city crumbled to the dust and upon her marble walls the sentence was written, "God has numbered thy kingdom and finished it."

The power thus employed in government has reared splendid fabrics indeed, but craft and treachery, intrigue and ruin have been its fruits. Viewing it now in the hands of the ruled, it assumes a different aspect. Under such auspices it became a protector of the weak, a refuge for the oppressed. It bound together the otherwise feeble elements of opposition to tyranny, and made of them a force in the state which sometimes rose to the dignity of a 'power behind the throne.' From the swift still vengeance of the Westphalian tribunals the Robber Knights of the Rhine found their castles no protection, and even monarchs were unsafe in the midst of their guards! Such associations were a necessity of the times which called them into being. They presented almost the sole barrier to the encroachment of the sovereign upon the rights of the subject. In their simple courts, held not in gloomy vault or cavern, as romance delights to picture them, but in the free air of God's heaven, justice found for a time her only resting place. To them civilization owes the maintenance of some of her most cherished institutions, but they in turn were indebted for their life and strength to the power which secrecy gave them.

Turning from the darkness of the middle ages to the light of the present day, we are enabled to compute the progress of civilization in regard to this power. Following it from the era of absolute dominion over the mind through the mazes of religious creeds and tortuous policy up to its later use by the masses, we have seen it in every sphere wielding a mighty influence. And the records of the present century seem to show no marked diminution of its strength. On the continent it still gives significance to political associations and shapes the course of states. The wearer of the crown of France has earned through it the title of the modern Sphinx, and every nation of Europe, ay! even sturdy England, trembles while he spins in secret

the busy threads of subtle policy. Yet, though secrecy still plays its part in government, the time approaches when it shall be shorn of its power. It can no longer confidently rely upon the ignorance of the people nor assume the garb of the sublime to conceal nefarious purposes. Its might in unscrupulous hands is recognized but not revered.

The necessity of secrecy in the affairs of state has ceased to be a maxim of political science. The spirit of free institutions cries out against it. The lessons of our civilization demonstrate its falsity. America has shown to the world a government resting upon none of the time honored props once deemed indispensable. 'No state secrets are treasured in our archives.' No divisions of the body politic exist to justify the employment of this power by one section against another. The force of our example has been felt among the antiquated systems of the old world, and already a better state of things begins there to grow up which shall banish from rulers and from ruled all pretence for the use of secrecy in government. In society this power is felt in common intercourse between man and man and in the busy walks of trade. As an instrument to further insidious design or protect the early dawn of enterprise against ruthless attack it still finds a sphere of action. A necessary evil, it destroys obstacles indeed but engenders suspicion and jealousy. Contrary to man's better instincts, it retains a hold on those imperfections of his nature which education cannot counteract, and which shall only be made good when Christianity leads him to a higher moral development.

Thus secrecy in the state by degrees is losing its power. One stronghold after another falls before the advance of civilization. Superstition flees at the later revelations of science, and the mighty spirit of reform shatters time honored prejudice and custom. In religion its influence has been elevated and purified. No longer misleading the mind it prepares it to revere only the secrecy of the Most High. The hidden things of man have lost their charm, those of God retain their power. Avoiding the error of confounding them together, we pay to the latter the reverence which is their due alone. Striving not to pierce the cloud which envelopes them, we are content to look forward to that promised time when the gloom and shadow of our mortal state shall vanish, and "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth," in the clear light of perfect day, the hidden ways of God shall be laid open to our view and "the secret things made known."

The People's Novelist.

OF novelists there seems to be, in general, two great classes, one of which takes its characters and heroes from the past and the other from the present. In a world where everything bears the impress of ceaseless activity, where it is the busy hand and tireless brain that give success, life is a present reality and not a historic story, and whoever would gain the sympathy of the masses must deal with what *is* rather than what has been.

He who brings before his readers men or characters with whom they are personally familiar, and whose counterparts they have seen and known in daily, real life, has found the surest avenue to their true and hearty sympathy. Such a novelist do we consider Dickens. While the distinguished author of *Waverley* vivifies and embodies the past, giving to the world a rich series of historic romances which will always hold a permanent place in English Literature, Dickens mingles more freely with the rushing, foaming tide of humanity, and gives to his fellow men the benefit of his own daily experiences.

With a heart "not like an island cut off from the hearts of other men, but like a continent joined to them," he tells his story of joy or sorrow with simple, tender earnestness, and enlists our willing sympathy for the characters of humble and lowly life which he so vividly and truly represents. Unlike many of his compeers in fictitious writing who, lifting the curtain, introduce each of their characters after a long display of preliminaries, Dickens has but to draw aside the curtain and, in quietness and order, each character takes its appointed place. Without presuming, in the limits of this article, to go into detail in regard to the literary character of the author or the literary merit of his works, and leaving it to other and better hands to trace his special peculiarities, his more prominent, general characteristics as an author seem to us to be, his representing so truly the virtues as well as vices of lowly life; in short holding before his readers a mirror in which they may see a perfect and faithful image of living humanity; his peculiarly happy power of portraying individual character; and his simple, unaffected style of expression.

It is a great fact which Dickens seems to have realized more fully than almost any other novelist, that the best and truest ideas of life and character, are to be derived from the middle classes, from those to whom has been given neither poverty nor riches. Free from the stiffness and formality of the extremely rich, which chill the genial cur-

rents of sympathetic feeling and deaden the kindly aspirations of human souls, and free too from the carelessness and recklessness of the extremely poor which oftentimes bring them down from the native nobility of true manhood, it is with the middle classes that we see life in its true character without simulation or dissimulation. It is with the middle classes that we find generous hearts, guided by true and natural instincts, beating in sympathy with the toiling and suffering everywhere, and it is from them that we derive our faith in the virtue of even fallen humanity. In selecting his more prominent characters therefore, Dickens is true to nature, and represents the human creations of a Divine master-hand as they are, not as they might be. *Oliver Twist*, though born in a work-house, was of respectable origin, and, all along through his life, bears an impress of nobility which neither his connection with a heartless undertaker nor with Fagin's den of thieves could wholly obliterate. And *David Copperfield*, though he did very many foolish things, did them all very naturally, just as you and I have done or may do, and exhibited always, even when buried deepest in the romance of romantic, youthful love for pretty human playthings like the "child-wife" Dora, that pure and hearty generosity so universally characteristic of young men compelled to fight their own life-battles and pave their own road to greatness. Though sometimes borne away by the tide of temptation which is ever beating and dashing against principle like ocean waves upon the shore, he erred through ignorance and thoughtlessness rather than malice, and the better part of his nature was always plainly exhibited in his sacred remembrance of that pale-faced mother whom he saw wasting away by inches, at the inquisitorial hands of those God-forsaken *Murdstones* with such patient endurance as none but a woman and a mother could ever exhibit.

How different from these are "Old Scrooge" in one of his Christmas carols, whom coffers filled with gold had made a "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, clutching, scraping, covetous old sinner," and the proud, imperious Mrs. Steerforth, who had no thought or sympathy for anything except herself and hers. And yet these several characters, though perhaps a trifle overdrawn, are in the main correct representations of two classes of persons; the one class always striving to read and understand those characters traced upon the human heart at creation by the hand of God, and the other class ever ignoring them.

As an individualizer of character we think him extremely fortunate. The characters of some novelists seem only so many reproductions of themselves, having perhaps a character for each peculiar trait, while

others fix upon some peculiarity of their ideal personations, and make the whole character subordinate to that. But with Dickens the peculiarities depend upon the characters rather than the characters upon the peculiarities. Representing his characters with a freshness and naturalness peculiarly his own, he instructs as well as pleases.

Follow if you will little Nell, from the time that she leads away her aged grandfather from the scene of his ruined fortunes, as she wanders abroad controlling that poor old man by the slightest look or motion, save when those slumbering fires of madness raged fiercest in his soul and drove him from her side to the gaming table; witness all along her careful forethought for his wants and her untiring, unselfish and almost angelic ministrations; and when at last you enter that home where you would fain hope quiet might always dwell, and find that poor old man moaning out the praises of his little guardian who, just beyond him, sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, you will mingle your tears with his and feel that you too as well as he have lost a precious guardian.

And then you will look tearfully but trustfully upwards, and memories of childhood's early lessons, almost forgotten it may be, will come crowding back upon you, and you will have, from the perusal of that simple story of human life and human suffering, a better and truer faith in men, God and heaven. Such a life-story as that, has a more forcible argument for truth and virtue than can be derived from volumes of abstract moral precepts.

There is something touching too in the ceaseless watching of Mr. Peggotty for his darling Emily; in the candle always burning to light the wanderer home, emblematical of the fire of affection which ever burnt brightly upon his own heart's altar, and we blush for humanity that the wild and unprincipled Steerforth should have carried desolation to that quiet hearth-stone by the sea, where the rushing waves ever after seemed to moan out a requiem for the lost one, mingling their big, briny tears with those so cruelly wrung from the warm and tender hearts of those rough, sailor men. But he, who would give us a true panorama of life, must portray vices as well as virtues, and Quilp and Uriah Heep come forward to show us that human baseness, by long continued practice, is able to deaden every instinct of love and sympathy.

It is sometimes urged that his characters are too peculiar, and too forcibly represent their several parts. The objection is partially true, for he sometimes overdraws and, lawyer like, seeks to make as strong a case as possible, but in general the improbabilities and impossibili-

ties introduced by him are very rare. His style seems to us simple and earnest; sometimes it may be too labored and wandering, but he generally talks to us plainly and directly, and interests us more in his characters than in the garb of words they wear. Sometimes a single sentence is deeply fraught with tender pathos.

Poor, dying Barkis "going out with the tide!" The waves roll up upon the shore, dance an instant in the glittering sunlight, and then the tide bears them out again into the broad ocean. And so the never failing tide of time, when men have sported for a brief moment upon the shores of life, hurries them away into the boundless ocean of eternity.

In our view then the man who possesses such qualities as an author that he, to-day, best deserves the name of "The People's Novelist," is Charles Dickens. His ready wit, genial humor, and lively sense of caricature, as also his hearty sympathy with suffering, and his thoughtful appreciation of whatever is true and lovely in life, have endeared him to many a heart and made his name a household word upon both continents. He is not faultless as a man or an author, for humanity even in its noblest forms may err, but his excellencies far outweigh his faults, and his works have effected much in the grand desideratum of existence, the ennobling of humanity.

J. L. S.

Shams in Student Life.

"O! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An foolish notion."—BURNS.

THE king of poets who discovered the fact, so often quoted since, that "this world is a stage, and all we—actors," told no untruth. We all are actors, and like all actors, our whole object is to convince others, that we are not ourselves. Poor success usually attends us, and but few succeed in becoming star actors; yet still the same old farce is played, until the curtain drops and the afterpiece begins.

Here in College, where our study of human-nature—the human-nature of everybody but ourselves—is so thorough, we are enabled to good advantage to see the drama, and applaud or hiss the players.

In study, in social intercourse, and even in religion we are, most of us, hypocrites, and so plainly such, that no one cares to deny it.

Take our two classes of students—those who do study, and those who don't. The few who deserve the really honorable title of '*Digs*.' Are they not shamming? They evidently are studying with earnestness, for the purpose either of standing well in the class, or of "acquiring useful knowledge." Either motive is good. They come here to study—they are improving time wasted by others. Some of them—as we all know—sacrifice fun, exercise and often health, for their studies; perhaps (although it seems incredible,) from a love of study, —perhaps from a desire to excel. Do they not deserve reward and praise? Certainly. Yet how few of them will admit that they are *Digs*? How indignant they become at the title? How they try to give the impression that their standing is not the result of special application? Now, why should they thus sham, and be unwilling to own the self-evident truth? There is certainly no disgrace in it. They are "honoring themselves and the University." Why might not our race-crews as well deny that their muscle and good condition are the result of special training? One would think it was more honorable to excel in muscle than in mind.

Look too at our students (?) who do not study. How happy one feels not to belong to such a class! They are even greater hypocrites than the others. They come here the hopes of anxious parents, and the admired of expectant rustic villages, each thinking that their particular star is the "bright, particular star" of Yale. They are wasting their time here, injuring their minds, and too often their bodies, while they are deceiving their friends with the supposition that they are improving in study. This is one branch of their hypocrisy; the other is, pretending here, to feel satisfied with their attainments, and not caring to stand higher—while if rush marks were as easy to be obtained as trout, how many miles would they travel to add to their scanty list? They pride themselves in the names of "jolly lazy fellows,"—while there is not one of them who did not come here expecting to take the Valedictory—and the only reason they do not, is because they cannot. Very anxious are they to give the impression that they could stand just where they please; while the truth is, they have sunk by the natural laws of Olmsted's Philosophy, to their proper level, and there they will remain.

In our intercourse as class-mates—unless we are the veriest barbarians, our shamming is still more apparent. One would think from observation, that we only cared for Number One, and his half-dozen

bosom companions. Friendships is not so selfish nor so dainty an article as to be necessarily injured by going beyond the narrow limit of the dozen or so, by which it is usually circumscribed. To be sure we are civil to all, but the near intercourse of four years should make those bound together as class-mates, *all friends*,—not merely acquaintances. But now there is only one short hour, and that after the whole course is ended, when we meet, and burying animosities and jealousies and prejudices, take each fellow by the hand, and exhibit our own true selves, caring not then, when it is too late, that it should be known we are indeed brother class-mates. Will it not seem as among our most foolish deeds, some few years hence—when we are older, and perhaps wiser—to reflect that we allowed petty class distinctions to separate noble hearts? That because a good, manly fellow happened to belong, or not to belong, to a particular society, we cut him off from class fellowship, and gave him the cold shoulder during his College course? That perhaps the cut of a coat should be a reason for cutting a class-mate? Doesn't it make every man, with a heart, feel a slight twinge of shame that he is guilty of playing a part in this abominable farce? How few men there really are in a class, but we can call friends, when no one will hear us? How few, but five years hence, we will be glad to meet and own as class-mates? Will we never learn to own their friendship until we bid them Good-bye?

Another great sham connected with our social life is that of spreeing, or "bumming." There are a few in every class who pride themselves on their abilities or talents in this direction, and as these are usually the only talents they have, it might be considered wrong to rob them of their treasures, but we must pay them a little attention. They usually come to College quite soft young men, but finding some friendly upper-class-man to guide their wanderings, and dispense their cash, they learn after many an aching head and sick body, how to "navigate through a bender." So they would have you believe they take delight in showing how much liquor they can drink; in visiting gambling-hells and worse hells, where those who go must leave behind all thoughts of a mother or a sister—and should never dare to think of them again. And with blood-shot eyes and thick tongues they will profanely boast of their proficiency in spreeing. But does any one of them think it pays? Experience and observation unite in teaching, that the way of the 'bummer,' is decidedly hard. The poor, short pleasure of a night's dissipation, as it is taken far too often, here in Yale, costs too dearly, not only in money, feelings and the honest re-

gard of friends, but in that richer treasure, self-respect. It would be a comical sight, were it not so sad an one, to see a company of our "first class bummers" trying to persuade themselves they were having a "glorious time." Take them as they pour down glass after glass of what they themselves call 'miserable stuff,' until their "whole head is sick and the whole heart faint," and they are helped to their rooms to spend just five times as many hours in the horrid process of recovering as in their "glorious time."

There is no doubt but we students must occasionally have "jolly good times." The monotony and labor of College life would be unendurable without it. As Horace says—"It is delightful to spree on proper occasion;" and we can forgive a sensible fellow if once or so during his course, he has let his deviltry, or delight at passing examination, run away with his usual steadiness. But it is difficult not to despise those who never lose an opportunity for getting drunk, whose sober nights are the exceptions, and who are continually exhibiting their beastliness. Would there were less of them here—and thank Heaven their number, not large now, is continually diminishing. And may our other shams follow them, until we learn to live in Yale a true life, so that when we leave her we may not go forth to increase the number of the world's hypocrites.

J. C. K.

Under the Elms.

GROUPS under the elm—trees! Groups under the elms just after dinner, when everybody prefers a pipe and a comfortable sprawl in the grass, to climbing up four flight of stairs and translating Undine, or cramming for Biennial! Under the elms these hot days, where so carelessly, so lazily and so deliciously cool we lie, reading, joking, laughing, smoking, peeping out at times from the thick shade, at the old iron pointers, which spasmodically twitch along towards recitation time, and quickly drawing back our heads with the gratifying assurance that we've a half hour yet before beginning the old, old fight with books, the flesh and the devil!

Under the elms five minutes before the clanging of the remorseless old sentinel in Lyceum belfry! What a fluttering and sometimes cutting of leaves! What a racing through the whole lesson to catch some cue which will enable colloquy men to save an inglorious fizzle, and

philosophicals to make a triumphant rush. What varied expressions of countenance! Here smiling complacency, there scowls; this man whistles, that one swears; here the serenity of indifference, there the serenity of despair. Now the bell begins to ring. What slow and toilsome ascent up the narrow stairs! What a sudden bolting into the recitation room as the last stroke dies away, and the door closes with a slam behind the last loiterer, and upon a division meekly expectant of the hour's worst contingencies.

Under the elms in early evening! Here groups of men ring out our grand old Student songs, and all cares, all study, everything but good fellowship forgotten, join their hearts and voices to the richness of the harmony which fills and dies upon the air. What magic there is in those old songs to be sure! What an enchantress to drive away despondency, loneliness, trouble, and "thou child of the devil"—the blues! Here the enthusiasm, the jollity, the earnestness and the friendship of our College life find fitting expression, and after a good sing our hearts feel lighter and our sleep is sweeter; for in the matchless eloquence of song, we have given united utterance to the common purposes, sympathies and hopes, which make up the unity of our daily life.

Under the elms in the solemn hush of midnight! No enthusiasm of an hour, no fitful excitement now, but an unbroken silence, while the clear stars and the pale moon shed their mild radiance upon us. 'This the hour for serious thought and searching self inspection. This the hour of struggling doubts and hopes. This the hour to call up the follies of the past, and as they troop in long procession by, to look, shudderingly it may be, at what we were—thankfully and yet sorrowfully for what little of good we are—and earnestly hopeful for a better day, by and by, for us and for all men.

A strange place, this four years home of ours; strange the ideas which we have when we enter, and yet how strangely changed before we leave it. With what varied purposes and plans—seldom fixed and seldom realized—do we begin the course which reaches far beyond the four brief years here, and is bounded only by the limits of our life. Suppose the question were put to every man of us to-day—"what are you going to College for?" where there should be no evasion, no twisting or turning, no "glittering generalities," no round-about abstraction, but a straight forward, honest, manly reply, how many do you suppose would answer alike? How many would have to own up that they didn't know what they really did come for, and how many would feel their cheeks burn and their ears tingle at a more

humiliating reply. Some, it is true, enter with a determination to *educate* themselves in the broadest and highest meaning of the term, and when that is faithfully carried out, their success in College, although it will not insure, will nevertheless foreshadow success in after life. With many, however, it is wholly different. To them College appears the place of all others to spend four jolly years. Four jolly years! well, they may possibly be all that – but they are years which, by and by, will yield a bitter harvest.

I. To the lack of definite purpose, then, we charge, in the first place, no small number of the splendid failures which stand so thick in the history of every Class, that yearly sends its hundred men from Yale. In every department of life, to accomplish anything worth accomplishing, we must have a fixed purpose, which will act as a motive power in pushing us on to continued and active exertion. If then our plans are vague or constantly changing, or worse than that, if we have none at all, but float lazily down the tide, indifferent to everything but the present, what else can be expected than that, sooner or later, we shall sink? Of course it is not to be asserted that to breathe air, to eat, to sleep, to recite easy lessons, and to flunk hard ones, is the daily ambition of any of us; but, on the other hand, it is not to be *denied* that many of us do live practically as though our earthly pilgrimage was to terminate on Commencement Day. Isolated as we are, to a great extent, from the rest of the world, with community of interest, similarity of taste, and complete identity of College duties, looking to ourselves for the most of society and for no little of intellectual progress, is it not the most natural thing in the world, among all the good, that serious evils should grow out of these varied relations? Especially is this the case when the absence of a fixed purpose, which ought to command our time and energy, leaves us so much of idleness and talk. We not only pass but waste much of our time in conversation. Like everybody else, we talk about that which interests us most, and at College that thing is men. Now this is sometimes pleasant, sometimes profitable, but it is more frequently just the reverse. It is carried to excess, and the injury it does no one can tell. Gossip, pitiless and eternal, has caused many a heart-burn, and moistened many a pillow at night, while the recollection of the barbed words may go with a man through life.

Our estimate of character after a four years acquaintance is generally nearly right. Our relations are such that they afford abundant opportunities for a finally correct judgment; but what shall we say of the flippant opinions so hastily formed and so confidently affirmed at

first sight. A man's dress, his walk, his looks, or the merest circumstance of time or place, is sometimes enough; and with utterly no knowledge of his character, we coolly pass judgement upon him, and instead of hanging our heads at our presumption, we congratulate ourselves with refreshing complacency upon being infallible judges of human nature. Experience has taught us all some good lessons upon this subject, and I doubt not but every man in College has said things of another which he afterwards has gladly taken back; but the impression of that first remark, and its influence upon those who heard it, once his, have now passed beyond his control. That old lesson is yet unlearned, or at least unpracticed—that lesson of charity, which not only “covereth” but *prevents* “a multitude of sins.”

There is again another kind of gossip, not so universal as the former, but yet more effectual in injuring a man's reputation, influence and happiness. It is used principally by what I might call in its worst sense, College trimmers—men who seemingly make it their special business and delight to assign others their proper places in College estimation, and who have this one peculiarity—they never say anything good of a person if there is an opportunity to take the other side. If any one is rising a little too rapidly, an ominous shake of the head, a skillful intimation of borrowed excellence, or a sneer at general character and abilities, will often accomplish the desired result, where an open attack would utterly have failed. Masked batteries these, and heaven save the man who has no nobler object, either here or in life, than to stand at the breech and fire.

II. Another cause of ill success in College, is a non-appreciation of the advantages which are offered us, or at least an indifference to their claims. We find here some of the rarest facilities for a solid, substantial, nay, a polished education, which this whole country can afford. A course of study, perfected by the wisdom and experience of some of the most learned men of our times,—not the best for each individual man perhaps, but the best for the average of successive classes,—professors, whose names are coextensive with their departments, libraries filled with the choicest collections of books, those famous Literary Societies, the oldest in America, and for a long time the best, all these, and a hundred others, are the advantages which are offered us here, and which many of us either seemingly ignore or daily abuse. Take the College Course; its excellence no one will question. We come here professedly to pursue it, and hence it is our *duty* to make the best possible use of it. We are not making the best possible use of it when we study simply to *recite*, but rather when we study to

know. The former gives us superficial, the latter thorough and substantial scholarship. Appointments are all good enough as incentives to study, but when they cease to be a means and become an *end*, it is a foolish ambition which finds in them its highest realization. Every one has seen daily illustrations of its working. After recitation, men huddle around the Tutor's box to enquire about their "stand," and haggle and whine over a low mark, as though their whole future prospects depended upon its erasion. If self respect will not stop such a performance, a decent regard for the good nature of Instructors ought, for in all reason it must finally become an intolerable nuisance. When we leave College nobody will care whether on a particular day we rushed, fizzled or flunked. Men will judge us from a different standard than recitation excellence, and that standard will get at the *truth*, for it will measure us, not by what we seem, but by what we *are*.

Here again are our literary societies. No one questions their importance to a person who is to become a public speaker, but yet it is a melancholy fact that College takes very little interest in them. At Statement of Facts, they blaze in glory—but the fires soon go down, and they smoulder along the old way until the embers are stirred up by prize debates, when they snap and crackle for a few nights more, and then smoke on again. A man has won a reputation in that debate. Another has lost one; but if he has only seen the necessity of renewed and constant exertion, his very failure will become his surest success. So too with the majority of College prizes. They give a man reputation here, and he hugs it closely too. If all College prizes of every description, up to the last term of Senior year, were swept away, I believe that, while it might in some cases destroy real good, it would nevertheless be more than overbalanced by the amount of evil which it would remove. It is a good idea that of holding the belt or the flag against all comers. No single contest ought to establish any man's superiority. He should wear no laurels unless he can *keep* them green. To do this, men will have to work, and that too continually. In every class there will come a time when the contests for prizes will be a fair one. It will be a time when men will have had the benefit of equal opportunities, when the training of nearly four years will have developed and disciplined mind, and when success will be the just recompense of patient industry and cultivated talent.

III. The last and among the greatest of the evils which tend to make a College education a miserable failure is *mental dissipation*. It seems to be the resultant of all the rest. Its process is so slow, so insidious, so constantly growing, that before we are aware of its pres-

ence, it has fastened an iron gripe upon us. Here we may not feel its power, or if we do, we persuade ourselves that we can shake it off at any time and begin anew. But if experience is worth anything, we will find when the fight has actually begun, when there is no lagging, no retreat, but a straight forward charge, that the four *jolly* years of our College life time have been fastening a heavy clog about us, which is painfully telling at every step we take.

Discipline of mind and nobility of character, are the best equipments which any one can provide. If we are not endowed with the highest order of talent, we can at least cultivate what we have. But whatever be our talents, there is a power which all can exercise, and which all men feel, and that power is the worth of a manly character. Whether we shall ultimately succeed or fail in that career, towards which the enthusiasm of youth always looks, is matter of little consequence, in comparison with the integrity of that character which we are here to mould, and which it should be our highest aim hereafter to preserve.

Under the Elms once more! The last song has been sung, and we stand with clasped hands now. A few moments more, and the class, which for four long years has trod the same weary round, and shared the common pleasures and cares of student-life, goes out from this old place—out from its studies and associations—out from its speculations and castle buildings—out into action and the world. A few years more, and somewhere, perhaps, other branches will sweep over us, and well will it be then, if the Angel shall have written in his "Book of Gold," our names "as those that loved their fellow-men." W. H. F.

"The King of Men."

IF a person were to pass through life, in this generation, and not think somewhat (and that somewhat, often) on Carlyle, he would have lived heedless of one of the most *important* facts of this or any age. Such a man would have lived careless and ignorant of one set over him in authority; of one who has achieved for himself to be called the "King of men." To so great a height has a "commoner" attained. As one, therefore, who looks *upward*, with strained eyes, we have noted thus much on his *process*.

This Melchizedek, "priest at once and king," is not the *great logician*, but the *great poet*. Did you ever try to discover what constitutes poetry? Perhaps so: and as often failed. This, however, you

found was an essential; that the real conception should be brought before you, not directly, but by suggestion. Not the written, but the unwritten is the power. Weak the words may be, perhaps disjointed; but somehow there goes out from them a halo,

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth.

And tinged by this "light," this "glory," there is nothing which does not put on new aspects and different meanings. More than this; all things are discovered to have a common relation, if in nothing else, in being so tinged. Again, by this power of limitless suggestion, the Poem, as a whole, comes to treat of much else than that put down in the title. Does any reader of *Lycidas*, of *Eloisa to Abelard*, of *Evangeline*, read only of them? Hardly are they of more account to him than "Hecuba" was to the player. Yet through them (long ago gone by with the dead past) the poet awakens more completely for us the living, but otherwise dormant present. So essential is this suggestiveness, that there can be nothing poetical, in the smallest degree, without it; further, there is no writing in which it is largely dominant, whether rythmical or not, which does not partake of the nature of poetry.

Now any one who reads Carlyle aright is aware, that all his characteristic thoughts are fringed with a significance undefined—shadowy. You see the near only to apprehend the remote. Not with the "solid pudding," "gridirons," "japanned coach-horns," nor even lightnings and thunder, thrown into the cauldron of his works, is there to do; but with the apparition of kingly offspring which arises, not out of, but beyond these. Then again, it is interesting to see how the professed subject (still as in poetry) becomes continually only a stepping-stone to another of wider range and higher import. An edition of his works, directed to the uninformed, would be the neatest, though not the cheapest way to illustrate; but for one example, he discourses thus:

"It appears to be, if not stated in words, yet tacitly felt and understood everywhere, that the event of these modern ages is the French Revolution. A huge explosion, bursting through all formulas and customs; confounding into wreck and chaos the ordered arrangements of earthly life; blotting-out, one may say, the very firmament and skye's loadstars,—though only for a season. Once in the fifteen-hundred years such a thing was ordained to come. To those who stood present in the actual midst of that smoke and thunder, the effect might well be too violent: blinding and deafening, into confused exasperation, almost into madness. These on-lookers have played their part, were it with the printing-press or with the battle-cannon, and are departed; their work, such as it was, remaining behind them;—where the French Revolution also remains. And now, for us who have receded to the distance of some half-century, the explosion becomes a thing visible, surveyable: we see its flame and sulphur-smoke blend with the clear air (far under the stars;) and

hear its uproar as part of the sick noise of life,—loud, indeed, yet *embosomed, too, as all noise is, in the infinite of silence.*

We started with the French Revolution, amid much smoke, explosions, wrecks, and the madness of rushing throngs; but suddenly, without warning, we find ourselves alone, with the imperturbable stars above us and the chill night-air around us, and we, night-air, stars and all, "embosomed in the infinite of silence." The logician bends every ray of surrounding light upon the topic of discourse; but our poet assumes the topic chiefly as a stand-point whence to illumine, more or less distinctly, the whole limitless concave. Hence, we are to note, that the views which he prepares for us, are cast (completely, he desires,) in *perspective*; an object, elsewhere in writing, seldom attempted, and indifferently successful only in fragments. Most of us, great and small, whether arguing or depicting, forget for the time, that nothing about us moves on in single-file or with the simple process of an unwound chain; that by myriad intricacies, every condition is locked with every other condition; and that thus in phalanx they drift "to the stillness of their rest." None more than Carlyle has realized this fact; and none so earnestly striven to meet its difficulties.

Further, if we wish to gather from external sources, how great this man's power of suggestion is, we have only to consider the immense number of inferior minds which subsist upon his thoughts. How many streams of popular writers and lecturers would vanish, if this their fountain-head were dried up. Never was there, in the worst season of commercial disaster, a bank so persistently and aggravatingly run on, as this one. And it may be said, that, in the monetary world, none ever so successfully stood the drain; and in the literary, none, save two, the Iliad (we suppose) and Shakspeare. The learned Doctor,—whether of Divinity or Law,—the brilliant Professor, the unique school-master, and the youth of notable composition, each, therewith, brings forth much that is fresh and exhilarating; although not unfrequently exposing the source, by quoting the exact words which once encased all this original thought, in a much more condensed form.

It is to be expected that one who reaches and moves men in the manner of a poet, should also put the same trust that poets do in the human instincts, whereby he reaches and moves them. Little regard, therefore, has Carlyle for logical process; scorning alike "premiss" and "ultimate conclusion." He who would walk straight to the hearts of men by their intuitions has not much thought for the "high *priori* road." Carlyle is the latter-day champion of what, in faith, are called human inspirations; hence his adherents, as of any great poet, live among the still youthful-hearted. Probably, we are apt to ascribe too many peculiarities to this age, but it does seem as if there were a war

raging more fiercely at this time than at any other, between two great spiritual powers. Their embodiments are Calvin and Carlyle. We should mistake, if we supposed that this was a contest *merely* between their respective beliefs. Much more than that, it involves the authority of the court to which each appeals. A head and heart fight; and so much the more violent if both head and heart were wrong. Calvin, from his assumed premiss, marching with unfaltering step to the final inference, no matter how discordant with human instincts—Carlyle, assaulting both premiss and inference, if they at all conflict with these instincts—represent the two great antagonistic forces of the day. But if the younger hero is indeed *wholly* poet, of etherial mould unmixed with clay, the strife cannot be doubtful.

We have described Carlyle's process as being poetical. We have said nothing as to the substantiality of its effects. Certain splendid spectacles are produced, stretching far into remote space; but whether the appearance, rising, as it does, away in the margin, is steadfast mountains dimmed only by distance, or in reality merely "cloud scenery," is the thing to know. Destitute of logical cohesion, appealing to our impulses, the estimation as to reliability in which his productions are to be held, must vary with our moods. At times, when there is no security felt but in complete comprehension, when instincts are looked upon despondingly, as only blind gropings, then, we confess, that his creations seem to be mere magical handicraft, "cloud scenery," a veritable pomp of mists; and looking both at the varied forms which the spectacle assumes, and its material, we call up that picture of Antony's:

"Sometime, we see a *cloud* that's dragonish;
A *vapor*, sometime, like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air."

Very fortunate would it be for us, if some master-mind should arise to test the firmness of our poet's structures; "feeling with the touch of a giant, whether the foundations are secure." By such an one only could it be done. Whether his "rise and progress" is or is not to be succeeded by a "decline" or "fall," it matters not, we have the same interest in knowing under what sort of shelter we have taken up our abode.

R. O. W.

The Clark Donations.

AMONG those who have contributed to the funds of this College, few are more worthy of notice than Mr. Sheldon Clark; and of the benefits conferred to Yale, few have proved so useful as his.

Mr. Sheldon Clark was born in Oxford, Conn., on the 31st of January, 1785. In early life he was deprived of a liberal education by the economy of his grandfather, on whom he had been left dependent. On the death of that relative in 1811, being left heir to a moderate estate, he came to New Haven to secure whatever advantage he might be able from intercourse with the College and its Professors. While here he attended the lectures in the various departments, and the disputes of the Senior Class. After his return to Oxford he engaged in farming, and lived with great frugality until his death, which took place in consequence of a fall in his barn, on the 10th of April, 1840. During his life he was much respected, and was elected several times to the State Legislature. He read and thought constantly, and wrote much, especially on moral questions, portions of which he published. He was excessively fond of argumentation, especially his own. He was, with regard to himself, very economical, in order that he might bestow his wealth upon some College, and gain for himself remembrance as a promoter of learning. His early connection with Yale drew his benefits hither.

In 1822 Mr. Clark had an interview with Prof. Silliman, Sr., in which he stated that he wished to give to the College \$5,000, to be placed at compound interest for twenty-four years, for the purpose "of establishing a professorship, either of moral philosophy and metaphysics, of chemistry, or of natural philosophy, in the College, at his option." At a special meeting of the Corporation held at Hartford, May 8, 1823, the proposition was accepted, and on June 10 of the same year, the money was deposited with the treasurer of the College.

In 1847 the fixed time had expired, and in accordance with a previously expressed choice, the Clark professorship of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics was established on that foundation, and the Rev. Noah Porter, Jr., was elected to fill it. At a meeting of the Corporation in New Haven, Sept. 8, 1824, Mr. Clark offered to give \$1,000, the money to be placed at compound interest for twenty-four years, from the 10th of June, 1824, "if on the expiration of that time the Corporation should appropriate the sum of \$4,000, for the purpose of founding a Scholarship or Scholarships." The best scholar in the

Senior Class was to be chosen by a special examination, cases of equal merit being determined by lot, and was to enjoy the interest of \$2,000 for two years, upon condition of pursuing a prescribed course of study, and of residing in New Haven nine months each year. If no scholarship was conferred, the income was to be appropriated for premiums for the encouragement of English Composition, or other branches of learning among the undergraduates. To the paper completing the act, the following clause was wisely added: "that the Corporation of the College, in whom he reposes special confidence, may, from time to time, make such changes in the foregoing regulations as they shall judge best calculated to promote the main purpose for which the donation has been made."

The "Clark Scholarship," as it was called, was first bestowed in 1848. The following have been the successful candidates:

Class of 1848,	Theodore Winthrop.
" " 1849,	Timothy Dwight.
" " 1850,	Clinton Camp.
" " 1851,	Asher R. Little.
" " 1852,	William A. Reynolds.
" " 1853,	Isaac H. Hogan.
" " 1854,	William H. Fenn.
" " 1855,	George A. Kittredge.
" " 1856,	Lewis R. Packard.
" " 1857,	Wilder Smith.
" " 1858,	Josiah W. Gibbs.
" " 1859,	Eugene Schuyler.
" " 1860,	James H. Schneider.

The "Clark premiums" have been given at various times for English Composition, for Disputes, for the solution of problems in Practical Astronomy, for excellence in Latin, and for the second rank at the Bristed and Woolsey Scholarships.

By the wreck of the "Albion" near Kinsale, Ireland, in April, 1822, when Prof. Alex. Fisher was lost, the College was deprived of a valuable telescope. The loss of this being severely felt, Mr. Clark gave \$1,200 for the purchase of a new one. This sum was given in nine payments of small sums, during a period of eighteen months—an example of the frugal character of the donor. With 19 guineas of this sum, two fine globes, 21 inches in diameter, by Carey, were procured—the one astronomical, the other geographical. The telescope was ordered of Dollond, at that time a celebrated maker of London,

through the kindness of Capt. Basil Hall. It arrived in November, 1829, and was said by Dollond to be "perfect, and such an instrument as he was pleased to send as a specimen of his powers." Its focal length is ten feet, with a five inch aperture. The object-glass is achromatic, and the light pure and abundant. In the words of Prof. Olmsted, "For objects which require a fine light, as some of the nebulae and smaller stars, this instrument exhibits great superiority, and its defining power is equally eminent. It has a good variety of eyeglasses, and a spider-line micrometer of the best construction." A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Clark by the Students of the College, and his letter of reply may be found in the *Am. Jour. of Science* for 1841, from which much of this sketch has been taken.

By his will, which was dated March 8, 1823, two months before his first proposition was accepted, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to the College. It amounted to \$7,043.22, in money and notes, and about 400 acres of land in Oxford, which is calculated to be worth \$7,289.50. As the donor thought real estate to be the safest mode of investment it unfortunately can never be sold. The present rent is about \$344 per year.

A portrait of Mr. Clark was painted in 1825, and presented by him to the College. The artist was Prof. S. F. B. Morse. The picture hangs at present in the Alumni Hall.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

THE items worthy of record for the past month are fewer than usual. Fourth of July has passed with about as much brimstone as other Fourths. The happy sons of free sires disported themselves, with all manner of fire-belching engines. A few were visited with a swift retribution and had their fingers blown off—yet the majority were let go without, being reserved for future affliction.

THE CLARK SCHOLARSHIP.

JAMES HENRY SCHNEIDER.

PRIZES.

The following prizes for Declamation have been awarded to the Class of '62:—

	FIRST DIVISION.	SECOND DIVISION.	THIRD DIVISION.
<i>First Prize,</i>	F. J. Cook,	F. McVeagh,	H. H. Stebbins.
<i>Second Prize,</i>	E. B. Coe,	H. P. Johnston,	G. C. Ripley,
<i>Third Prize,</i>	H. Dutton,	T. B. Kirby,	J. P. Taylor.

BOATING.

On the fourth of July, while the most of us here were recreating with fire-crackers, etc., the folks at Providence were witnessing a race of their own giving. There were two prizes; one of one hundred and fifty dollars, and another of ninety, both of which were taken by the Yale boats, inasmuch as they made the least miserable time of all those entered, which were as follows:

Yale,	21 m. 28 s.
Thulia, (Yale,)	22 m. 25 s.
Brunonia, (Brown University,)	Withdrawn.
Una,	In sight.
Rough-and-Ready, (five oars,)	Not in sight.

The new boat so long expected, in which the Yale crew has been intending to row at Worcester, arrived last Monday night. She is a fine boat, but the delay which has been occasioned by the builder, has deprived the crew of the advantages which additional practice in her would give. This is felt to be a serious drawback, and diminishes the chances for a close race next week. The crew has been unusually unfortunate this year, because, since the Bowdoin regatta, one of the finest oarsmen in the boat has been obliged to leave his place on account of a lame back, and the time is so short for training that it will be exceedingly difficult to fill his place. A second coxswain has also been procured, the first one having been obliged to resign his position; consequently, our present prospects are by no means as flattering as we would desire. Nevertheless, we will do our best and hope for the best. A few days will decide.

LECTURE.

On the afternoon of Saturday last, (July 14,) a respectable audience assembled in the Linonian Hall and listened to a long lecture from Prof. Luigi Monti, late of Harvard. The subject was "Italy," and was treated in so instructive and entertaining a manner that those who stayed away would not, in all likelihood, do it again, were it to be repeated.

Editor's Table.

THE Devil!—'s insatiate craving for copy having been at length somewhat assuaged, and the last of those ridiculous yellow caricatures of articles—the proof sheets—with their absurd mal-practices on the King's English, and their "u"s and "n"s facetiously bottom-side-up, having departed to their long home, we can let it all go to the Devil and throw ourselves back in the Easy-Chair with a sigh of relief, though not altogether of satisfaction; for the Board, too, hath its little bitter pills to swallow—*good* for it, doubtless, but "*bad*" to take. The Board, finding itself doomed to incessant journeyings between the Printers and the Sanctum, discovereth itself to be merely mortal, and as such, not impervious to solar heat. The Board perchance, turning into the post-office and beholding a portly envelope in the Lit.

box, is glad in spirit; but finding it to contain no soul-stirring contribution—on the contrary, only a Patent Salve advertisement, (whose sportive proprietors “having found city advertising profitable, and wishing also to advertise to a limited extent in the *country*”!) “would like to know our actual circulation!! and our terms”!!! Well, our circulation is pretty well, thank you, and much improved by the gymnasium;—our terms are three a year, Spring, Fall and Winter,—some prefer Spring, “but as for us, give us liberty or give us death!”) the Board groaneth, and returning unto the Easy Chair, sinks back as we have said into its cushioned arms, philosophical, resigned, but nevertheless the Bored. Yet there is something compensatory in being able to sit here and for once having a confidential chat with every member of our little college family—grandfather, fathers, uncles (the tutors,) and brothers, older and younger, not to speak of the stranger which is within our gates—dimly referring to the “candidates for admission.” Half an hour hence we may meet on the walk and take no more notice of one another, than if two empty suits of clothes were out for an airing;—we are on our dignity—we are not of the same class it may be—never had the pleasure of an introduction. But here we can lay our fraternal heads together, over this sage old Editor's Table, which won't tell tales of us, and rattle on as old friends.

Speaking of the Table, it is grieved in spirit, for it has got to take up its bed and walk. South Middle has hitherto been its home. The Board's hat and the Board's funds have abode with the Board-Bill, up in North; but the Table, blotted with the ink-splashes of ages, and scarred with the digs of editorial jacknives, hath cloven to the venerable home of its youthful days; and now, as the ruthless finger of time pointeth to third story, front corner, South, it refuseth, like patriarchal Jacob, to depart until it seeth the chariots and the wagons—of the sweep—sent from the land of Egypt. This custom of shifting about from year to year in College is by no means comfortable. We just have time to fairly take root in a room,—with the aspect of the lounge and curtains and carpet and the out-look from the windows grown a little familiarized, so as to seem like old friends when we come back from vacations—when the end of the year comes, and we have to strike tent, load the camels and the she-asses, and scour across the desert to a new oasis—(a metaphorical caper that fairly takes our breath away.) There is something rather sad in the wistful sort of way we students have of gazing in through people's windows as we roam about the city, at the little glimpses of home-f-ces, grouped round the centre-table, or standing by the piano where the dear “older sister” is singing some pleasant old song which we can just catch enough of to recognize—and then coming back to our rooms, tastefully furnished, cheerful enough, yet the *home* doesn't seem to be here—you can't hang it into the pictures, or droop it into the curtains, or scatter a vestige of it over the table and rocking chair. Nevertheless, old South Middle! we say good-bye regretfully, you and Table and ourself,—with your old high-shouldered closets, on whose doors immemorial occupants have literally hewed out immortality for their names—your great battered beam running across the ceiling, (like the aquatic fowl described by the Menagerie man—which walks into the water up to its tail and then—walks out again, “for what *purpose* the Lord only knows!”) and your extent of mountainous floor—over whose diversified surface the attraction of gravitation so disports itself, that no furniture can be kept upon its hilly sections for any length of time—it all works down into one corner by the middle of any given term, Easy Chair, Table and all; nevertheless we leave it with

the editorial sigh, for its all the home we have had the last year, when Heaven knows we all of us have often enough needed one.

The class of '60 are in a beautiful row about their class pictures. We don't know when the practice of procuring steel engravings begun, but it is of comparatively recent date. Years ago, daguerreotypes of the class were procured, put in a frame, and stowed away in Trumbull Gallery. Succeeding classes have improved the plan, and originated what are now known as "Class Books." At first they were lithograph likenesses of the class, but they were sleepy looking pictures; and increased cash and taste have supplanted them by steel engravings. It seems to have been a point with every class to outdo its predecessor. The pictures of '59 were generally good. But the class of '60 were determined to beat them, and Mr. Sartain was the artist who was to immortalize their faces. Some of the specimen copies which he sent up were tolerable likenesses, but full as many were poor caricatures. Naturally enough, the good looking men didn't care to pay for having their good looks spoiled—and the homely men certainly didn't care to have their countenances distorted. Therefore general dissatisfaction was occasioned. To do Mr. Sartain justice, let us say that he has telegraphed to his agent here, that being unable to fulfill his contract, he will refund all the money which he has received—but it is certainly too bad to be disappointed in such a matter as this; for we imagine that most men care more for a good "Class Book," than for any other memento of College which they can carry away with them. We most sincerely hope when the time comes for '61 to act in the matter, that they will let good sense have now and then a word, and adopt some plan, which will at once secure to the class good likenesses and save them from the disappointment which '60 has experienced.

Well—term is through, and the Board, figuratively standing in its traveling vesture, with its dilapidated carpet bag proudly waving in one hand, figuratively shakes hands with everybody and bids a hearty (figurative) "good-bye, and a good time to you."

THE UNIVERSITY QUARTERLY.

From its self-imposed rule, this periodical is forever prevented from saying anything good of us—but this constitutes no reason why we should keep silent respecting it, especially as it has not, we hope, grown too big to be praised—but *has* grown too big to be unduly elated at any pleasant word that may be said of it. Coming only a fortnight after our abominably sulphurous Fourth—with its cool exterior and calm interior—it was consoling to our editorial ears, so lately stunned with horse-fiddles, *et id omne genus*—to hear from fellow institutions sensible voices, discoursing of sensible things to the public through this medium. TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR, moreover, have conspired, with the contributors, to make this number super-excellent. We must, in spite of its merits, scold considerably at "the educational tendencies of the Quarterly." We are sorry to see its edging toward the musty abyss of school-books, etc. It seems only provocative of noddings over its clearly printed pages.

The Beloit Monthly, Virginia University Magazine, Harvard Magazine, Oberlin Students' Monthly, and Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Union College Magazine, are on our table.

Memorabilia Extra.

On the way to press, we are pained to learn that the usual serenity of the celestial household is disturbed by some matter that has come up between our planet and its wayward sun. It looks rather dark at present, but hopes are entertained that it will pass off without dissolving the Union. The barbarous tribes of Africa and New Jersey are undoubtedly in the extremity of terror at this phenomenon, and even in our own favored land it is confidently believed to portend a fearful judgment on slaveholders at the very least, and many will hear of nothing less than the death of one of the Japanese ambassadors. President Buchanan, we understand, advises his constituents not to be afraid—it can't last long; but the Board, having taken the horizontal parallax of the extreme digit, and got its venerable nose into the wrong side of the smoked glass, fears the worst.

P. P. S.—MEM. EXTR.

It's all right!!

To Undergraduates.

The prize annually offered by the Board of Editors, consisting of a gold medal valued at twenty-five dollars, will be again offered for competition next term. The following conditions are to be observed:—every competitor must be a member of the Academical department and a subscriber to this Magazine; his essay must be a prose article, not exceeding ten pages of the Lit., must be signed by an assumed name, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing his real name, and must be sent to the undersigned on or before Saturday, Oct. 13.

The committee of judges will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, *who will take pains not to know the name of the writer of any article handed to them.*

S. SHEARER, *Chairman Board of Editors.*



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* * * Contributors are requested to forward their articles *through the Post Office*. Please inclose the name in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article is used. No article can be published unless accompanied by a responsible name. Communications or remittances may be addressed to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, " New Haven, Conn.

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